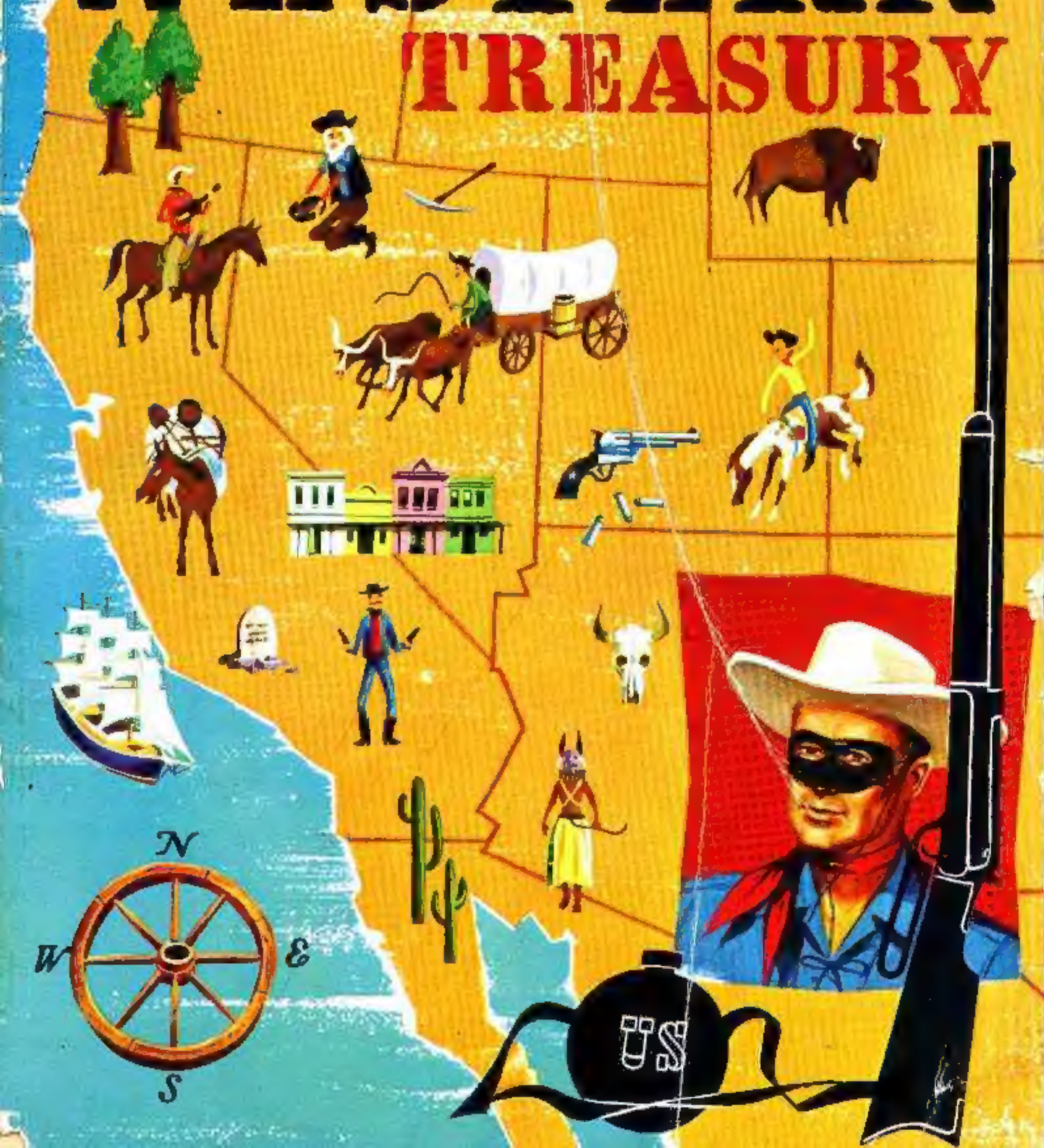
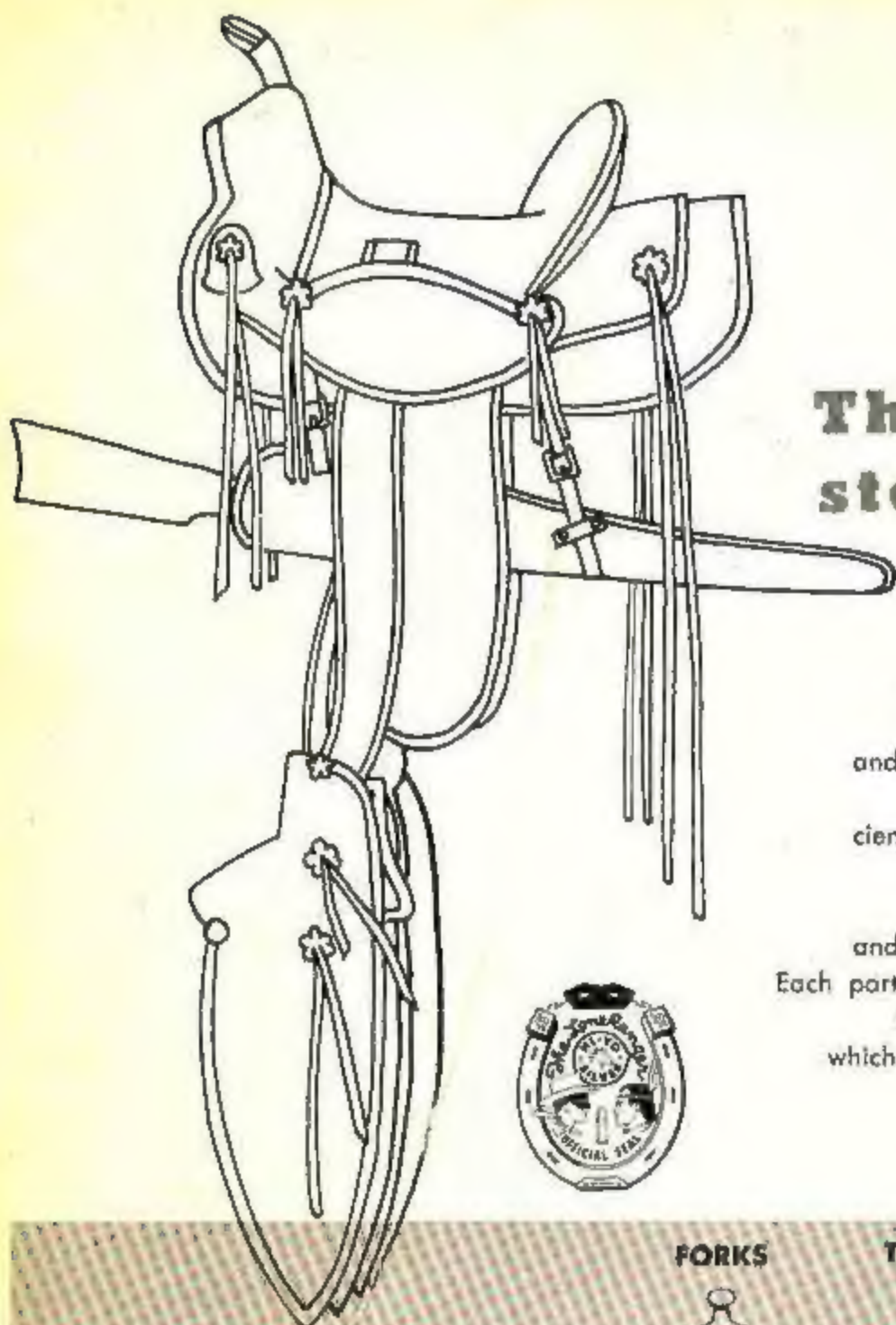


WESTERN TREASURY





The western stock saddle

The saddle is the cowboy's armchair, his workbench and sometimes his bed. On it depend his comfort and efficiency. The foundation of the saddle is the tree. This includes the horn and fork, the seat and the cantle.

Each part is chosen with great care by the cowboy because a saddle which does not fit the rider is useless.



CANTLES



ROUND TYPE



OVAL TYPE

FORKS

SLICK FORK



SWELL FORK



BULGE FORK



THREE TYPES OF HORNS

DUCK BILL HORN



MEXICAN DINNER PLATE HORN



SLICK HORN



the Lone Ranger

THE SILVER BULLET

SOON AFTER HIS FIRST ADVENTURE, THE CAPTURE OF THE CAVENDISH GANG, THE LONE RANGER RETURNS WITH TONTO TO HIS ISOLATED CABIN---

NO ONE EVER THINK THERE **SILVER MINE** BEHIND THAT CABIN, KEMO SABAY!

WHEN MY BROTHER DAN AND I BUILT IT, TONTO, WE HOPED IT WOULD CONCEAL OUR MINE! ---LOOK! JIM'S COMING OUT TO GREET US!

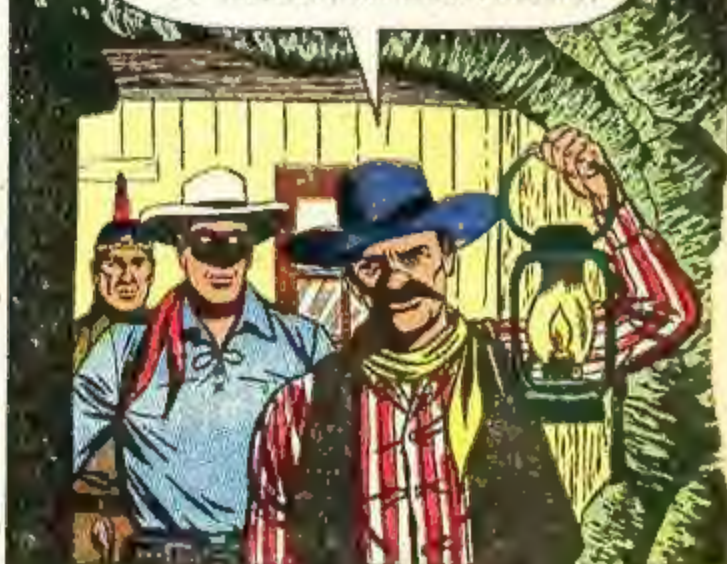


REACH, YOU MASKED--- OH! IT'S YOU, REID! GUESS I'M NOT USED TO YOUR MASK YET!

WE'RE BACK, JIM! I NEED **SILVER BULLETS** FOR MY GUNS!



I'VE BEEN WORKIN' THIS SHAFT! RECKON THE WEST'LL RUN OUT OF OUTLAWS BEFORE YOU RUN OUT OF SILVER FOR YOUR BULLETS!

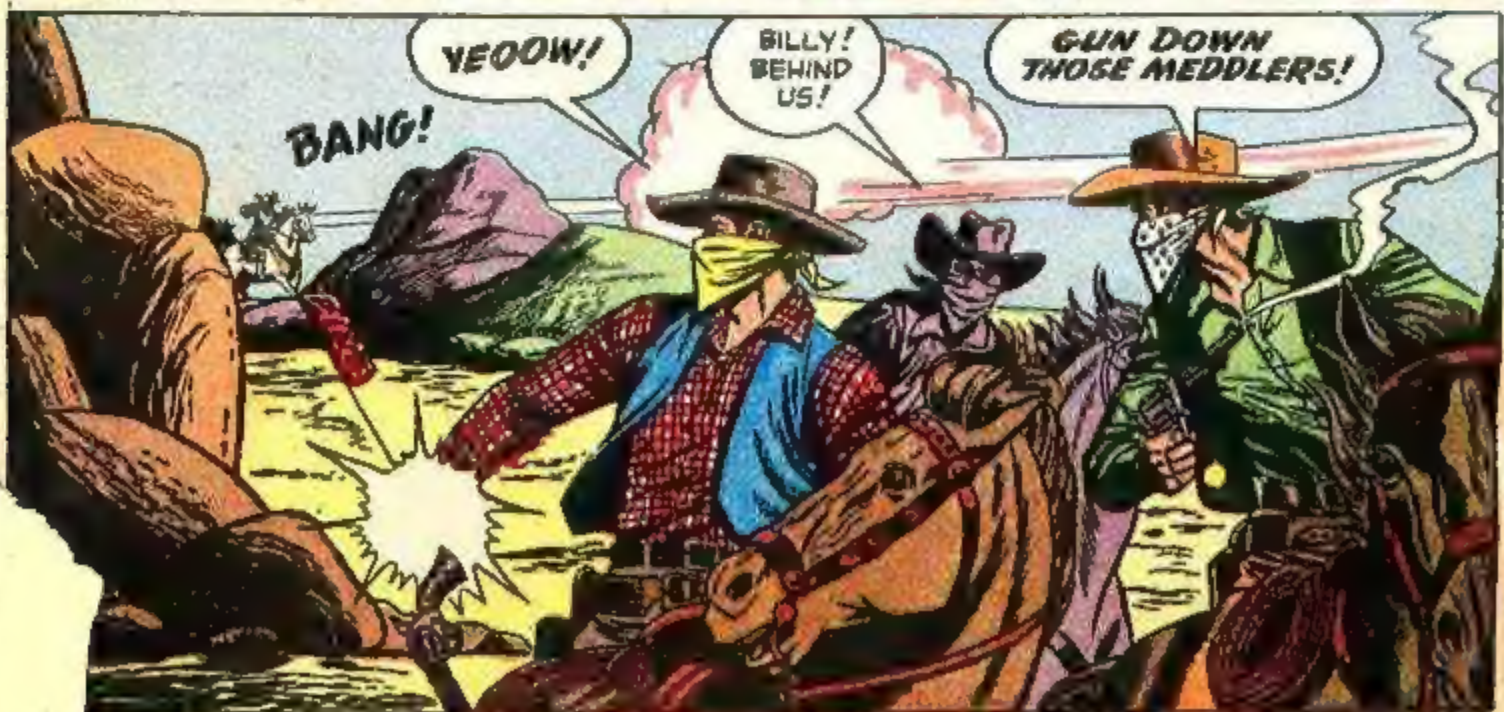


THE PRECIOUS METAL IS MELTED AND THE MOLTEN SILVER IS POURED INTO A BULLET MOULD. LATER THE BULLET IS INSERTED IN A SILVER CARTRIDGE TO COMPLETE THE SOLID SILVER .45 SHELL---



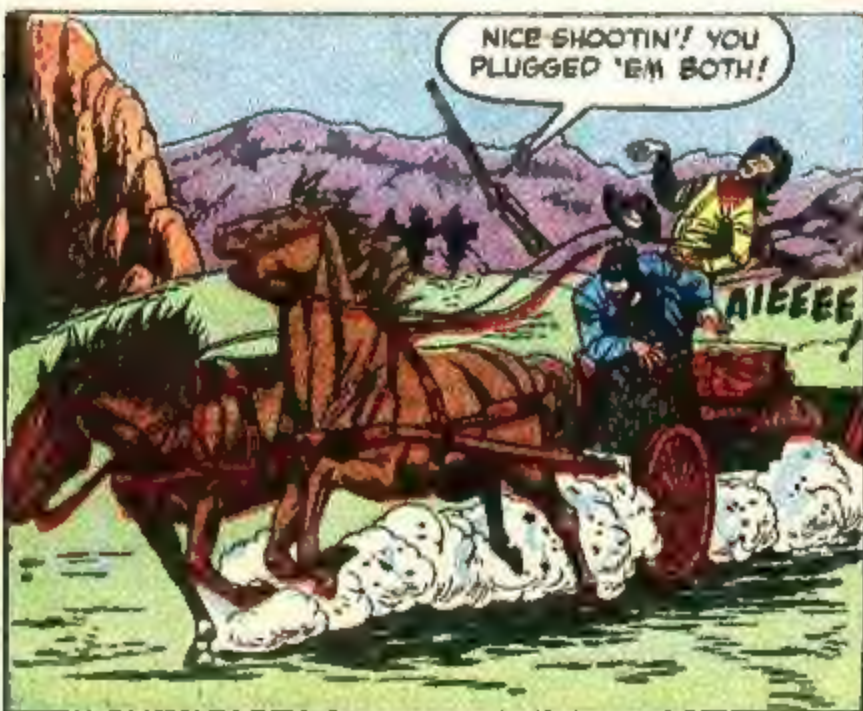
THERE! MY COLT PEACEMAKERS ARE LOADED AND MY GUNBELT IS FILLED! LET'S MOUNT, TONTO! ---I'M READY TO RIDE!







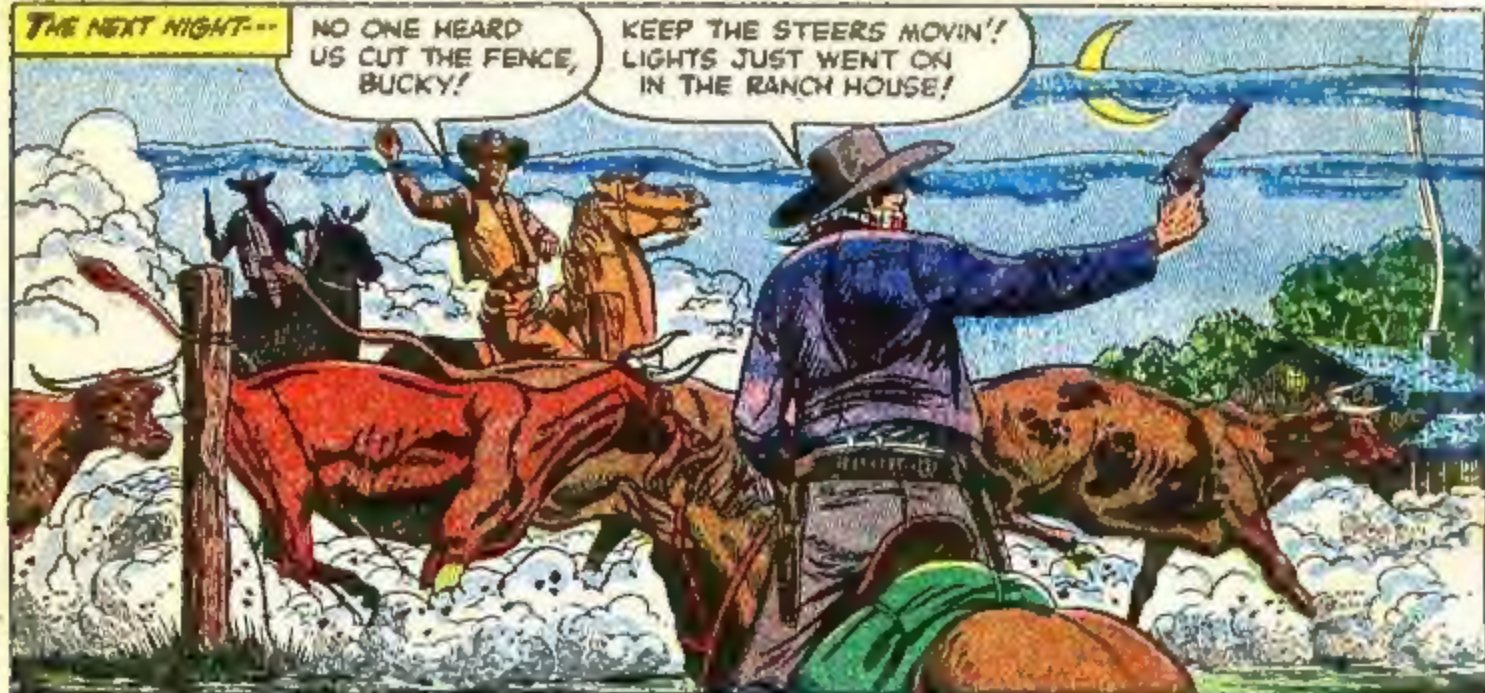




THE NEXT NIGHT--

NO ONE HEARD
US CUT THE FENCE,
BUCKY!

KEEP THE STEERS MOVIN'!
LIGHTS JUST WENT ON
IN THE RANCH HOUSE!



KEMO
SABAY,
LISTEN!

HOOFBEATS---IT SOUNDS
LIKE **CATTLE** MOVING!



UGH! THERE
HERD! MEN
STAMPEDE-UM!

THE ONLY PEOPLE
WHO DRIVE CATTLE
AT NIGHT, TONTO,
ARE **RUSTLERS!**



WE RIDE FOR
SHERIFF?

NO, TONTO! WE MIGHT LOSE
THEIR TRAIL AGAIN! I HAVE
ANOTHER PLAN! SOME OF
THEIR STEERS ARE WANDERING
OFF! WE'LL ROUND THEM UP
AND **JOIN** THE RUSTLERS!



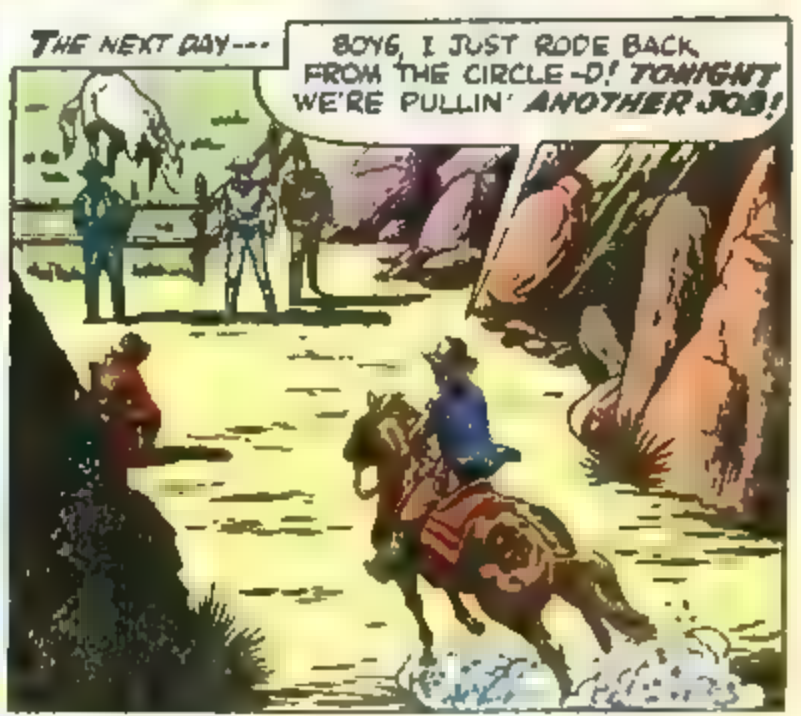
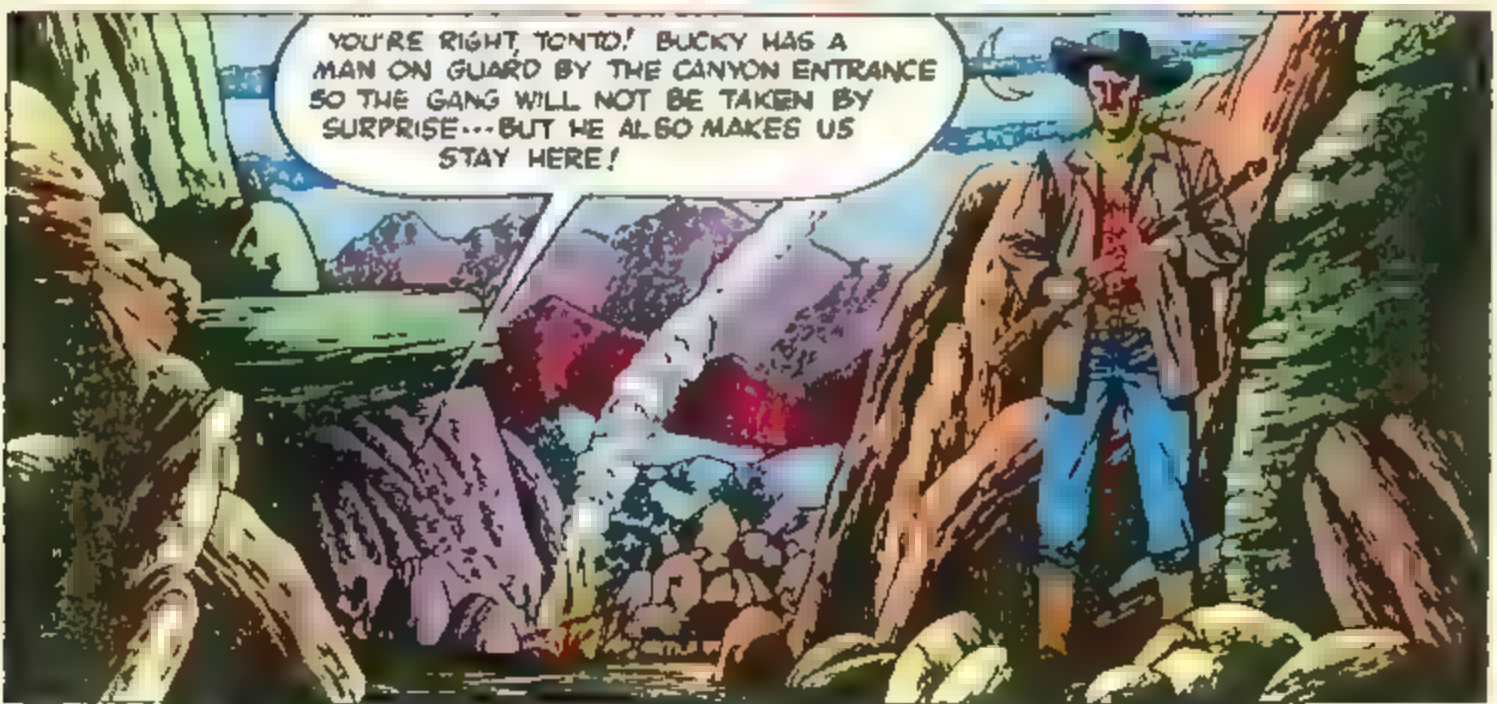
BUT IF THEY
FIND OUT WE
NOT OUTLAWS---

--- WE'LL HAVE TO CONVINCE
THEM, TONTO! THE FIRST
ACT WILL BE TO BRING IN
THOSE STRAYS! --- **COME
ON, SILVER!**

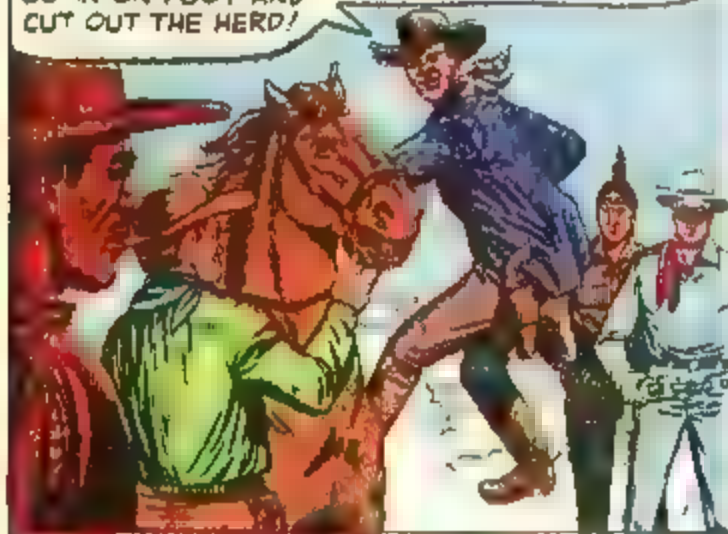




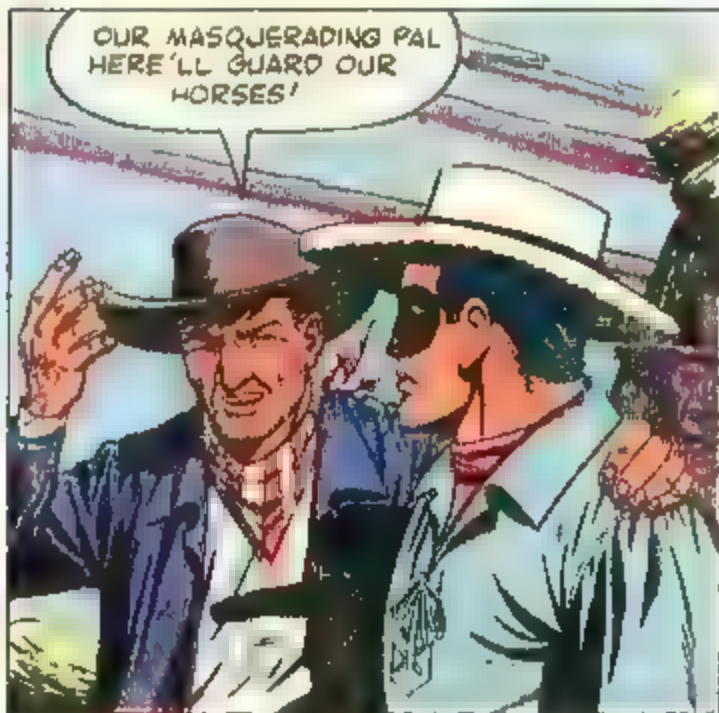




THEY'VE BEEN FATTEN N' UP THEIR PRIZE BEEF ON THAT SPREAD---NOW THEY'RE READY FOR US TO TAKE OVER! AT ELEVEN TONIGHT BILLY AND HANK LL CUT THE FENCE! AT MIDNIGHT WHEN THEY GIVE THE WHPOORWILL WHISTLE WE LL GO IN ON FOOT AND CUT OUT THE HERD!

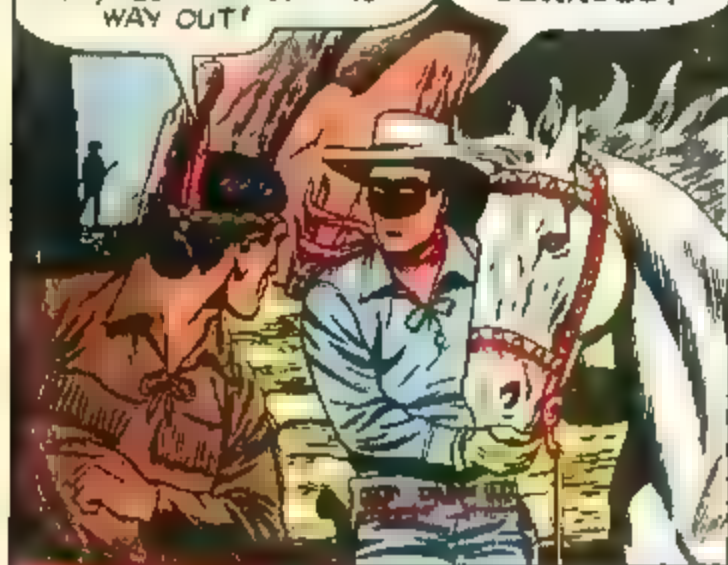


OUR MASQUERADING PAL HERE'LL GUARD OUR HORSES!



LATER... KEMO SABAY ME LOOK OVER SOUTH END OF CANYON! IT STEEP WALL, PLENTY HIGH! NO WAY OUT!

AND FROM HERE I CAN SEE THE PASS! IT'S STILL GUARDED!



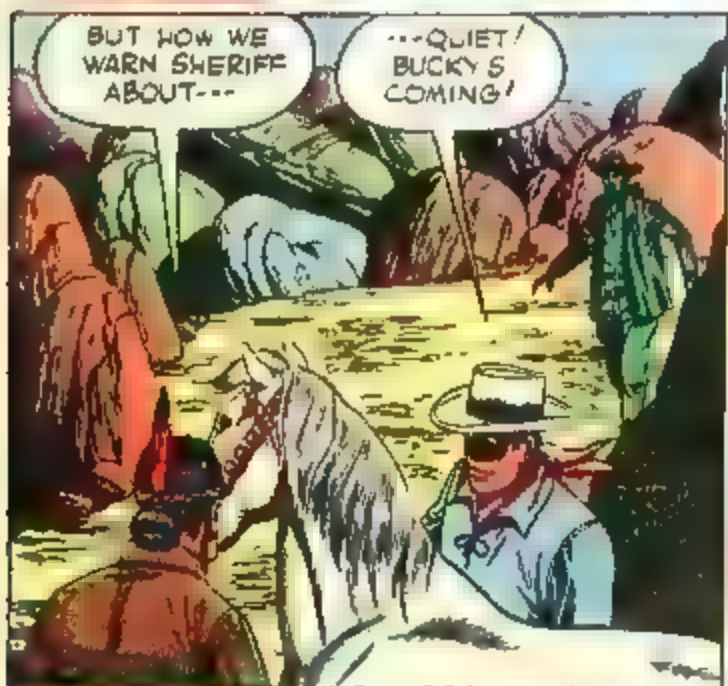
WE COULD TRY TO RIDE BY-UM!

THAT WOULD SHOW OUR HAND AND PUT THEM ON THE ALERT!



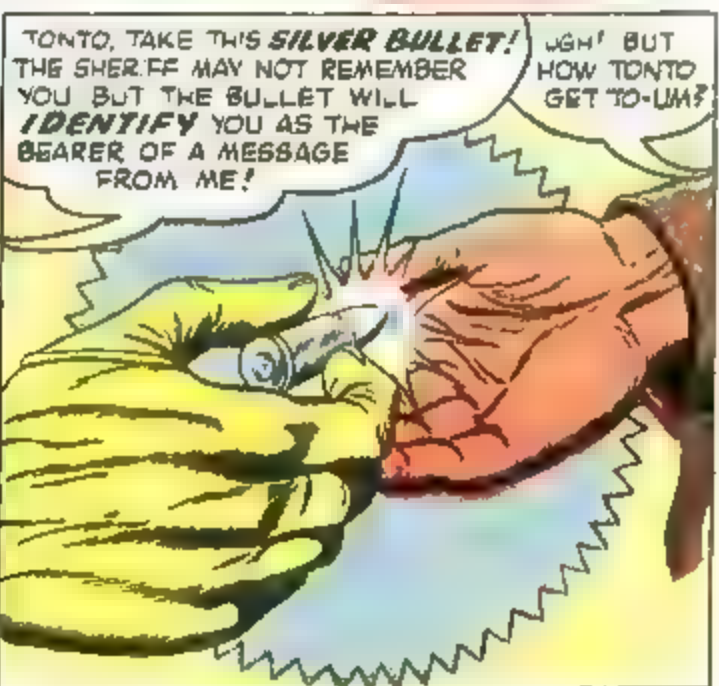
BUT HOW WE WARN SHERIFF ABOUT---

---QUIET! BUCKY'S COMING!



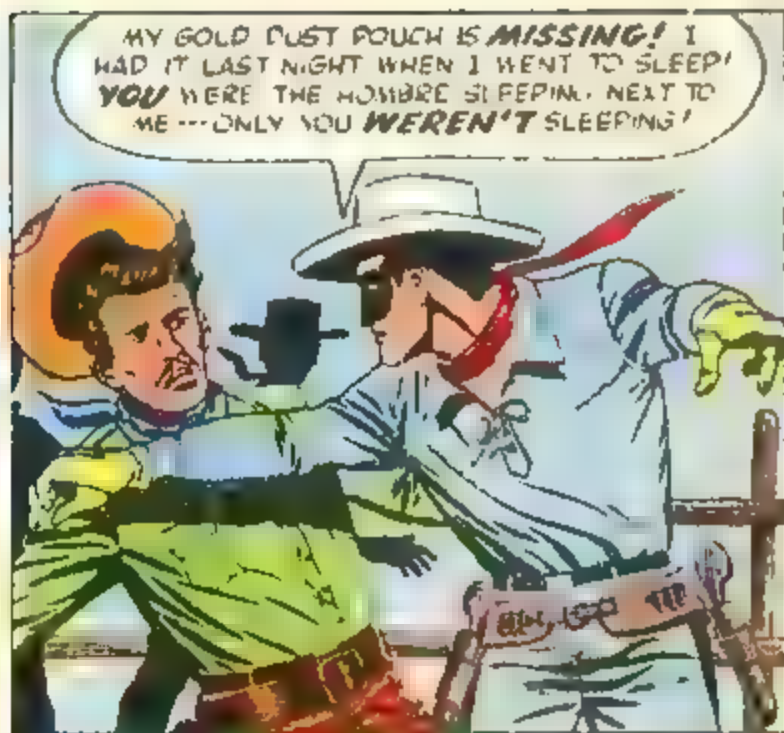
TONTO, TAKE THIS **SILVER BULLET!** THE SHERIFF MAY NOT REMEMBER YOU BUT THE BULLET WILL IDENTIFY YOU AS THE BEARER OF A MESSAGE FROM ME!

UGH! BUT HOW TONTO GET TO-UM?





SADDLE SCOUT AND STAY BY HIM!
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO RIDE
OFF IN A MINUTE!

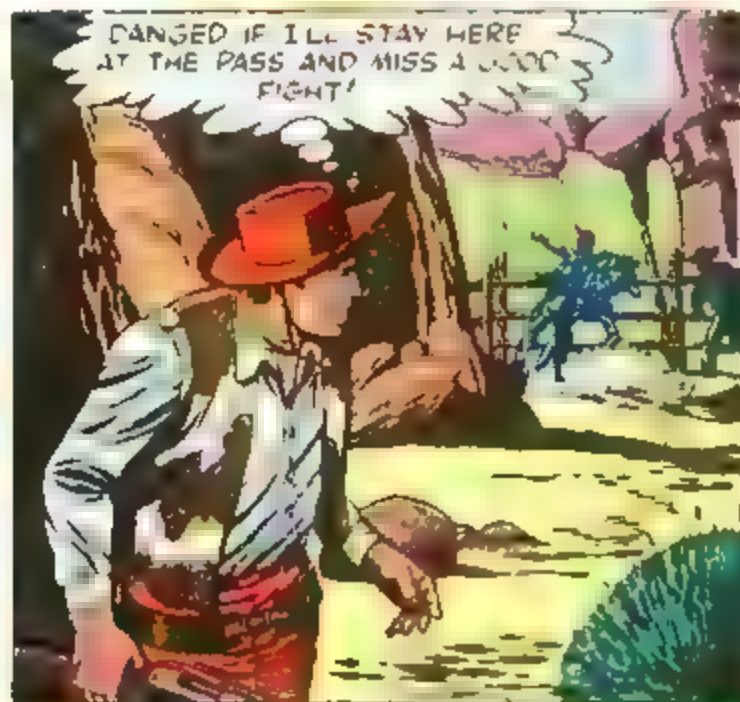


MY GOLD DUST POUCH IS **MISSING!** I
HAD IT LAST NIGHT WHEN I WENT TO SLEEP!
YOU WERE THE HOMBRE SLEEPING NEXT TO
ME --- ONLY YOU **WEREN'T** SLEEPING!

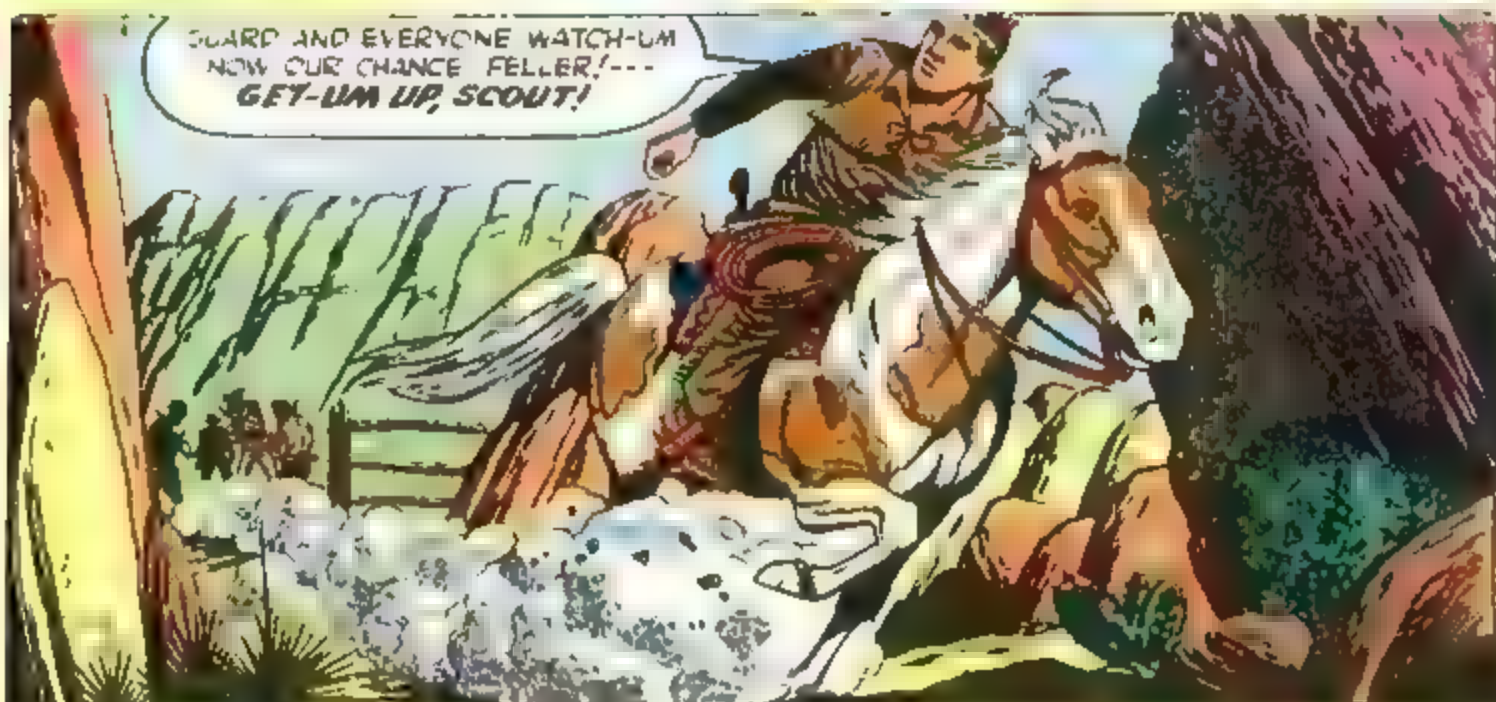


ARE YOU ACCUSING
ME OF ROBBERY
YOU?

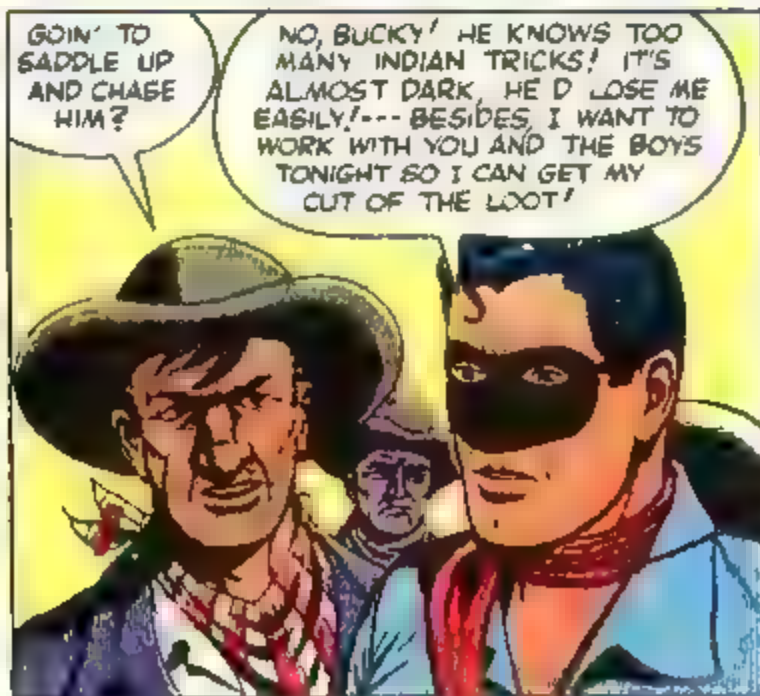
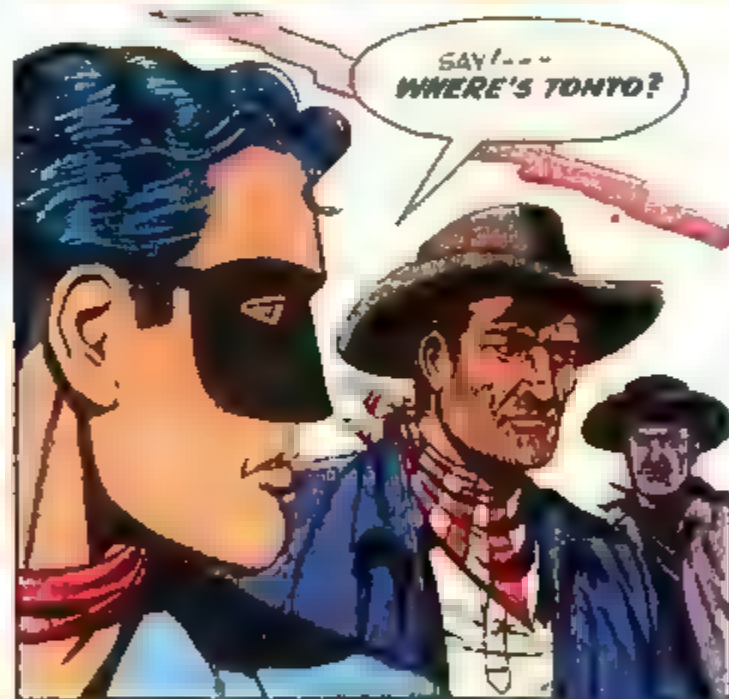
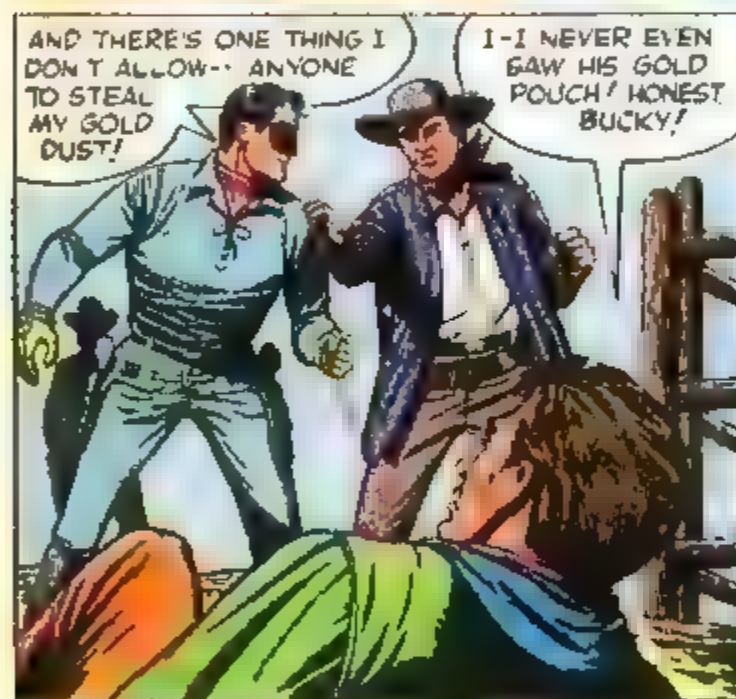
DON'T PUT ON THAT
INNOCENT ACT! IT ONLY
MAKES YOU LOOK MORE
GUILTY!



DANGED IF I'LL STAY HERE
AT THE PASS AND MISS A GOOD
FIGHT!



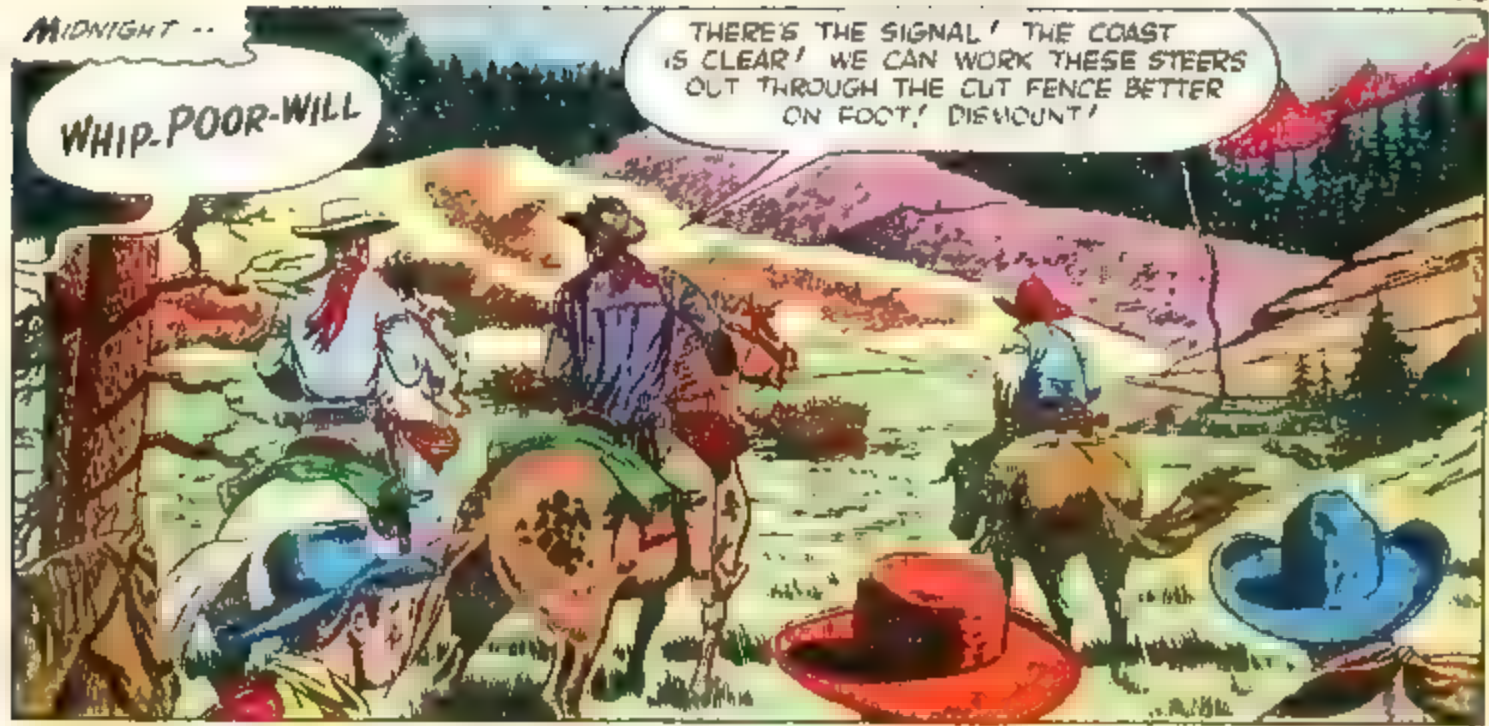
GUARD AND EVERYONE WATCH-UM
NOW OUR CHANCE FELLER! ---
GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



MIDNIGHT ..

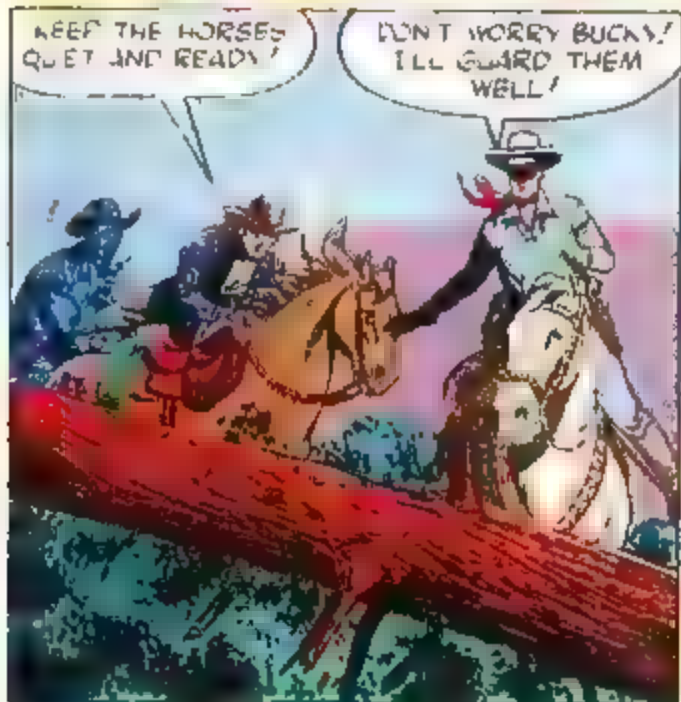
WHIP-POOR-WILL

THERE'S THE SIGNAL! THE COAST IS CLEAR! WE CAN WORK THESE STEERS OUT THROUGH THE CUT FENCE BETTER ON FOOT! DISMOUNT!



KEEP THE HORSES QUIET AND READY!

DON'T WORRY BUCKY! I'LL GUARD THEM WELL!



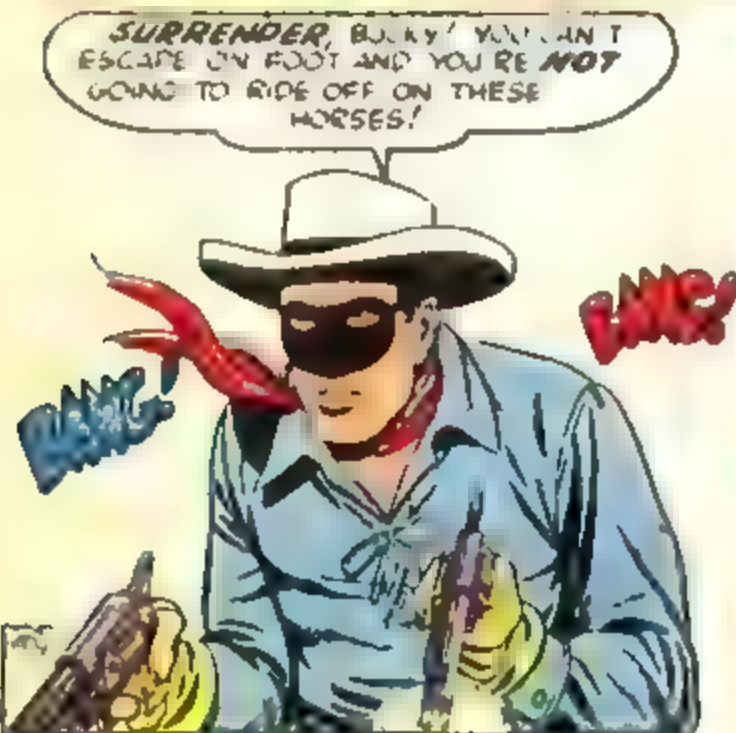
ONCE WE START THE FIRST GROUP THROUGH THE FENCE, WE'LL MOUNT UP!

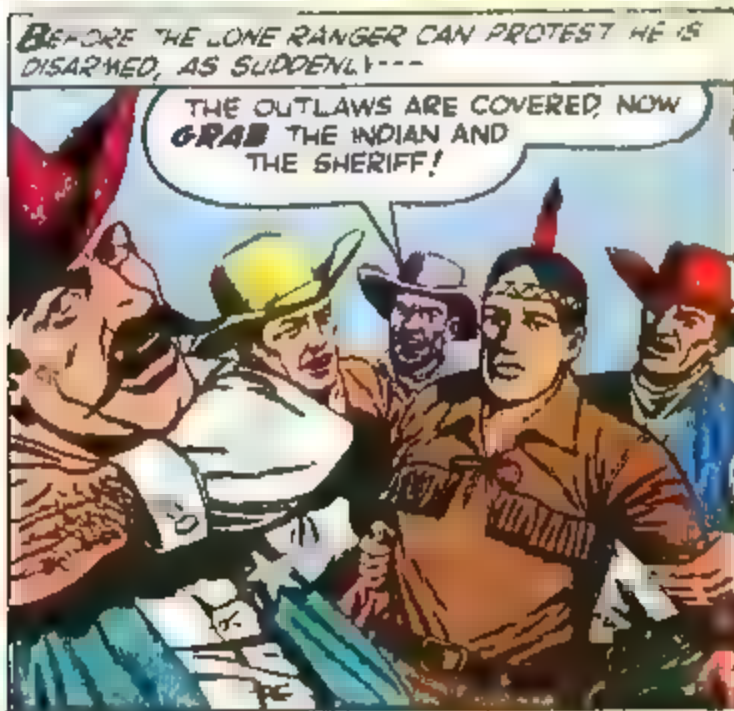
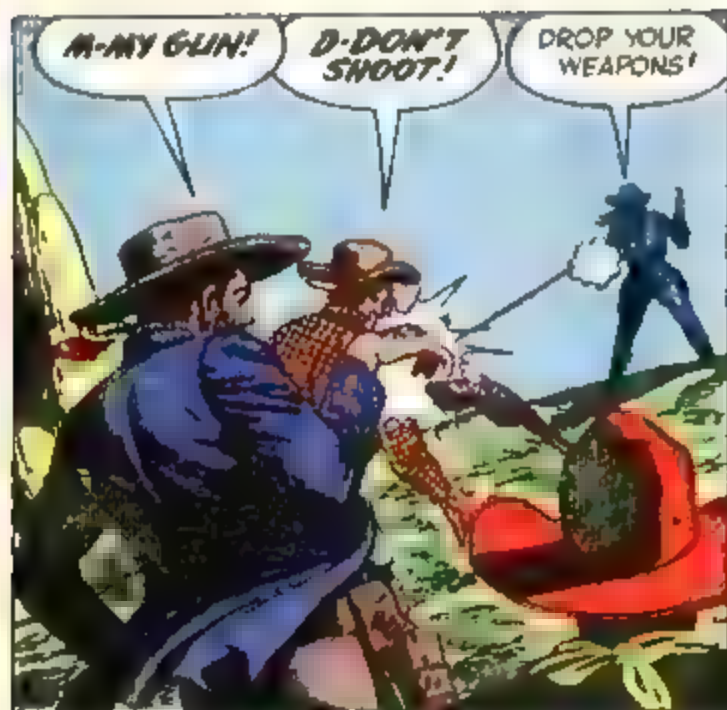


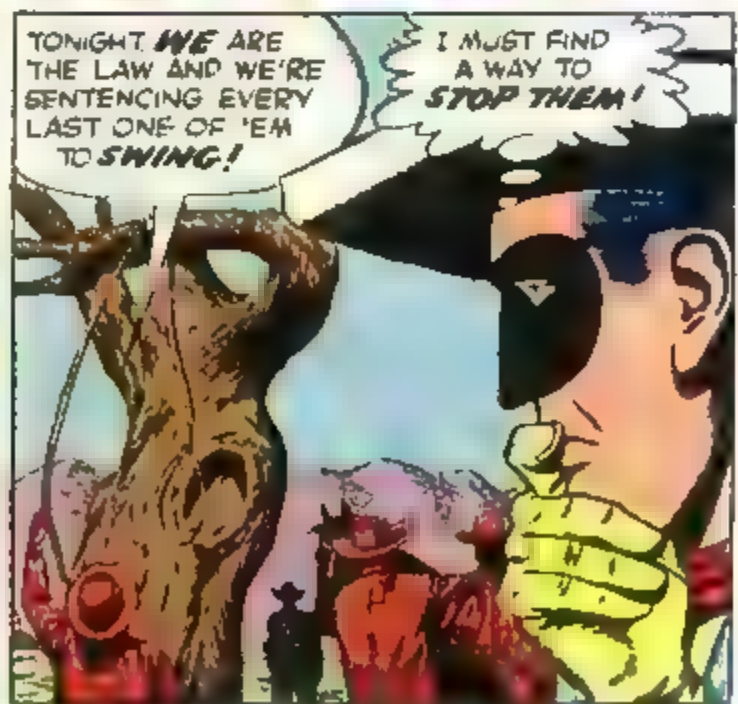
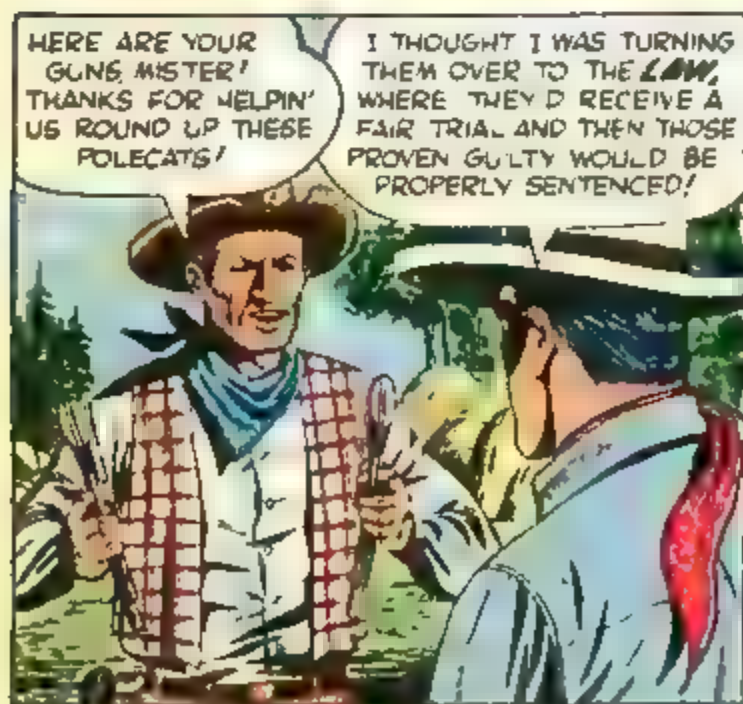
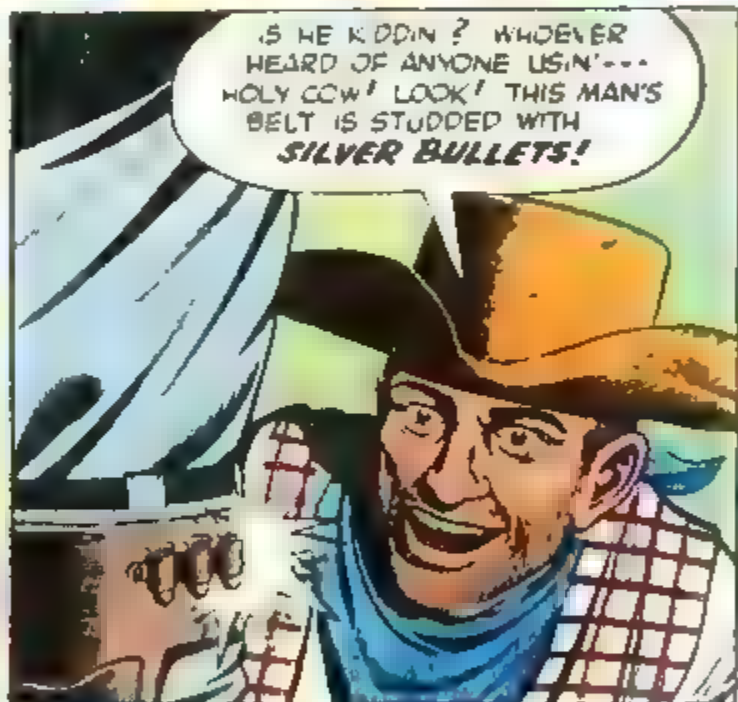
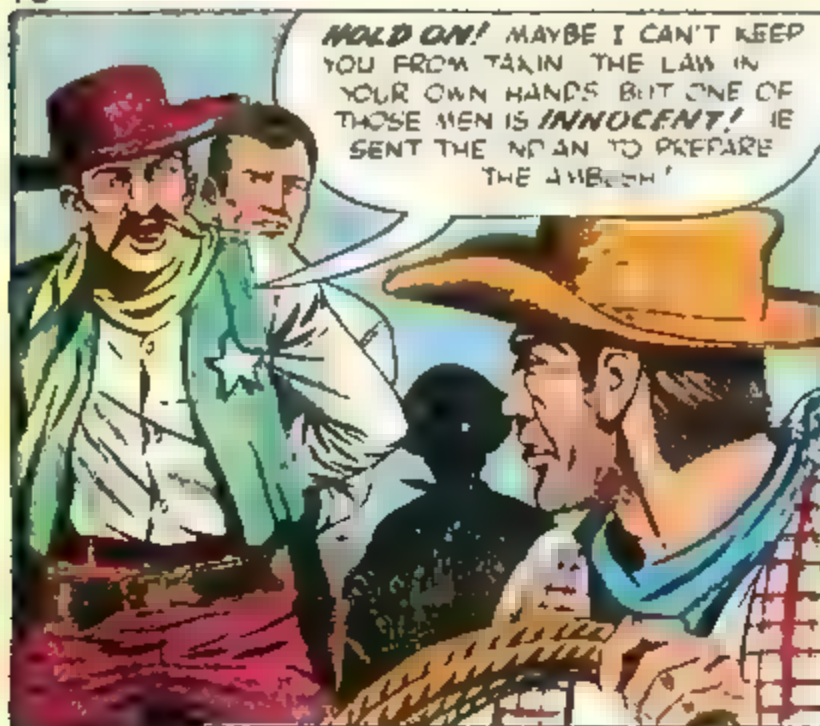
SHERIFF NOW WE SEE-UM!

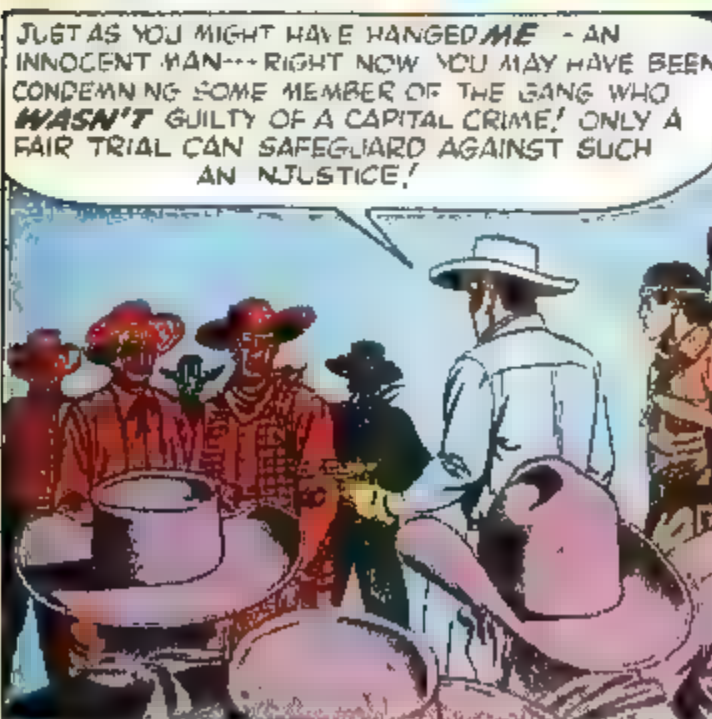
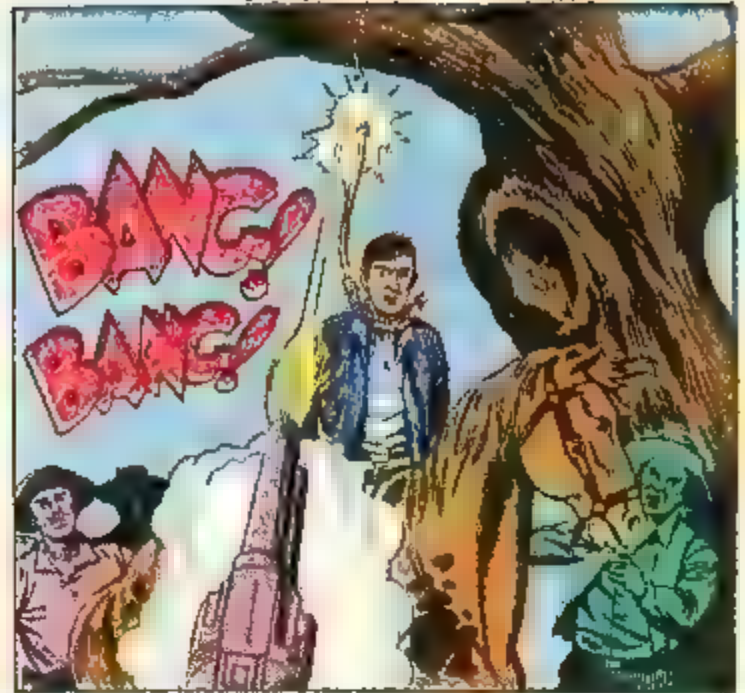
WORK YOUR TRIGGERS, BOYS!

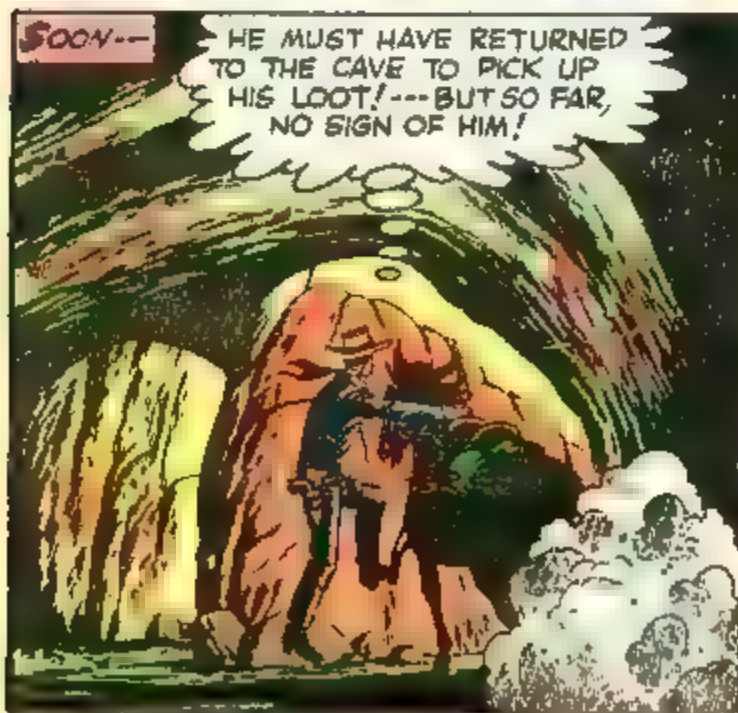
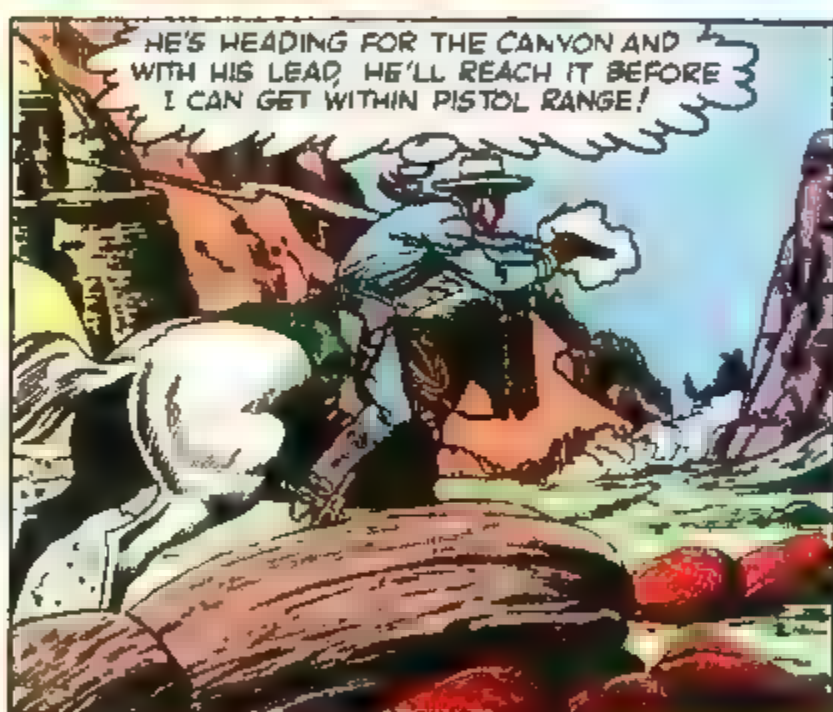
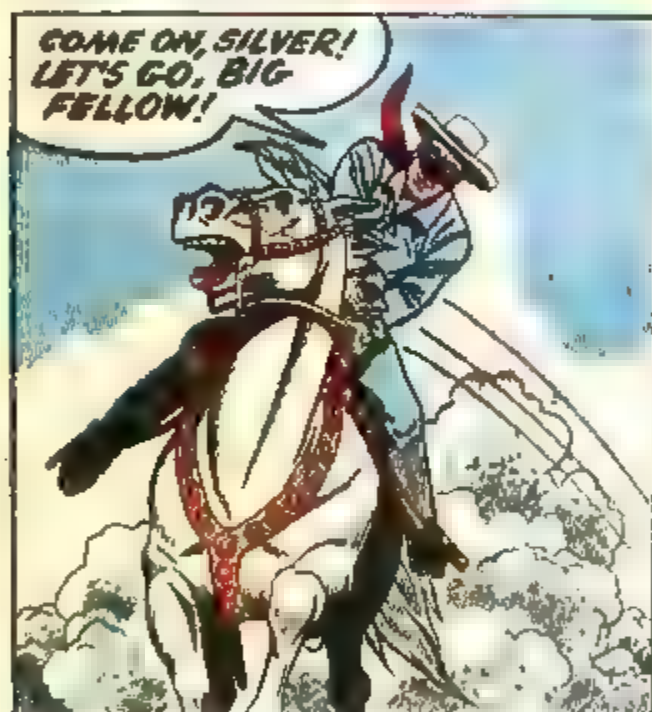
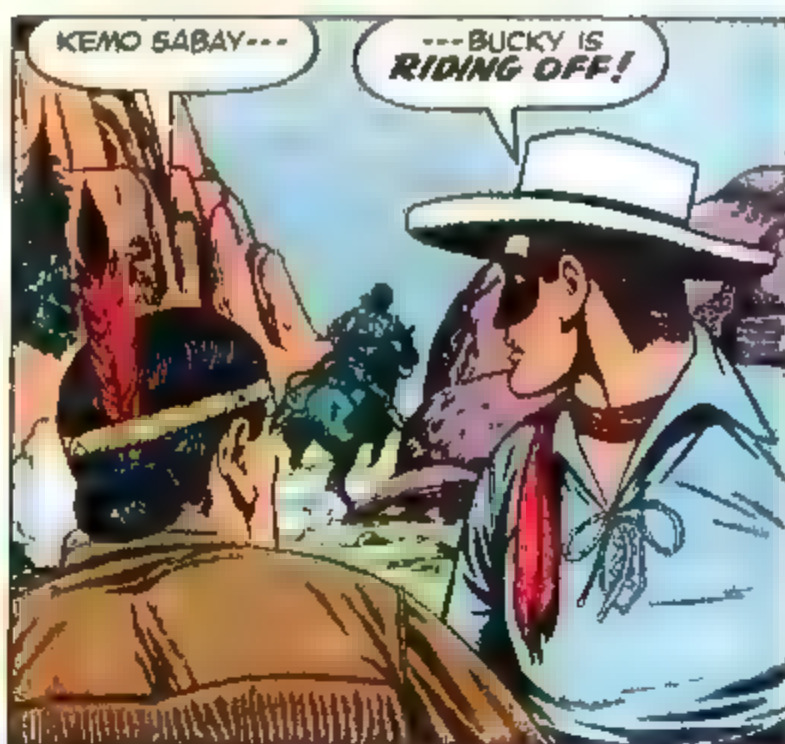


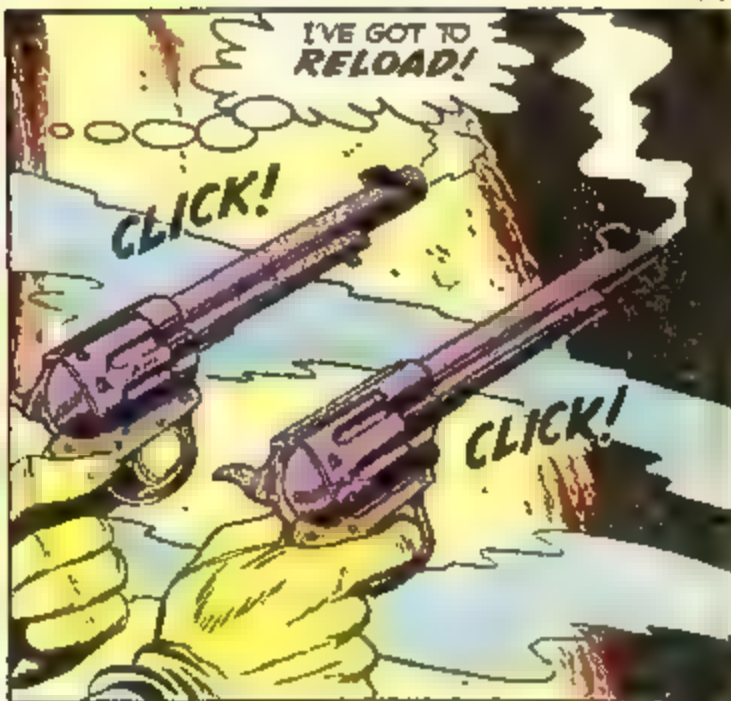
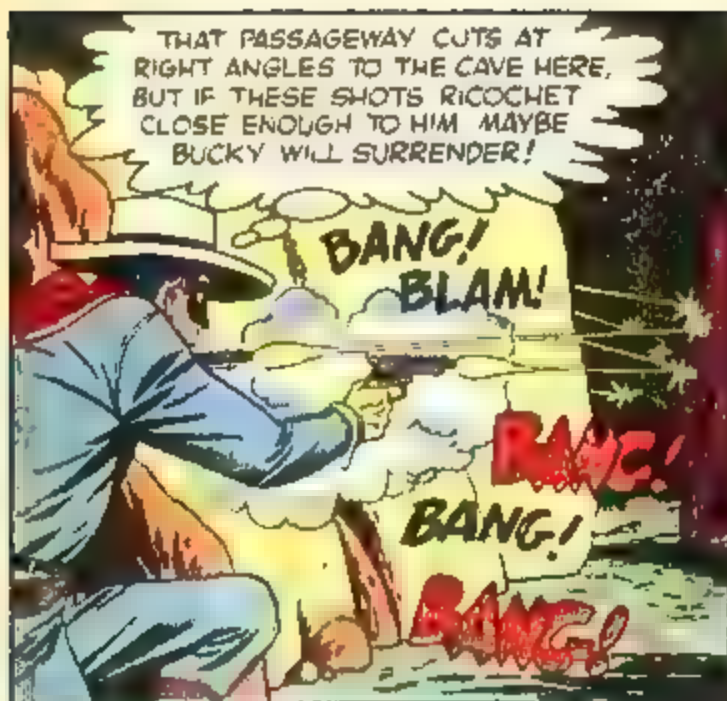


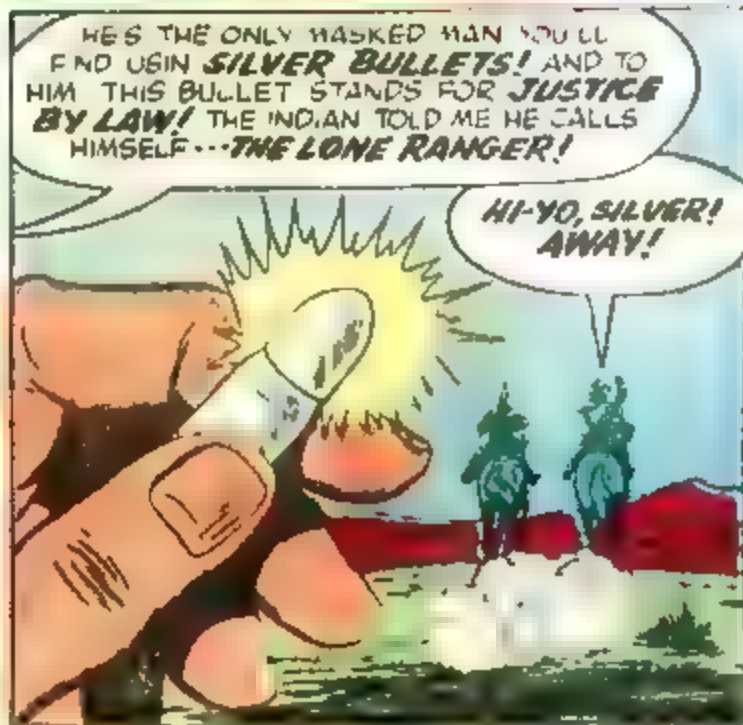
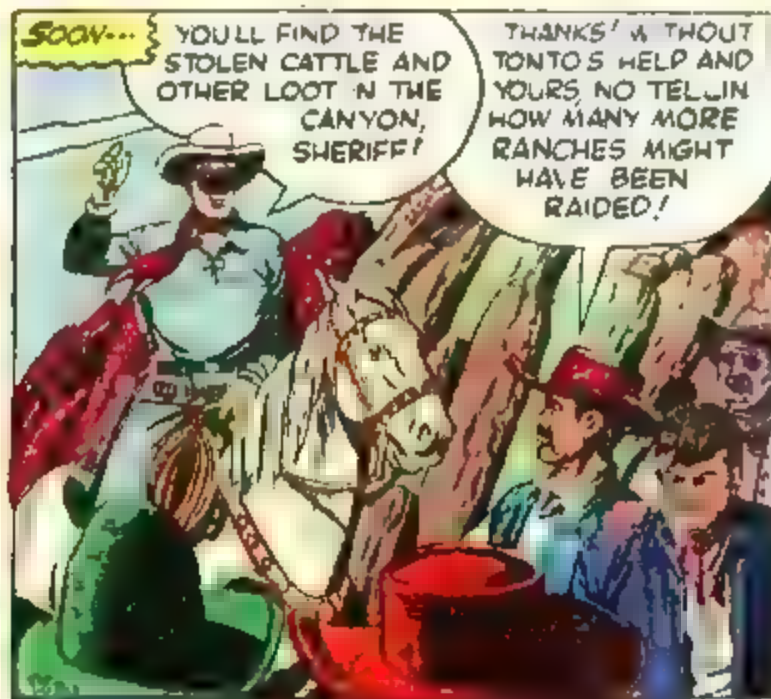






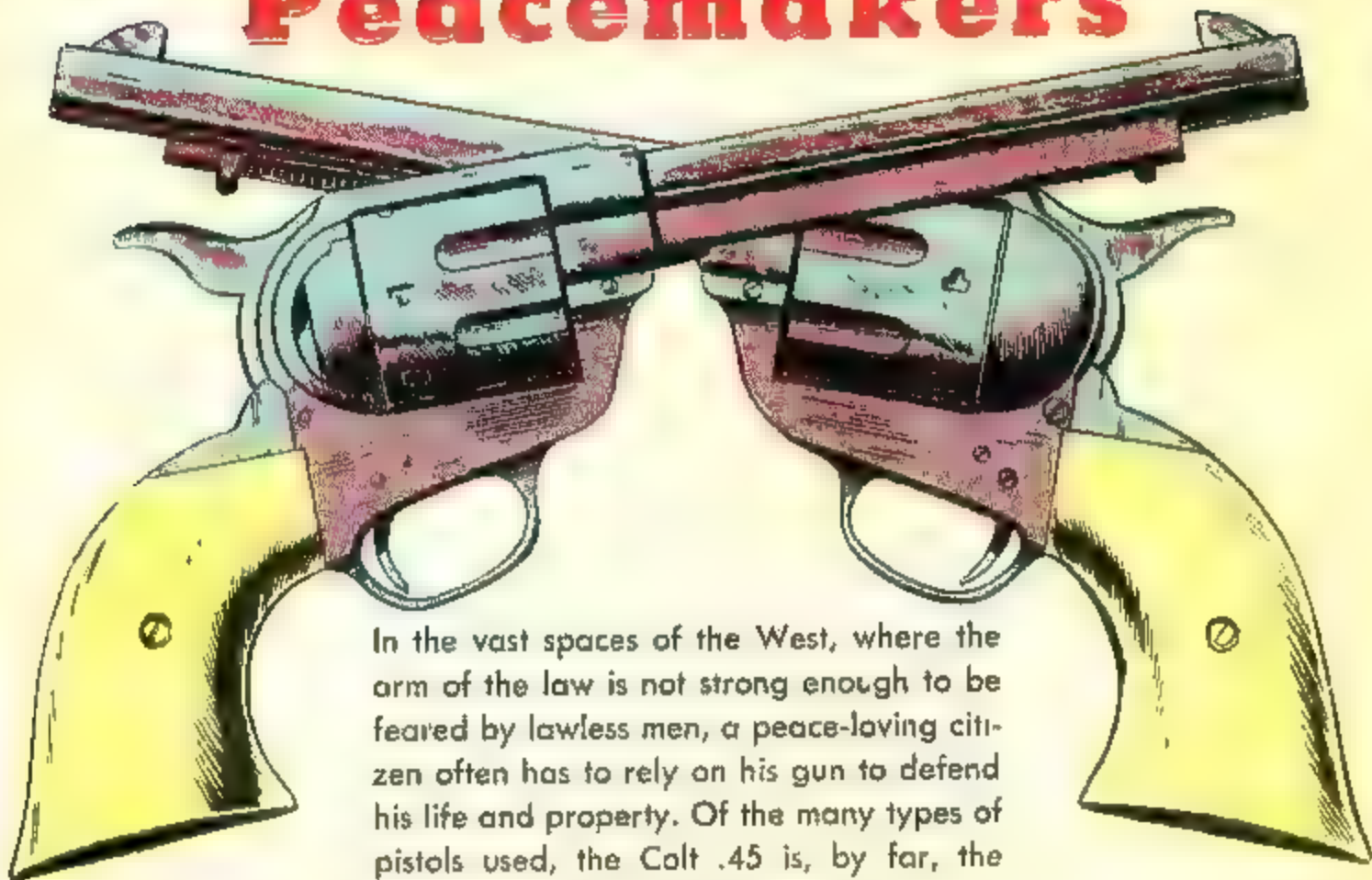






THE LONE RANGER'S

Peacemakers

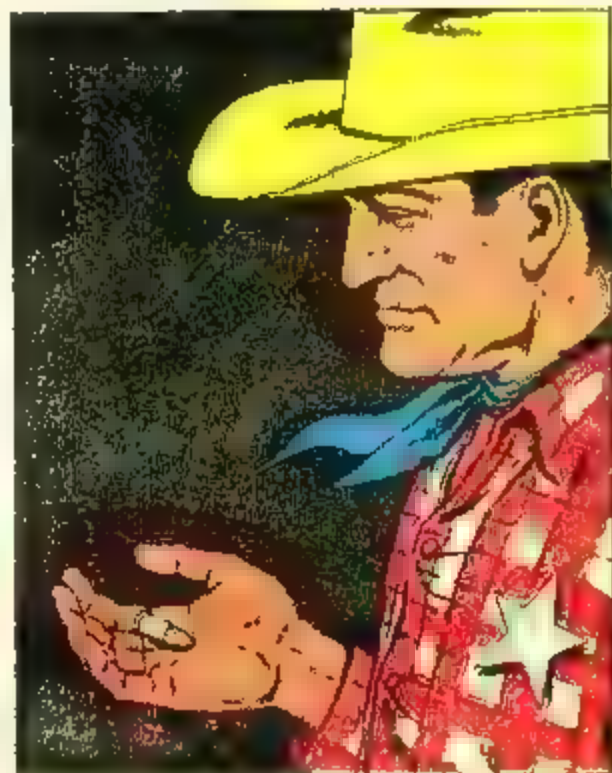


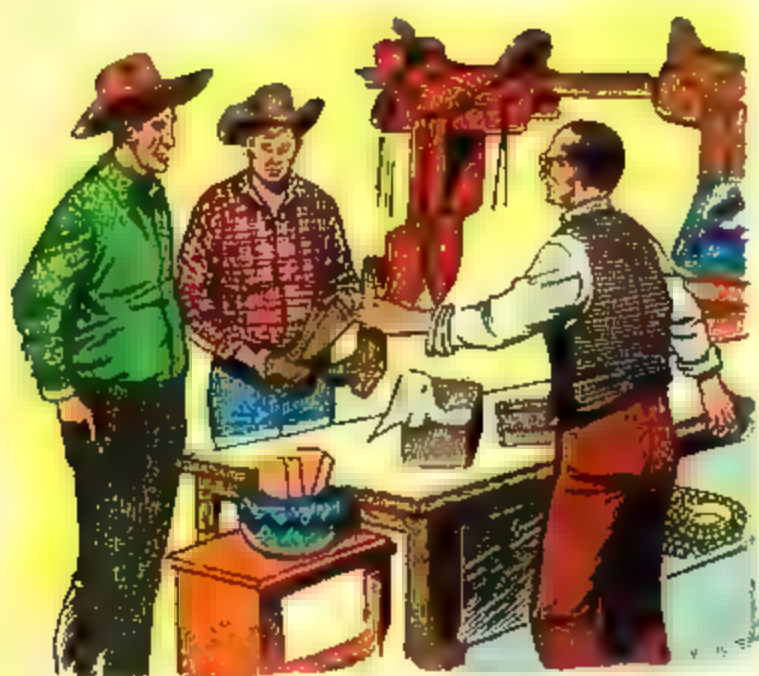
In the vast spaces of the West, where the arm of the law is not strong enough to be feared by lawless men, a peace-loving citizen often has to rely on his gun to defend his life and property. Of the many types of pistols used, the Colt .45 is, by far, the most popular and has become known as the Peacemaker. Two of these famous weapons are carried by the Lone Ranger.

.....

The Lone Ranger's guns are hand-make Colt .45's with 5 inch barrels. He uses individually moulded bullets made of silver mined in his own silver mine. Each bullet contains enough silver to make two silver dollars.

Anyone who finds a gleaming, silver-headed cartridge knows that the Lone Ranger is near, working and fighting for the safety of the West. Many a lawman has breathed a sigh of relief when he has seen the silver bullet. Badmen recognize it, too, and only the most desperate stand their ground once they have seen the Lone Ranger's shining symbol.





Cowboy Clothes

Danger and hardship are part of the daily life of the cowboy. Yet, these are incidental parts of a life of extremely hard work. A cowboy's clothes must therefore serve him in many ways so that he can live and work in as much safety and comfort as possible.

Hats—The cowboy has found, through experience in all kinds of weather, that cheap hats do not stand up. He uses the "ten-gallon" Stetson which is made from a good grade of felt. It shades his eyes from the sun and keeps the rain off him in a storm, while still retaining its shape.

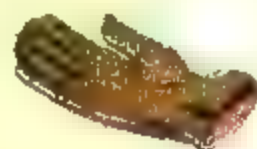
Boots—A cowboy's boots are his special pride—and with good reason. Hand-made, most of them are highly decorated. Although he likes decoration on his boots, he also chooses them for comfort. Long hours spent in the saddle make comfort an absolute necessity. The narrow toe makes it easy to slip the foot into the stirrup, while the high heel keeps it from slipping all the way through. The high heel, when dug into the earth, is also useful for balancing himself when roping a horse from the remuda.

Spurs are pointed devices used for goading a horse onwards. A cowboy who is really fond of his horse uses them very rarely—they are more decorative than useful except in the case of a branc buster who must use them on an "ornery" horse.

Gloves are not considered "dudish" but are regarded as a working necessity. They prevent rope burns and protect the hands during branding and other manual jobs.

Cuffs, made of calfskin and fastened with snaps, are used to protect the wrists against rope burns and sprains.

Chaps are worn to protect the cowboy's legs from brush when riding in rough country. While they are all of the same style, chaps are made of several different kinds of material. Angora chaps are canvas lined and have leather pockets. Chaps worn for show are usually made of tanned calfskin and often have silver conchas and other trimmings. The work chaps for everyday use are made of sturdy steerhide so that they will last under the rough treatment they must take.



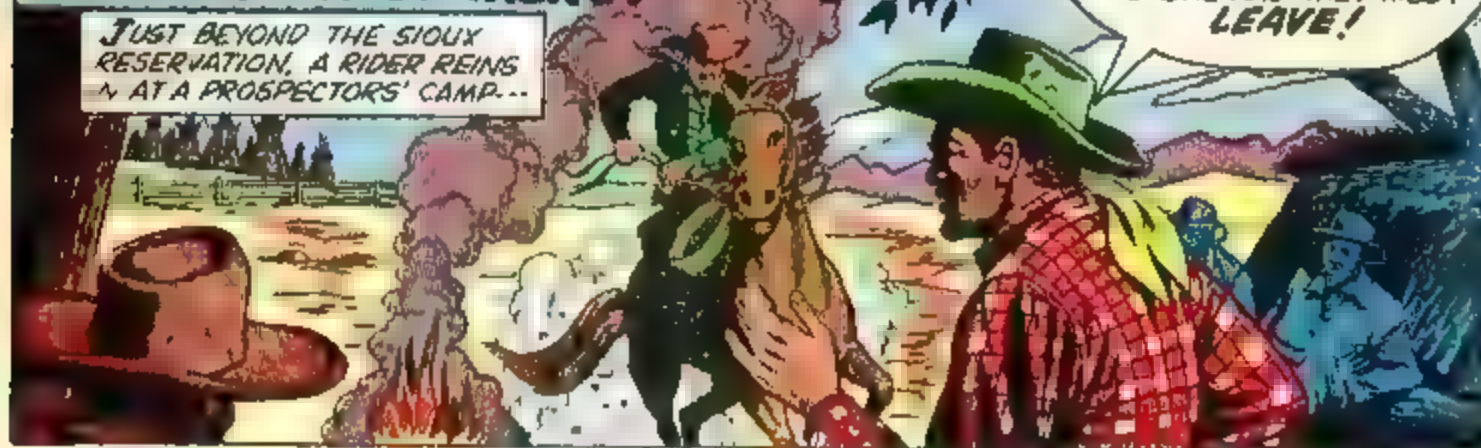
the Lone Ranger

THE MISSION OF MERCY

JUST BEYOND THE SIOUX RESERVATION, A RIDER REINS IN AT A PROSPECTOR'S CAMP...

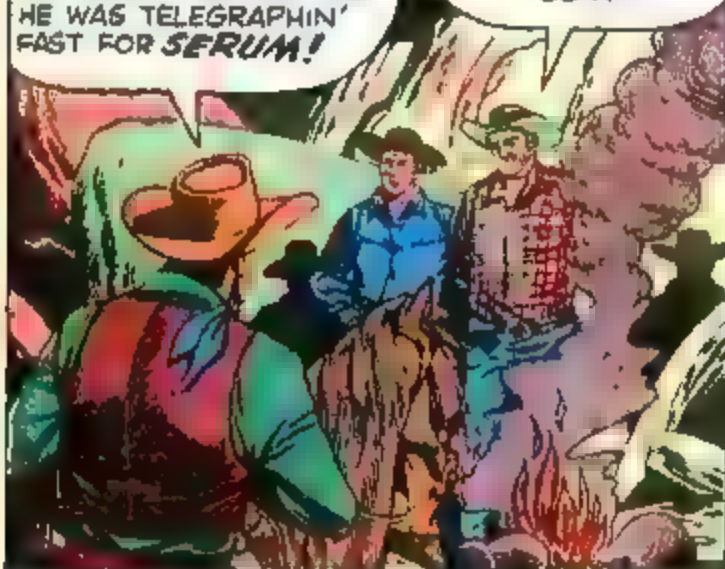
RUSS, DO YOU HEAR THOSE MEDICINE DRUMS? **SMALLPOX** BROKE OUT AMONG THE SIOUX!

SMALLPOX?...I'VE BEEN WONDERIN' HOW TO MOVE THOSE REDSKINS FROM THEIR LAND NOW WE'VE STRUCK **GOLD** THERE! WHEN ENOUGH OF 'EM DIE, THEY'LL LISTEN WHEN I SAY THE LAND IS EVIL AND THEY MUST **LEAVE!**



IT'S A GOOD IDEA, RUSS, 'CEPT THE INDIAN AGENT WAS THERE AT THE SAME TIME AN' SAID HE WAS TELEGRAPHIN' FAST FOR **SERUM!**

HANK AN' BUTCH, MAKE SURE THAT MESSAGE **ISN'T** SENT!



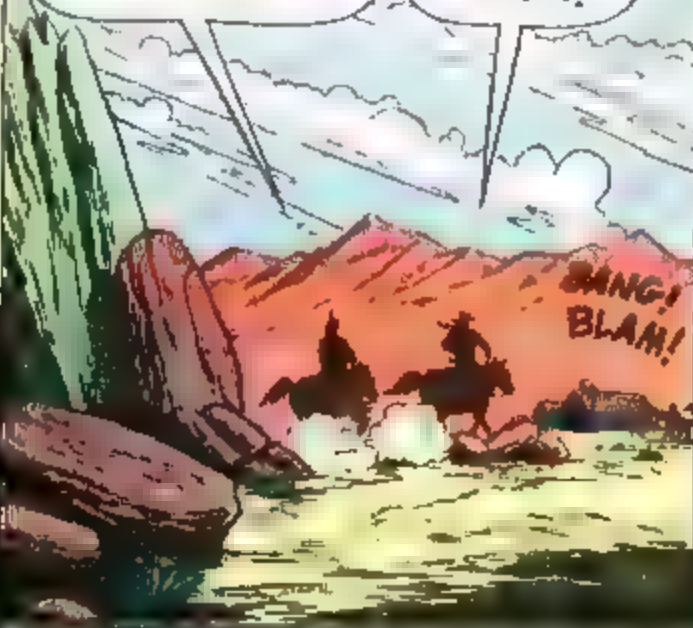
SOON--- DRUMS SAY PLENTY SICKNESS IN RESERVATION, **KEMO SABAY!**

THAT'S JIM WALTON'S, THE INDIAN AGENT'S CABIN, TONTO! HE KNOWS US AND HE'LL TELL US WHAT IS **WRONG!**

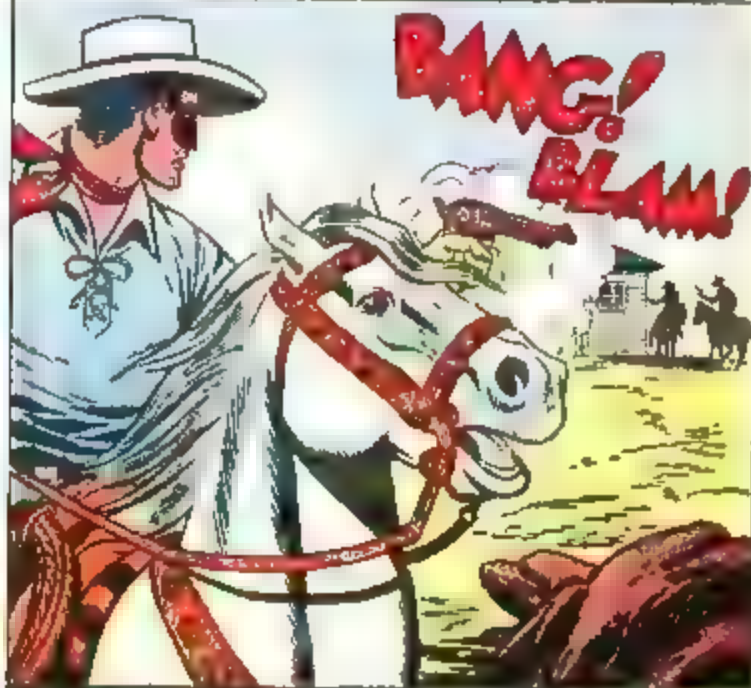


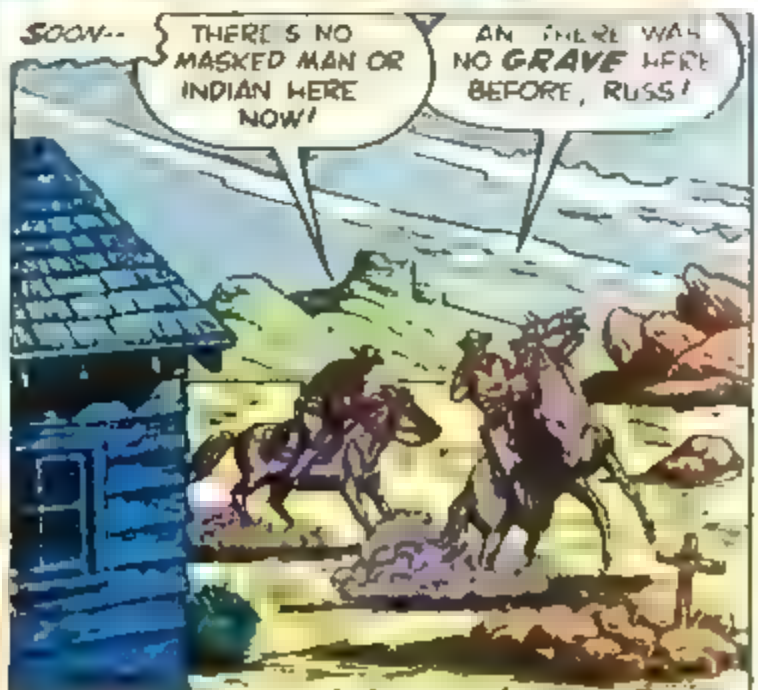
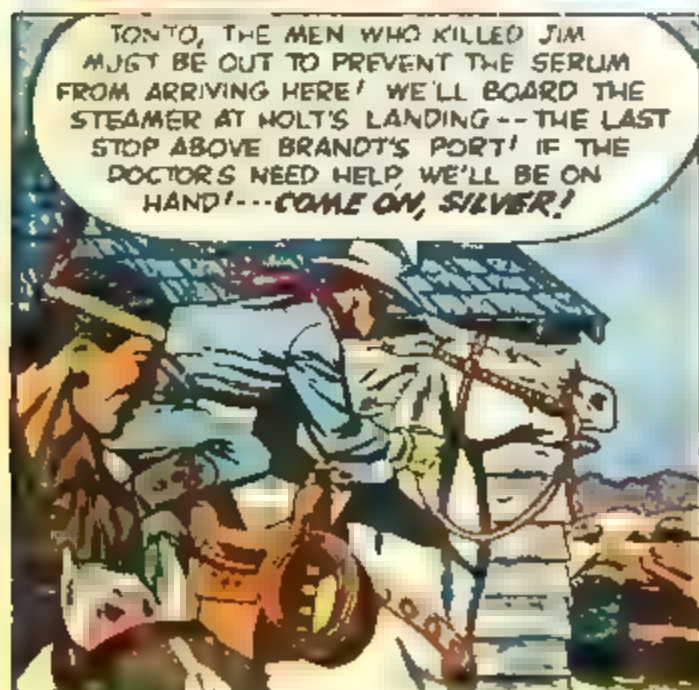
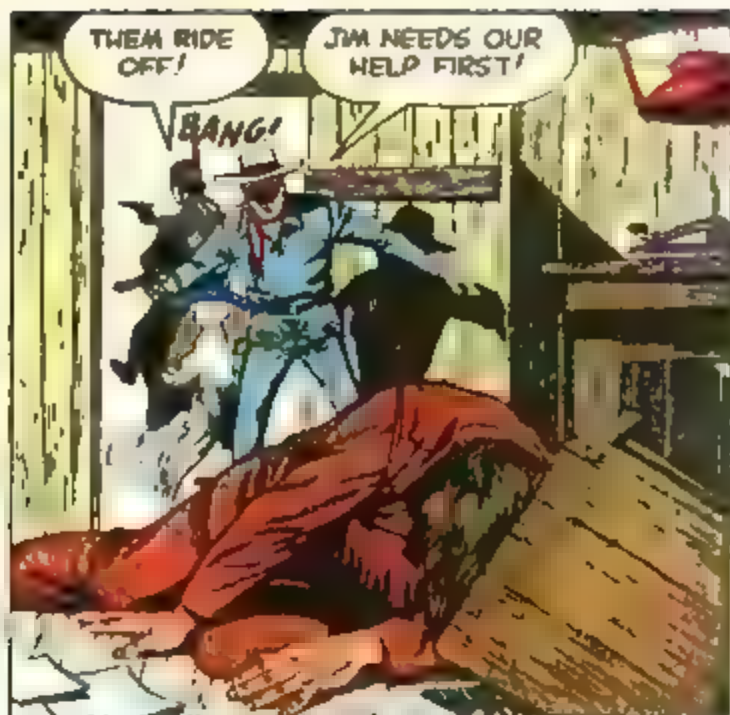
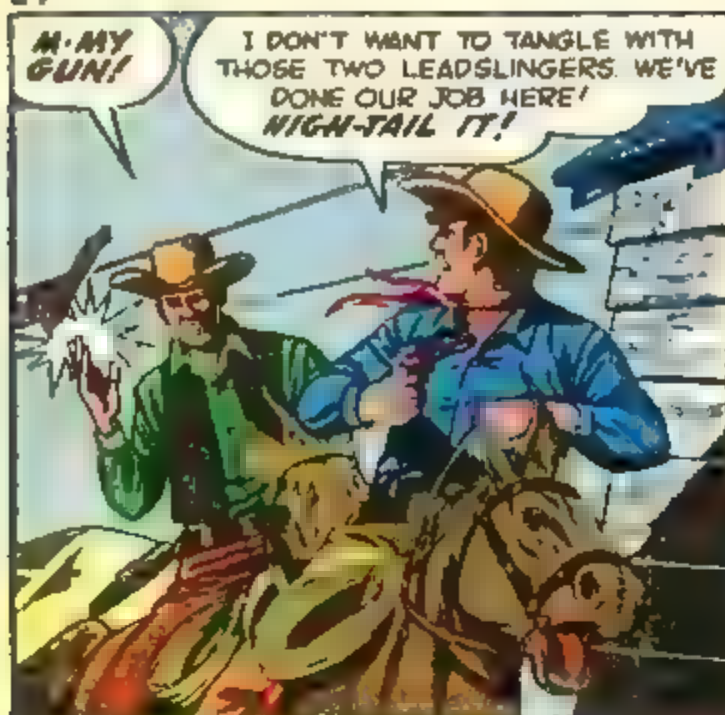
KEMO SABAY, THEM FIE INTO CABIN!

COME ON, SILVER!



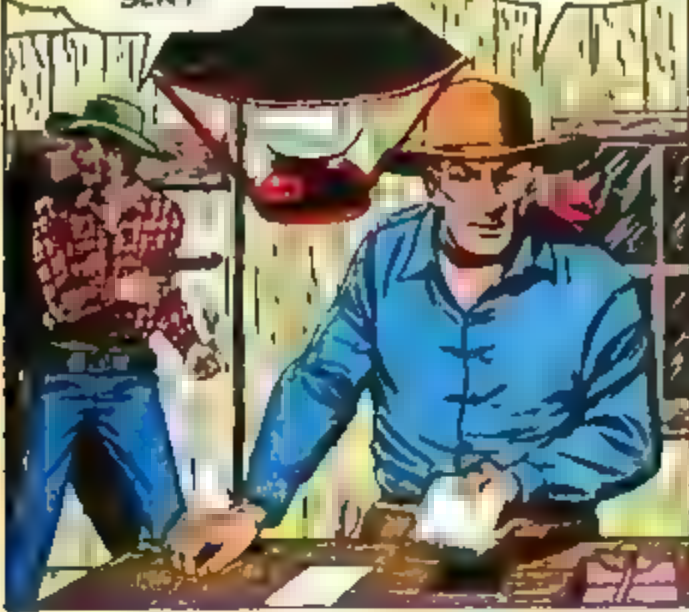
BANG! BLAM!





YOU'RE RIGHT! THE AGENT
MUST BE BURIED OUT THERE!
THE MESSAGE **WASN'T**
SENT!

HOLD ON,
RUSS! LOOK
AT THIS!



QUICKLY, RUSS HAVEN READS THE REPLY---

RIDE FOR HOLT'S LANDING AND
BOARD THAT STEAMER! I WANT THE
SERUM **DUMPED IN THE RIVER** BEFORE
THAT BOAT EVER REACHES BRANDT'S
PORT!



**TWO DAYS LATER, TONTO AND THE DISGUISED
LONE RANGER DISMOUNT FROM THEIR RENTED
HORSES AT HOLT'S LANDING---**

THAT STEAMER
HAVE ONLY **ONE**
WHEEL KEMO
SABAY!

YES, TONTO, IT'S A STERN
WHEELER! THE SIDE WHEEL
BOATS ARE TOO WIDE FOR
OUR WESTERN RIVERS!
AND THE CHANNELS HERE
AREN'T AS DEEP AS THE
MISSISSIPPI'S! THESE BOATS
HAVE TO SAIL IN **THREE**
FEET OF WATER!



THEM TAKE ON
PLENTY FUEL WOOD
AND PASSENGERS!

AND THERE MAY BE
SOME AMONG THEM WHO
ARE OUT TO SABOTAGE
THE SERUM SHIPMENT!
WE'LL LOCATE THE DOCTORS'
CABIN AND GUARD IT!

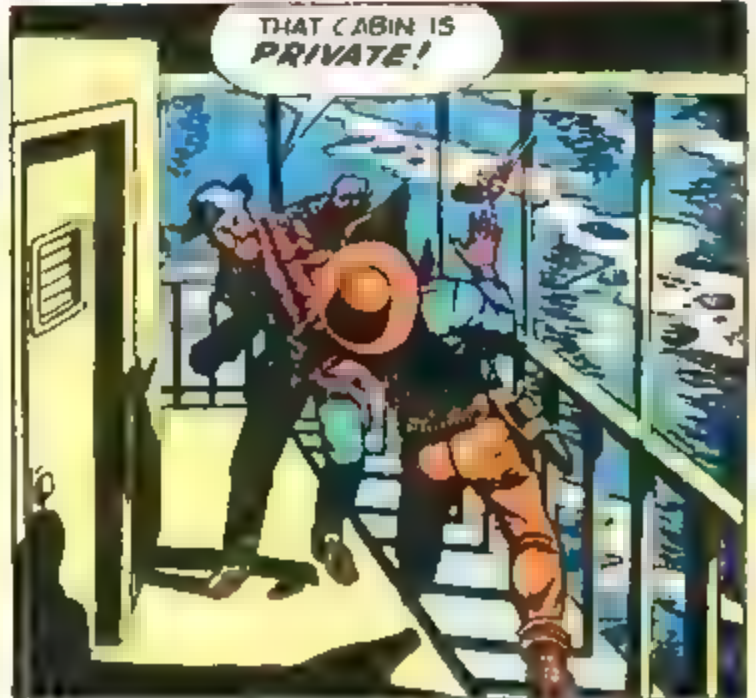


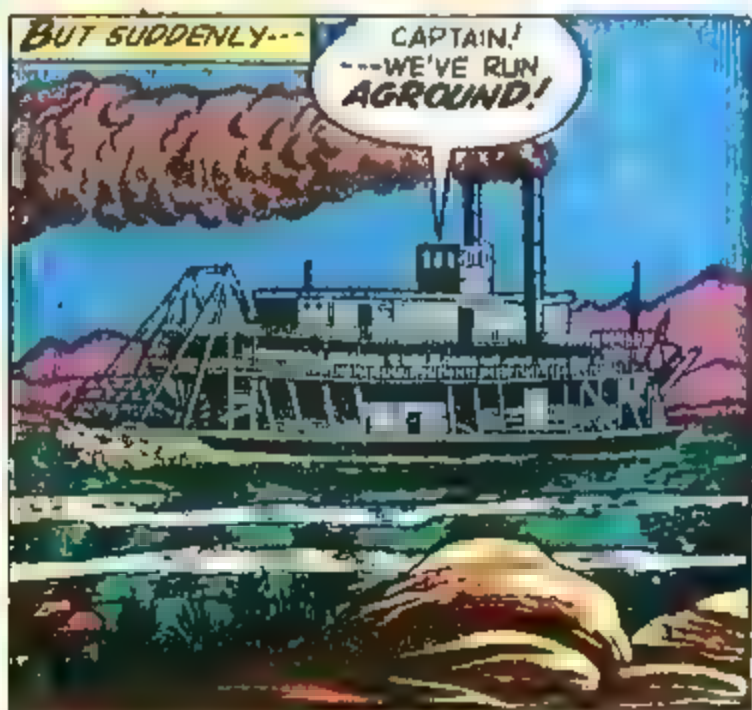
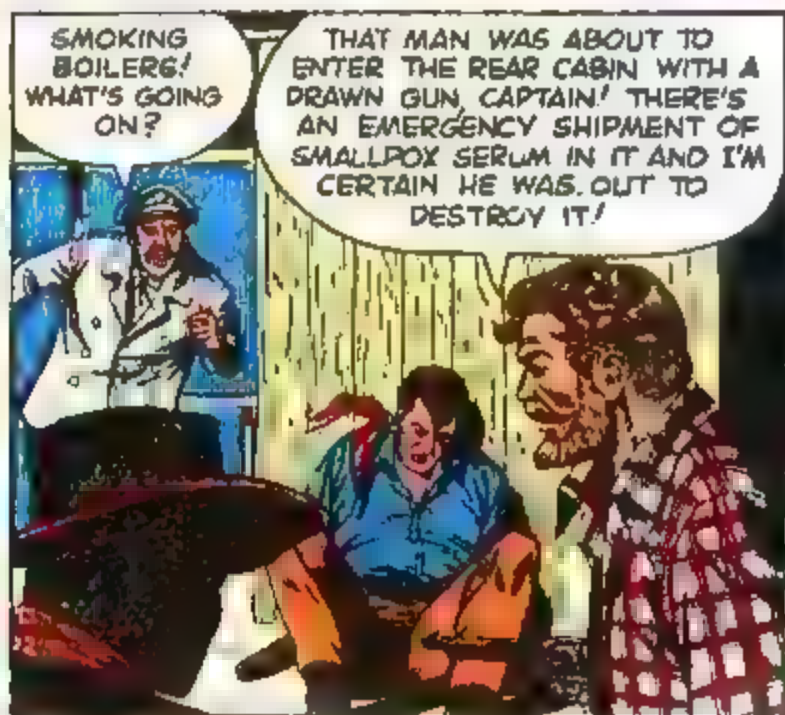
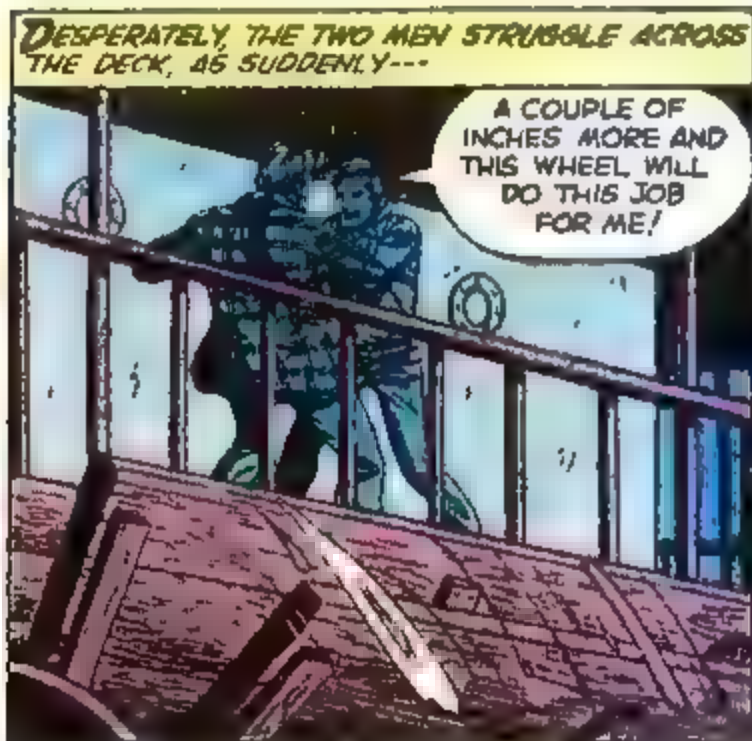
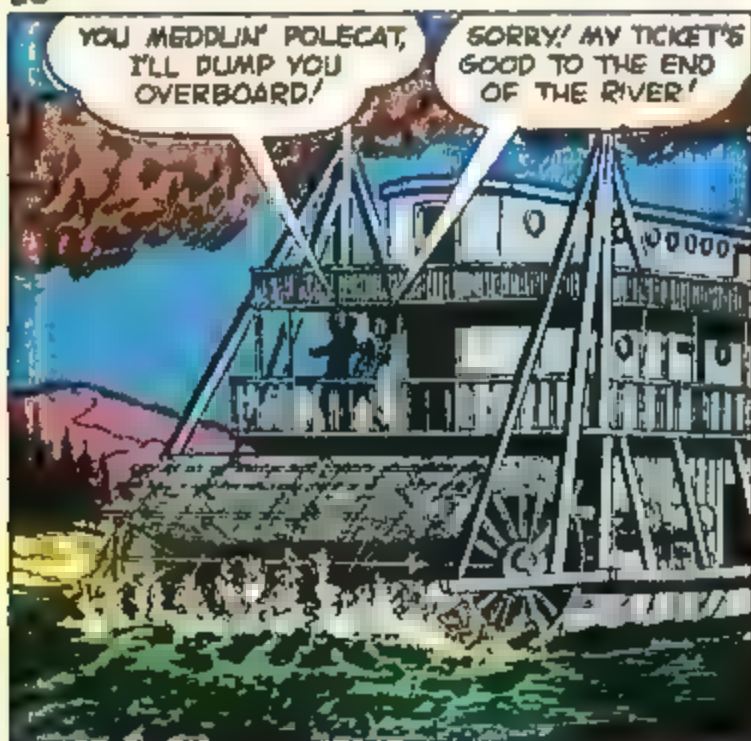
LATE THAT NIGHT --

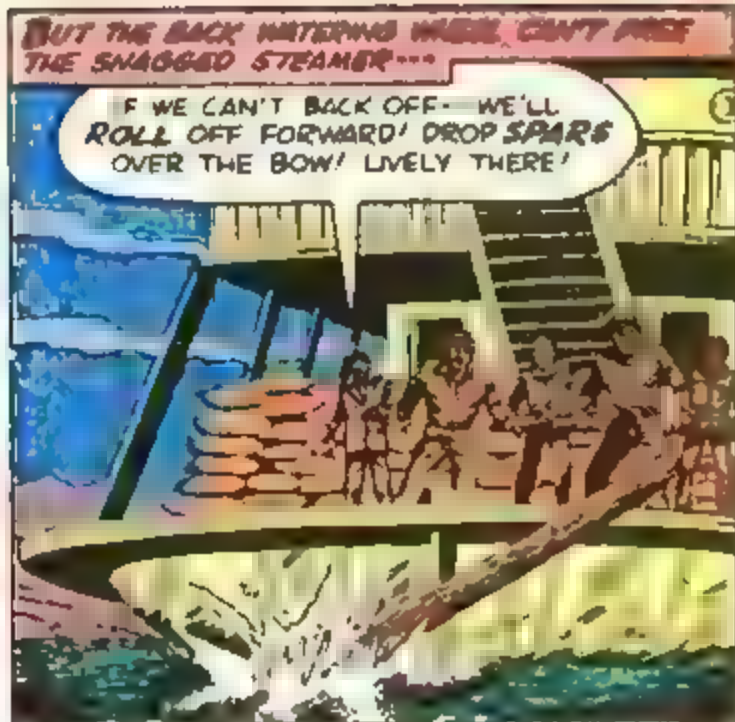
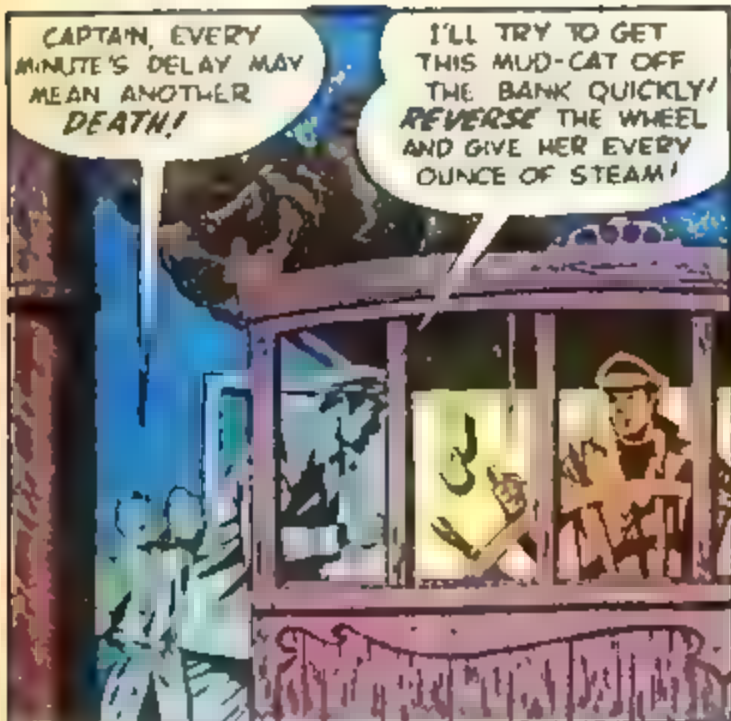
TONTO REPORTED NOTHING
DURING HIS WATCH AND---
**SOMEONE'S STARTING FOR
THE DOCTORS' CABIN!**



THAT CABIN IS
PRIVATE!







ONE BY ONE THE SPARS ARE DROPPED IN FRONT OF THE STEAMER, AS HER STERN WHEEL WHIRLS POWERFULLY FORCING THE BOAT TO ROLL FORWARD OVER THE TURNING BED OF SPARS---



THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE STAGECOACH STABLE AT BRANDT'S PORT---

RUSS WAS SMART SENDIN' ME DOWN! THOSE SAWBONES REACHED HERE, BUT THIS STAGE THEY JUST HIRED ISN'T TAKIN' 'EM FAR-- NOT WITH THIS THOROUGH BRACE PARTLY CUT!



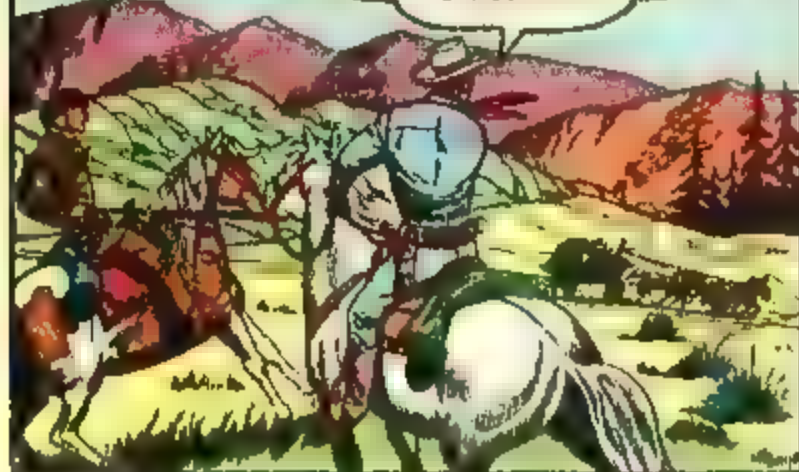
BETTER HIGH-TAIL IT-- HERE COMES THE TEAM!



PICKING UP THEIR HORSES, THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO FOLLOW THE STAGE---

THEM TRAVEL PLENTY FAST!

YEE, TONTO, THE WAY THOSE HORSES ARE RACING, YOU'D NEVER IMAGINE THEY WERE PULLING A TON OF STAGECOACH!

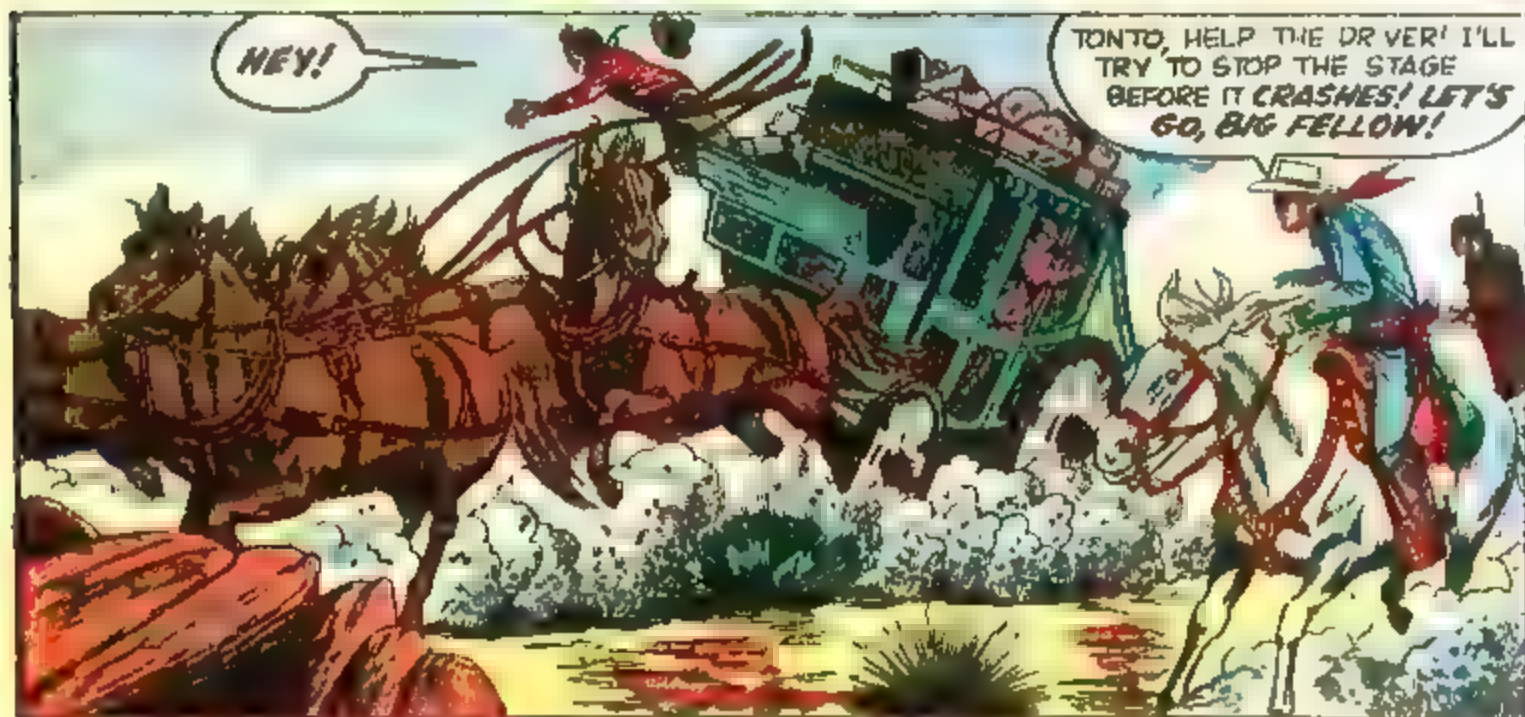


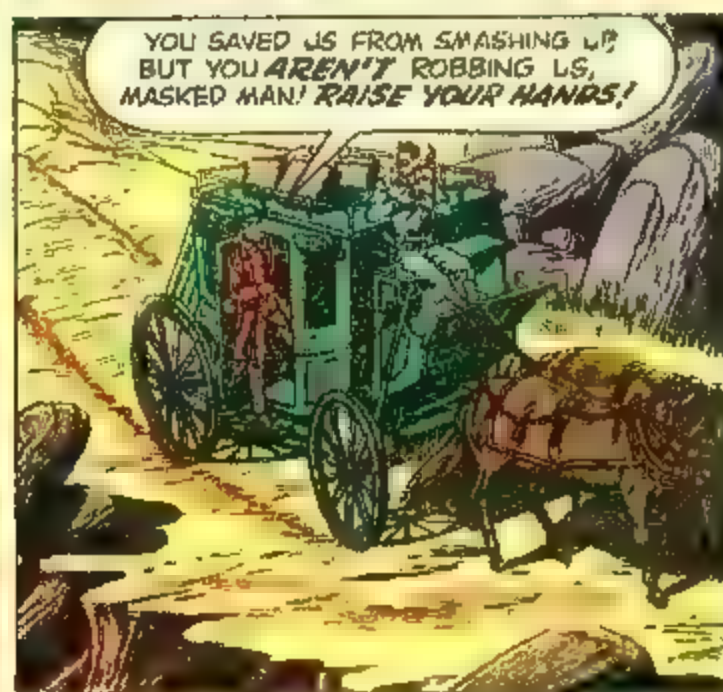
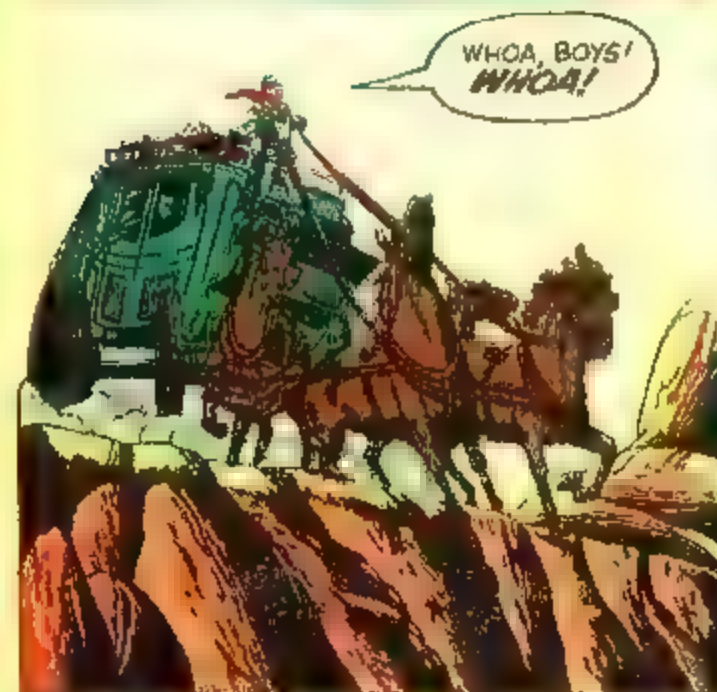
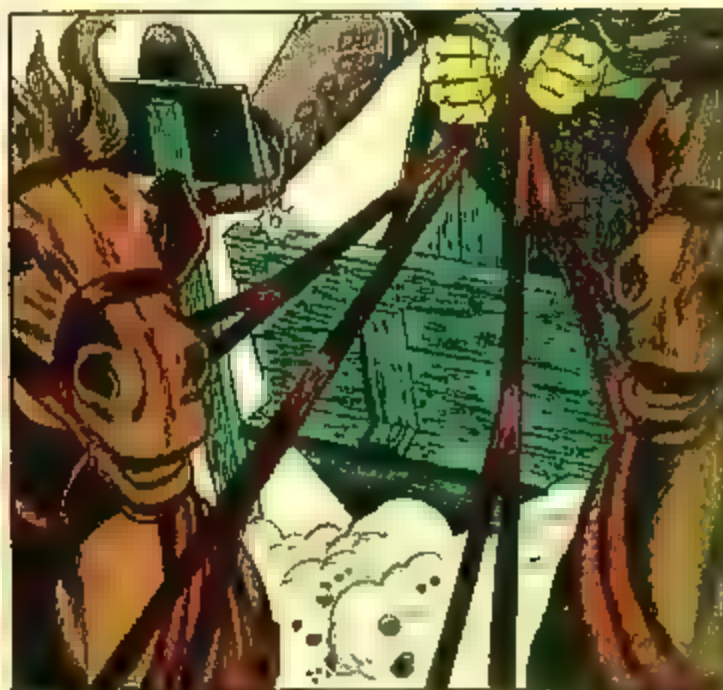
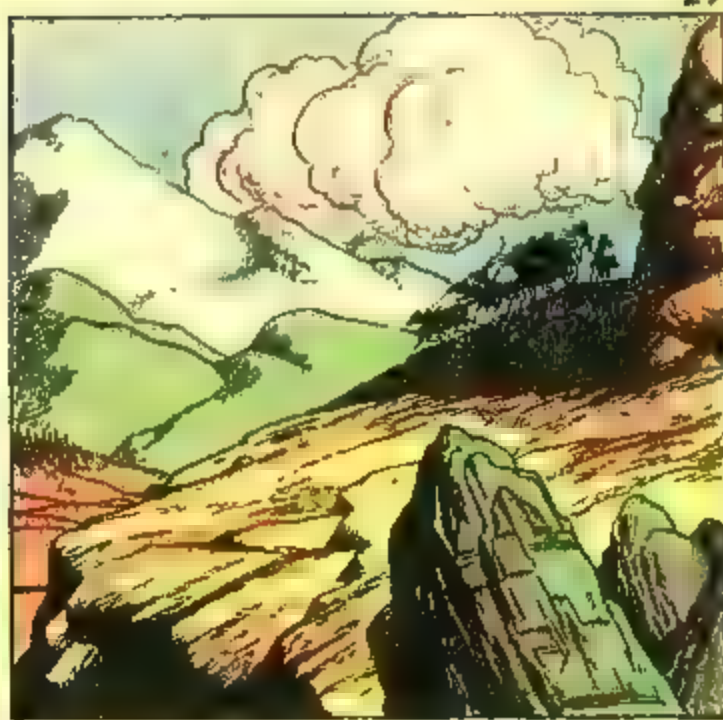
BUT SUDDENLY THE STEER HIDE THOROUGH BRACE, THAT FLOATS THE COACH AND ACTS AS A SHOCK-ABSORBER, SNAPS---

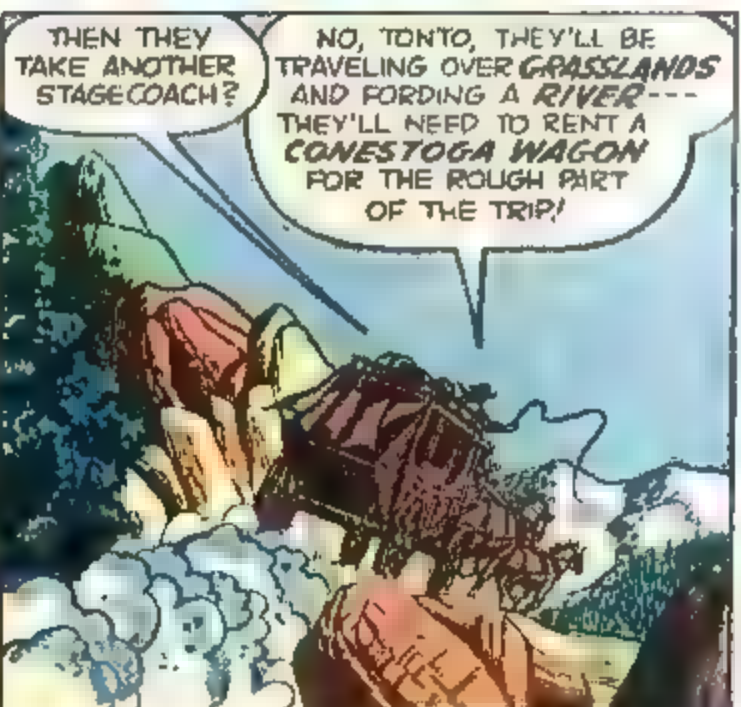
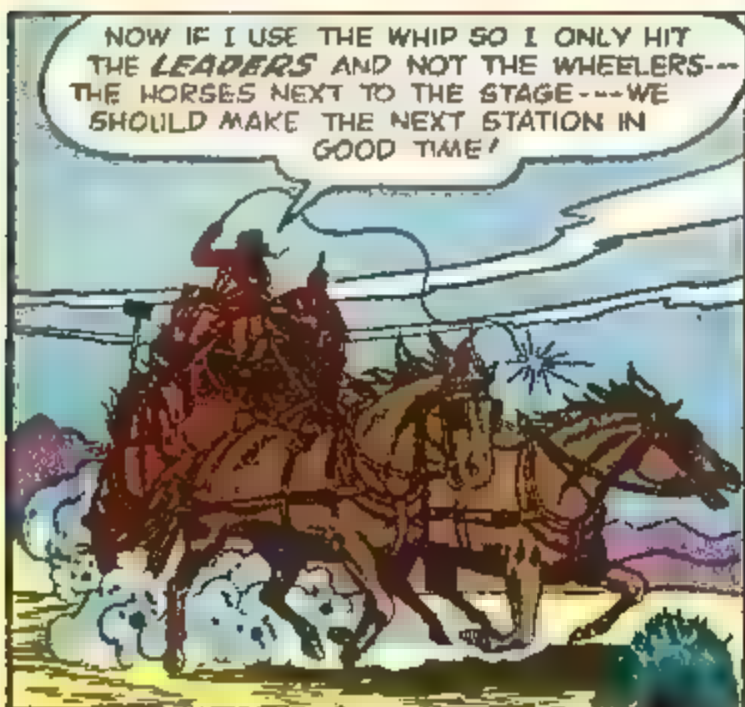
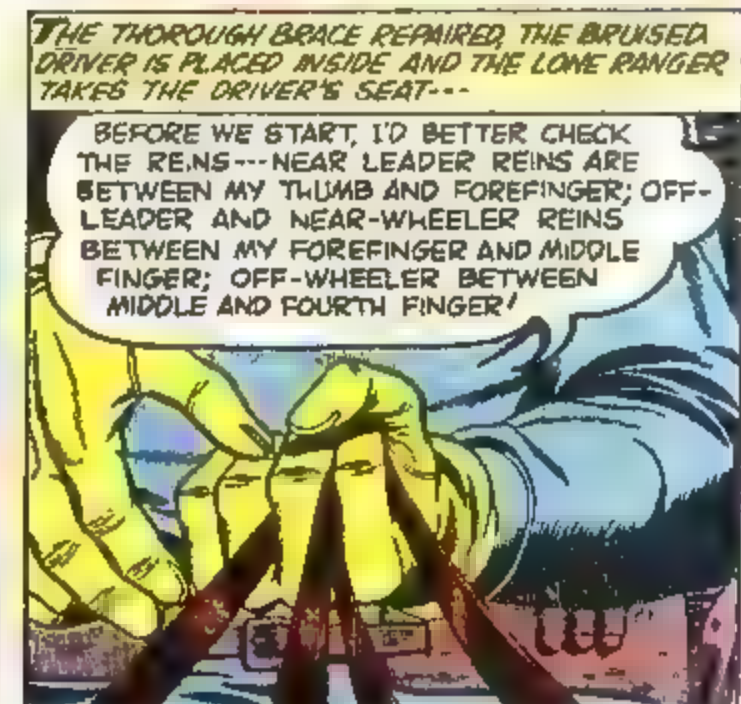
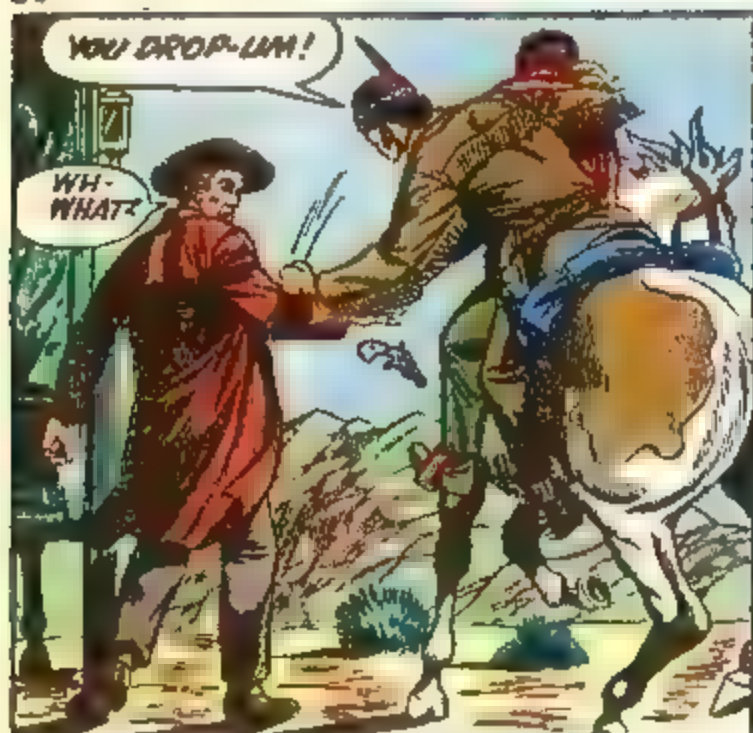


HEY!

TONTO, HELP THE DRIVER! I'LL TRY TO STOP THE STAGE BEFORE IT CRASHES! LET'S GO, BIG FELLOW!



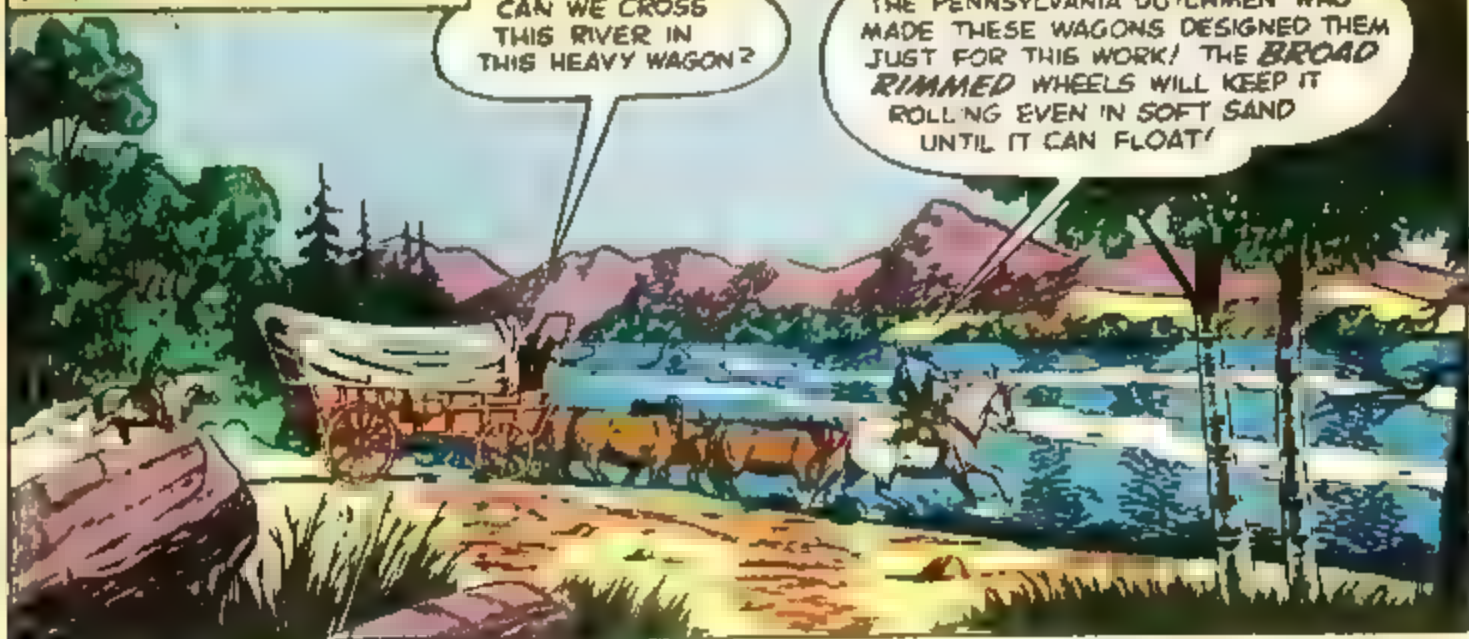




THE NEXT DAY, THE JOURNEY CONTINUES, AS TONTO AND THE LONE RANGER GUIDE THE HIRED CONESTOGA WAGON WEST...

CAN WE CROSS THIS RIVER IN THIS HEAVY WAGON?

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMEN WHO MADE THESE WAGONS DESIGNED THEM JUST FOR THIS WORK! THE **BROAD RIMMED** WHEELS WILL KEEP IT ROLLING EVEN IN SOFT SAND UNTIL IT CAN FLOAT!



THEY'RE STARTIN' OVER!

THEY'VE COME FURTHER THAN RUSS WANTS 'EM TO NOW! LET'S STOP 'EM HERE!



KEMO SABAY...

...THERE THEY ARE, TONTO! BY THE PINES! USE YOUR GUN!

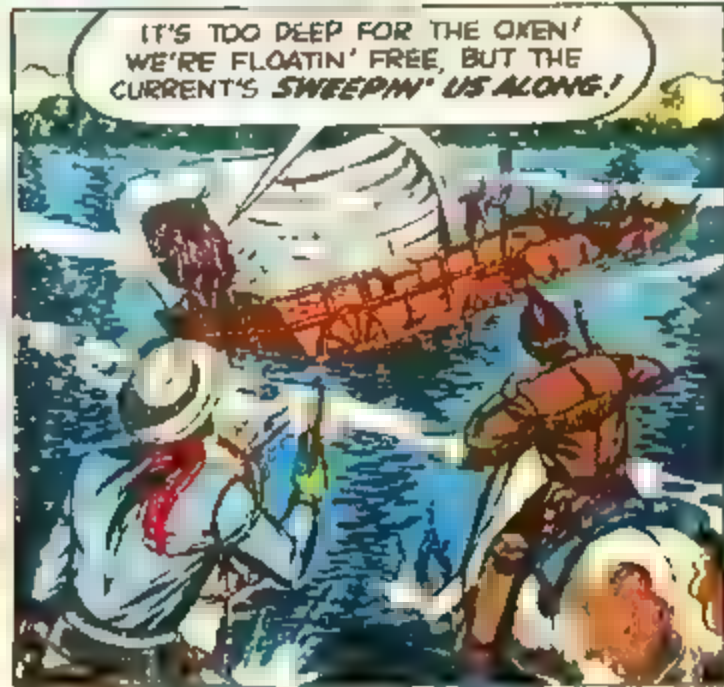


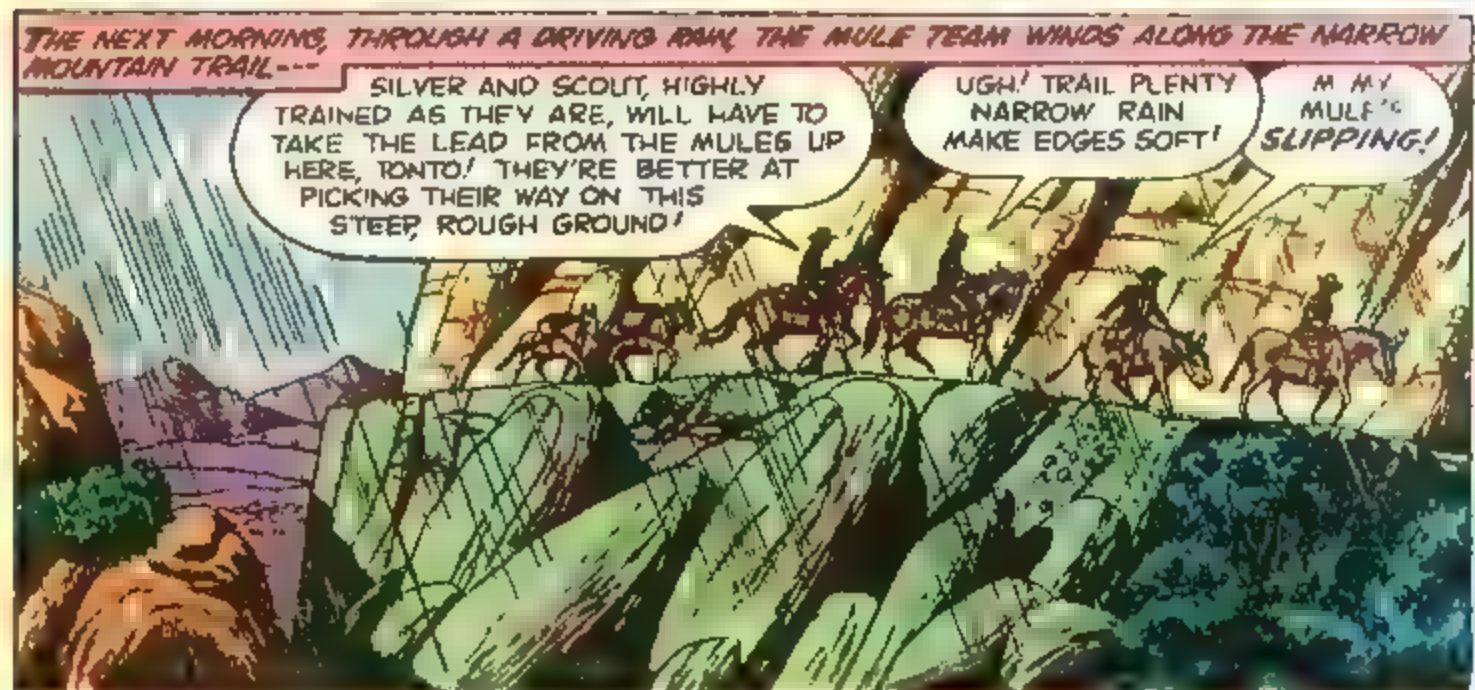
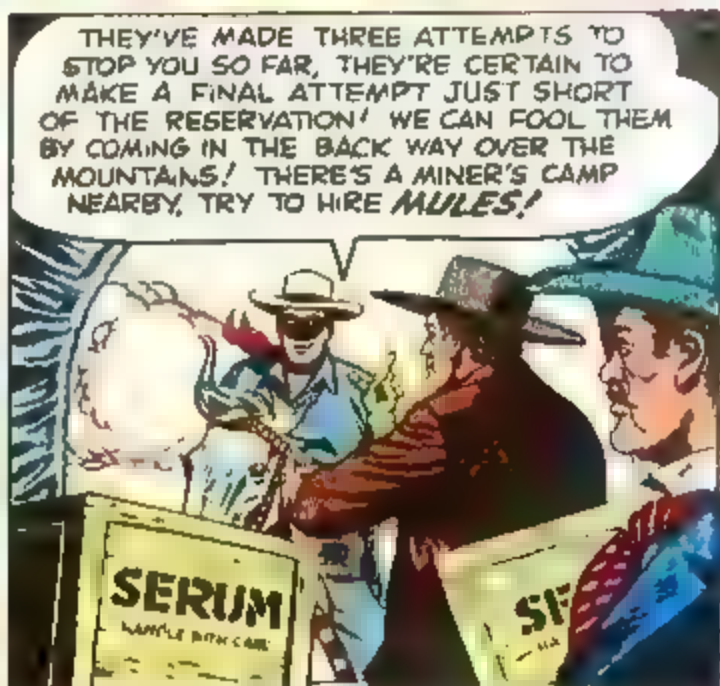
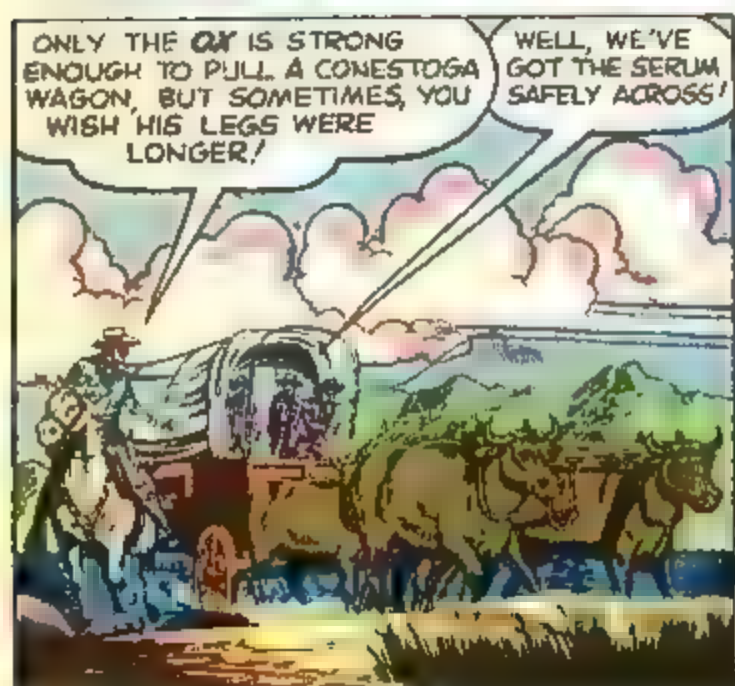
YEOOW!

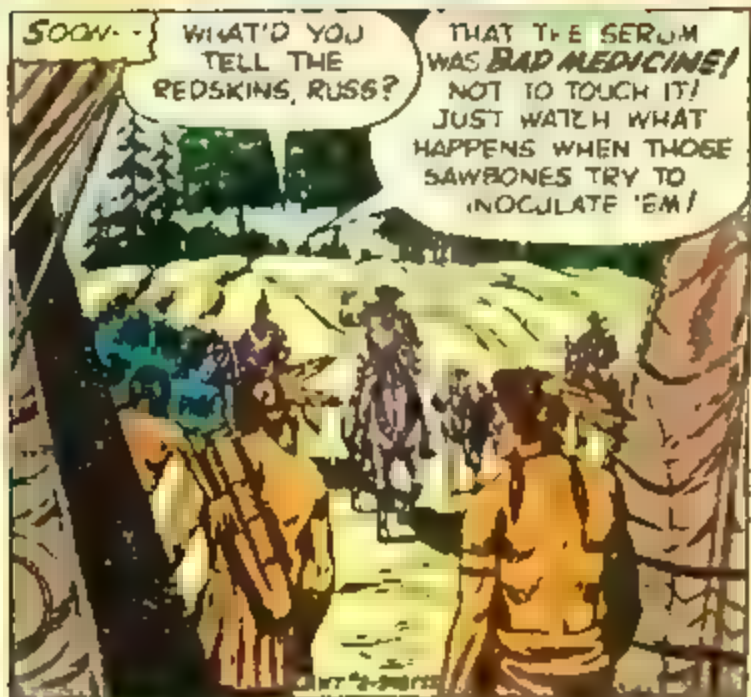
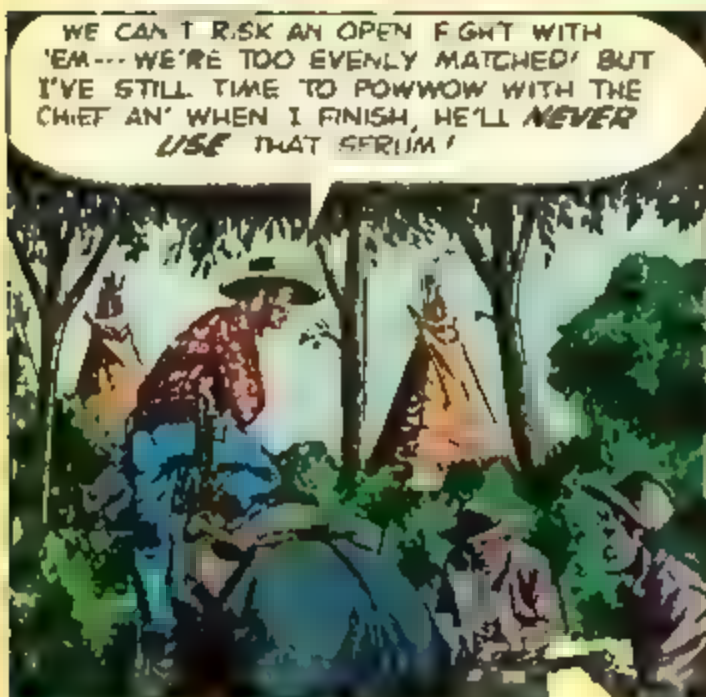
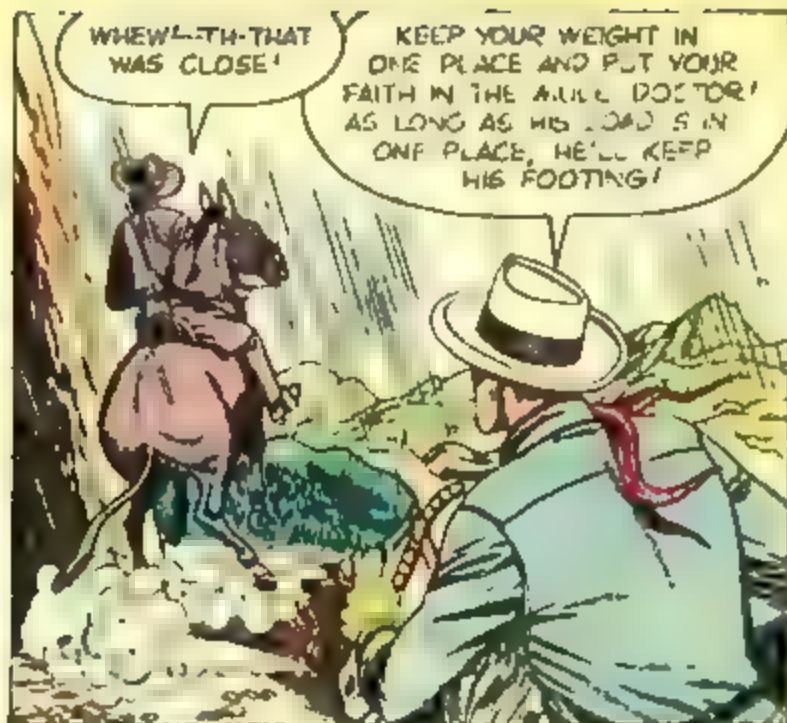
TH- THEY'RE THROWIN' LEAD TOO DANG CLOSE! HIT LEATHER!

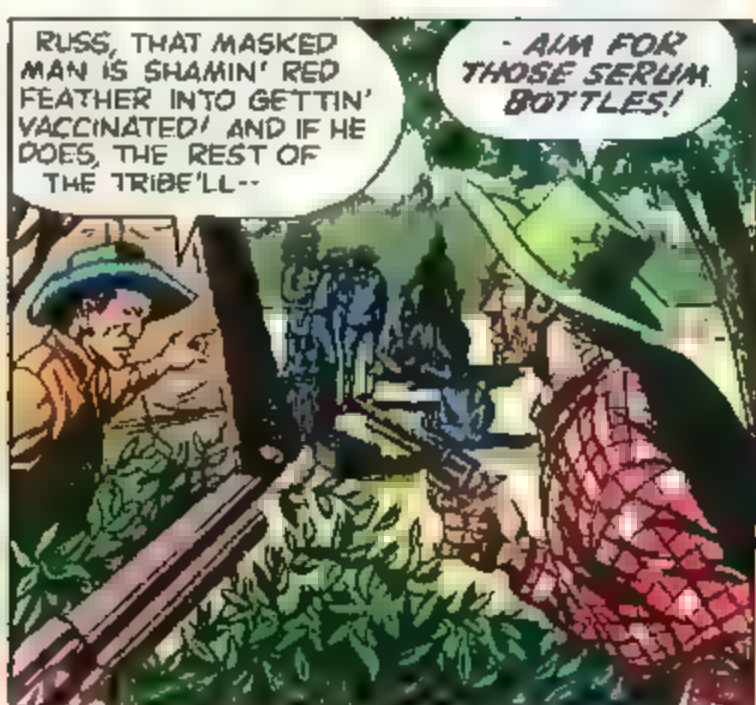
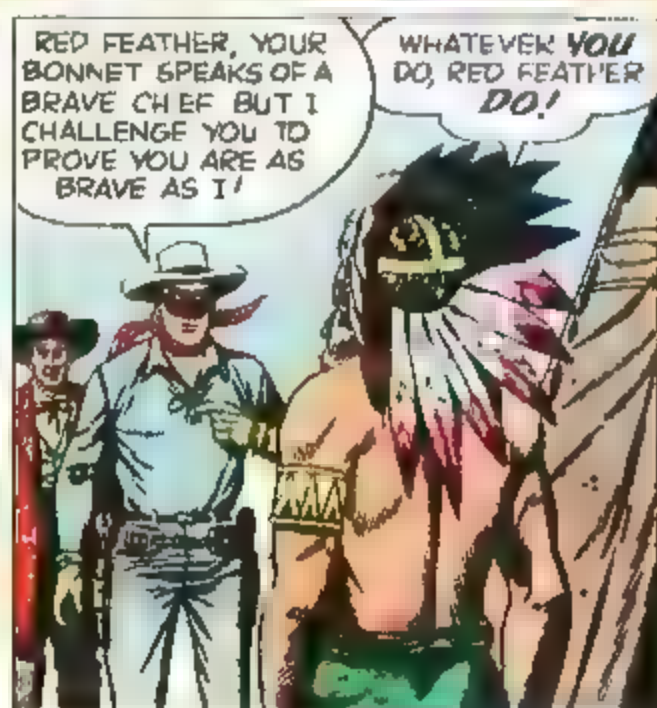
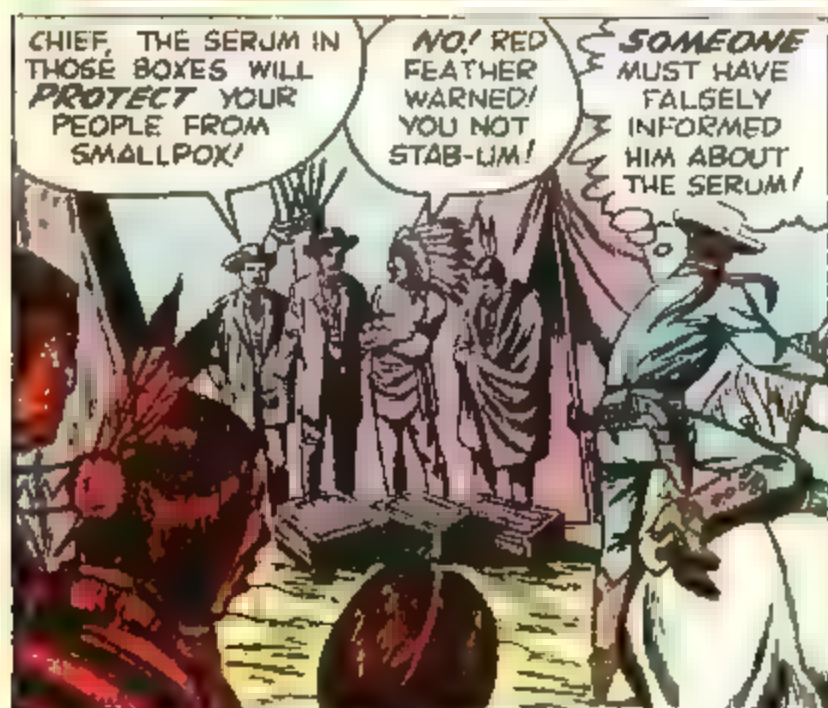
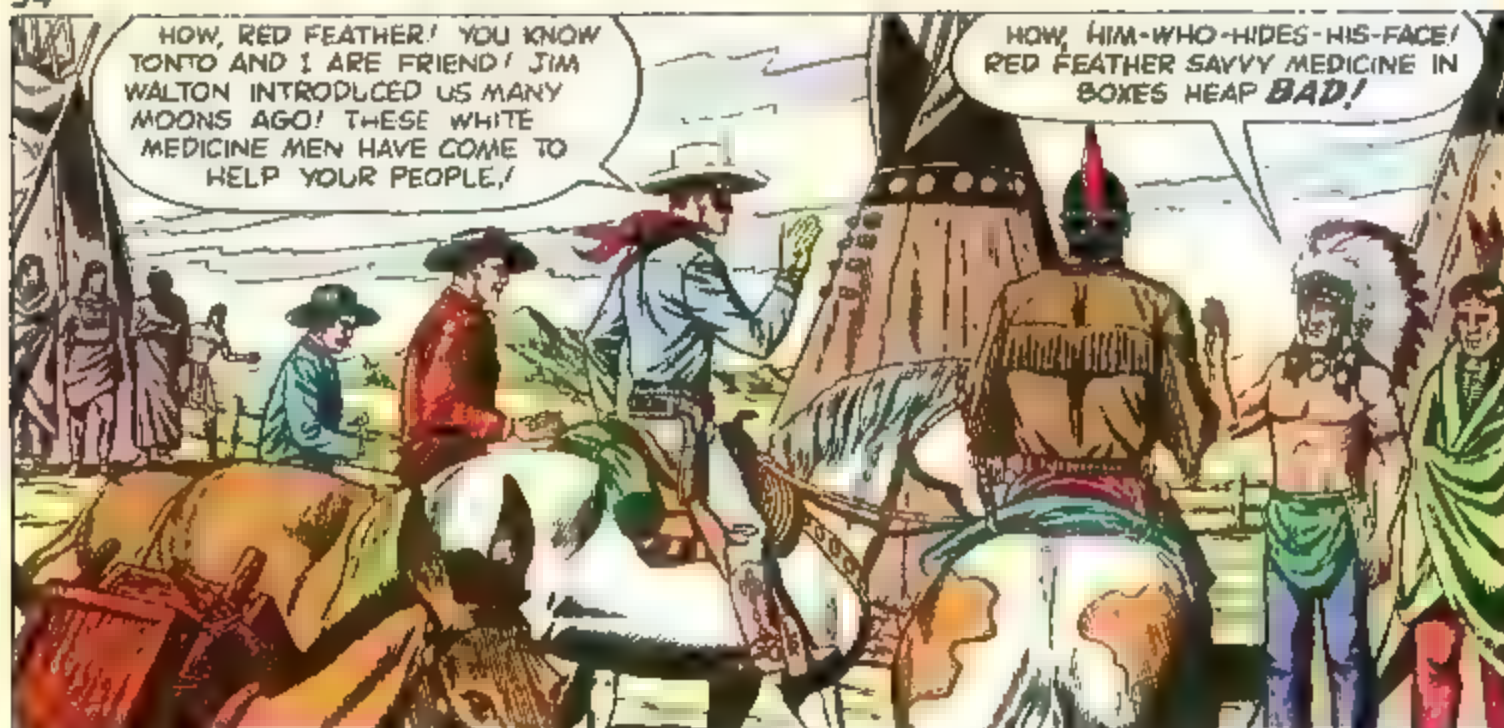


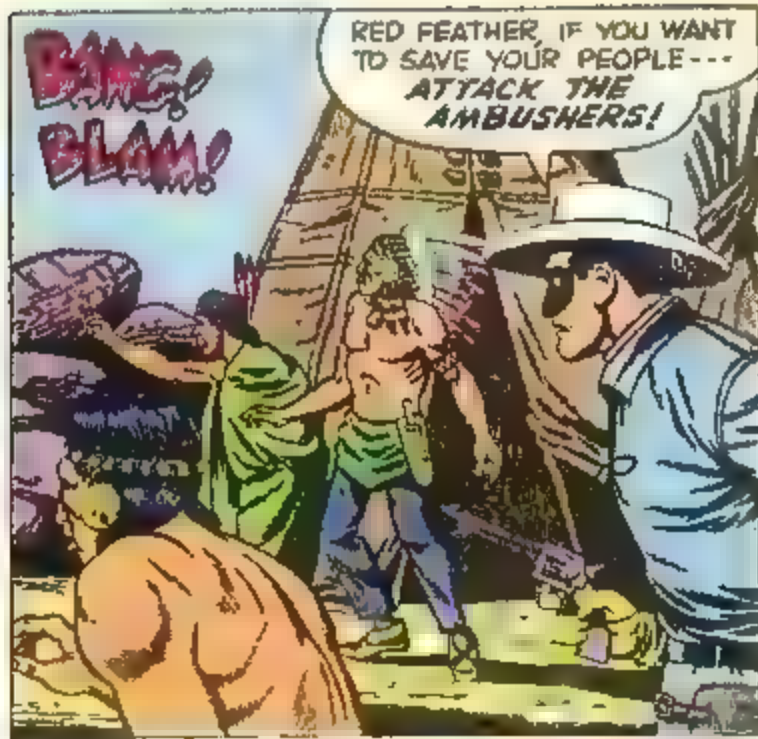
IT'S TOO DEEP FOR THE OXEN! WE'RE FLOATIN' FREE, BUT THE CURRENT'S SWEEPIN' US ALONG!











AND AS THE BRAVES SEE THEIR CHIEF VACCINATED---

IRON HORSE NEXT!

ME SHOW-UM, DEER FOOT PLENTY BRAVE! HERE MY ARM, MEDICINE MAN!

KEEP AT IT, DOCTORS! I'M CERTAIN THE WHOLE TRIBE WILL ASK FOR IT NOW!



KEMO SABAY, WHEN TONTO SEARCH-UM FOR GUNS, TONTO FIND THIS---GOLD!



THIS GOLD EXPLAINS WHY THOSE MEN DIDN'T WANT YOUR TRIBE PROTECTED FROM THE DEADLY DISEASE, RED FEATHER! THEY HOPED IT WOULD DRIVE YOU FROM YOUR LAND, LEAVING THE GOLD FOR THEM!



IF THERE GOLD ON RESERVATION, RED FEATHER USE-UM TO HELP WHOLE TRIBE! WHAT TONTO FIND ON FORKED-TONGUED MAN, RED FEATHER GIVE TO WHITE MEDICINE MEN AS THANKS!



TWO DAYS LATER, THE OUTLAWS DELIVERED TO THE MARSHAL, THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO SEE THE DOCTORS OFF ON A WESTBOUND TRAIN---

IT TOOK A STEAMER, STAGE COACH, CONESTOGA WAGON AND MULE TRAIN, BUT HE GOT US TO THE STRICKEN TRIBE IN TIME!

J-JUMPIN' CATFISH! ARE YOU GENTS WAVIN' TO THAT MASKED MAN!



YES, MISTER! THAT MASKED MAN MADE OUR TRIP WEST POSSIBLE! THERE'S A TRIBE OF SIOUX WHO OWE THEIR LIVES TO--- THE LONE RANGER!

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!



Lost treasures of the west

At this moment, there are lost treasures in the West, fortunes in gold and silver still waiting to be discovered!

During the 1930's, a Texas farmer uncovered a lead ball with the point of his plow. For years, the ball, about 12 inches in diameter, was used as a plaything by children. Finally, someone recognized its worth and split it open with an axe. Nearly \$14,000 worth of gold nuggets fell out of its hollow interior!

Long ago, rich gold mines had been worked by Spanish colonists along the San Saba and Llano rivers in Texas. Discovered by Don Bernardo de Miranda in 1756, their locations were lost during the Indian Wars and the Mexican War of Independence, and were never rediscovered. One mine was marked with four lead balls filled with lumps of pure gold, each of which was placed at the corner of a square which enclosed a rich mine. Though hundreds of people have searched over many miles of territory since the discovery of the first lead ball, the other three balls have yet to be found.



Doc Bragg, an old prospector, made a fabulous strike in the Tehachapi Mts. of California. He and four friends worked the mine during the 1870's, piling up nearly \$700,000 worth of gold. Doc left the claim one day for a trip to town and on his return found all four of his friends shot to death. He suspected a man named Bronco Charlie, but since Bronco was killed in a gunfight soon after the killings, Doc's suspicions were never proven. The old man became very secretive about the location of his mine and apparently never visited it again. When he died, in 1928, his only close friend tried unsuccessfully to locate the mine. Several years later, a grave was discovered containing the bodies of four men whose clothes and other relics seemed to indicate they were his friends. Though years were spent searching in the vicinity for the mine, which presumably should be near the graves, it has yet to be found.

Lost treasures of the west

continued



Death Valley is one of the most treacherous regions in the world. Only one man, Death Valley Scotty, was ever supposed to have made a living by prospecting for gold in the dreaded, intensely hot, waterless valley. But Death Valley Scotty regularly turned up with large nuggets of almost pure gold. A man named Breyfogle tried to imitate the old prospector. Soon, Breyfogle's horse died from lack of water and the man trudged on alone with only an old boot filled with water and a few roots for food. Somewhere, he found a rich deposit of gold and he chipped off a few samples. He wandered on across the desert. Many days later, he was found by ranchers on the other side of the valley. He had lost all memory of where he found the gold but the incredibly rich samples in his knapsack proved that he had really found what so many men seek. The prospector spent the rest of his life probing the Death Valley wilderness for his lost gold mine but he died without finding it. Even today, men still look for the fabulous Breyfogle mine.

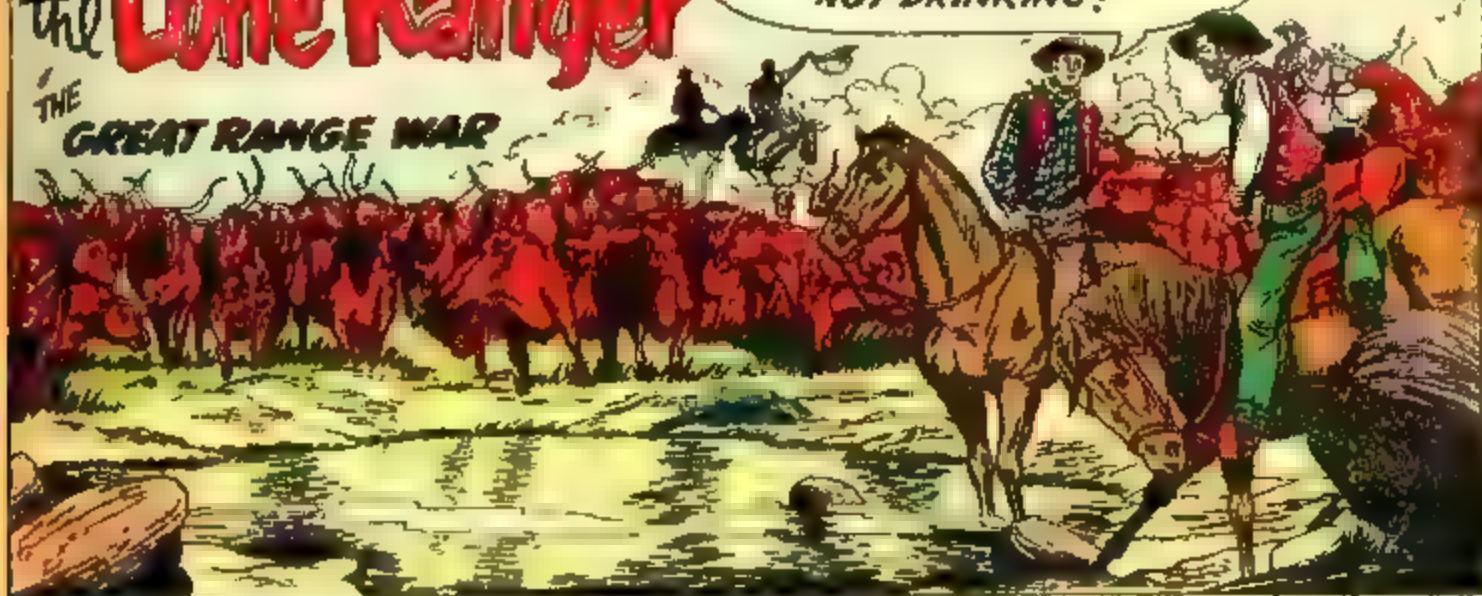


In 1879, four American outlaws, Jim Hughes, Red Curly, Doc Neal and Zwing Hunt joined a Mexican gang of cattle rustlers and thieves lead by Juan Estrada. Crossing the border, they raided the Mexican city of Monterrey, making off with \$800,000 in silver bars. Pursued by Mexican Cavalry, they fled across the Rio Grande back to the U. S. In the Davis Mountains near El Muerto Springs, Texas, the American thieves buried the loot, after having killed their Mexican comrades. Later, all four were killed, either in gunfights or by hanging for the crimes they had committed. Though a map was found that seemed to show the location of the loot and one man spent years of his life digging great pits near it, the fortune in silver is still waiting to be discovered.

the Lone Ranger

THE GREAT RANGE WAR

HANK, HAVE THESE STEERS GONE LOCO? THEY SHOULD HAVE A POWERFUL THIRST, BUT THEY'RE **NOT DRINKING!**



WHAT'S WRONG? AFTER THAT LONG, HOT MARCH THIS MORNING, THEY SHOULD BE DYING FOR A DRINK!

LOOK AT THESE TRACKS! THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG—**SHEEP!**



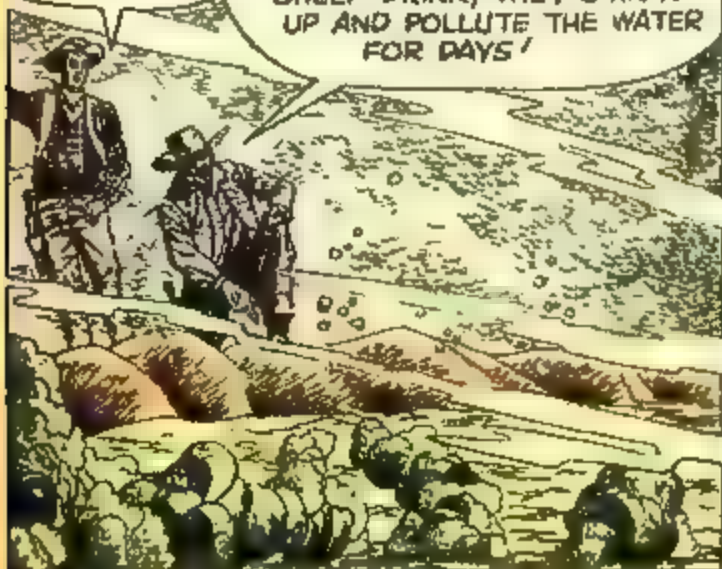
BUT WHAT IF THE SHEEP DID DRINK HERE FIRST?

THOSE CRITTERS HAVE SMALL **SHARP HOOVES!** WHEN THEY DRINK, THEY BUNCH UP AND WADE INTO THE WATER! THEIR HOOVES **STIR UP** ANY IRRITATING MINERALS LIKE **ALKALI** FROM THE BOTTOM!

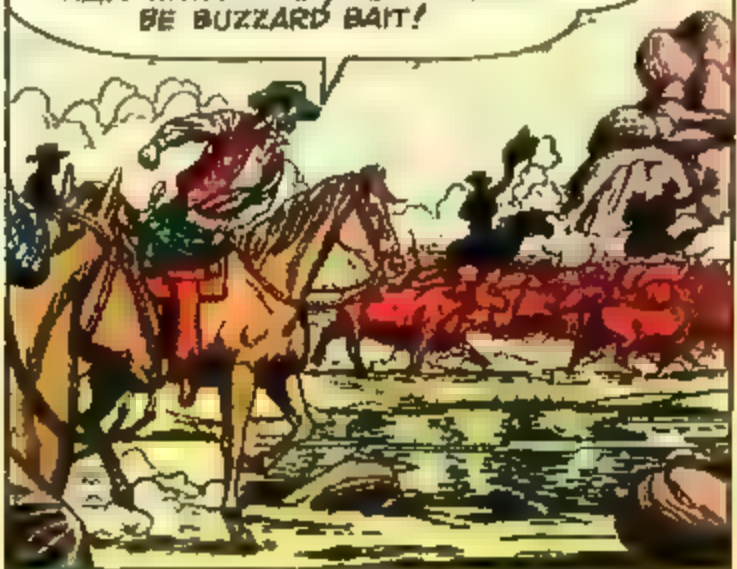


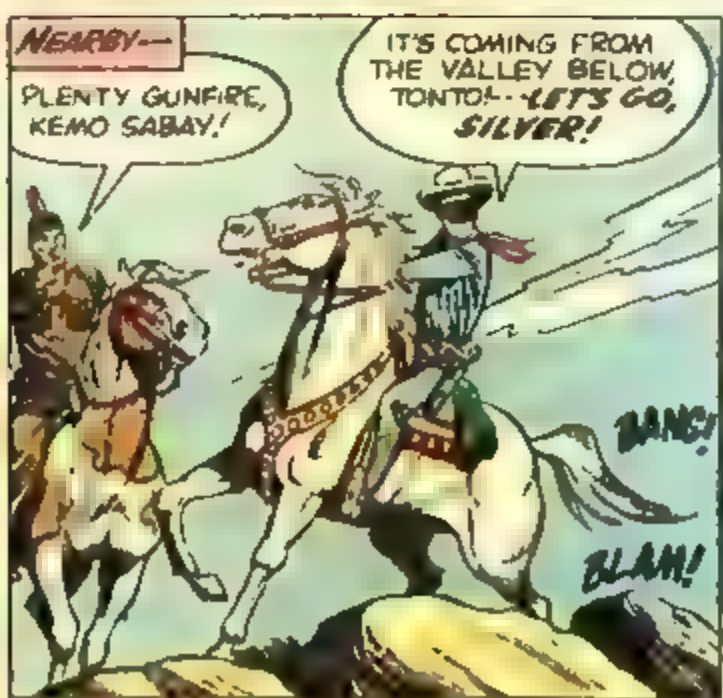
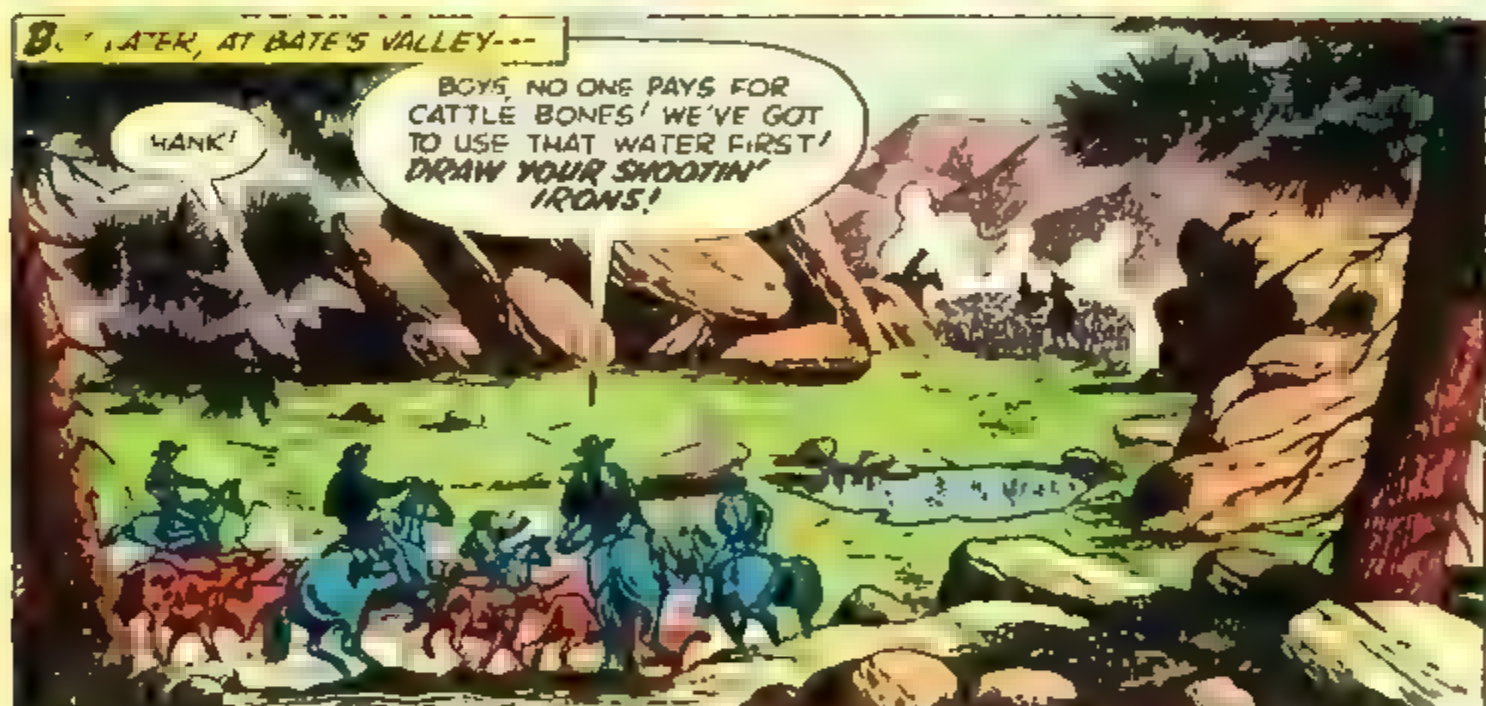
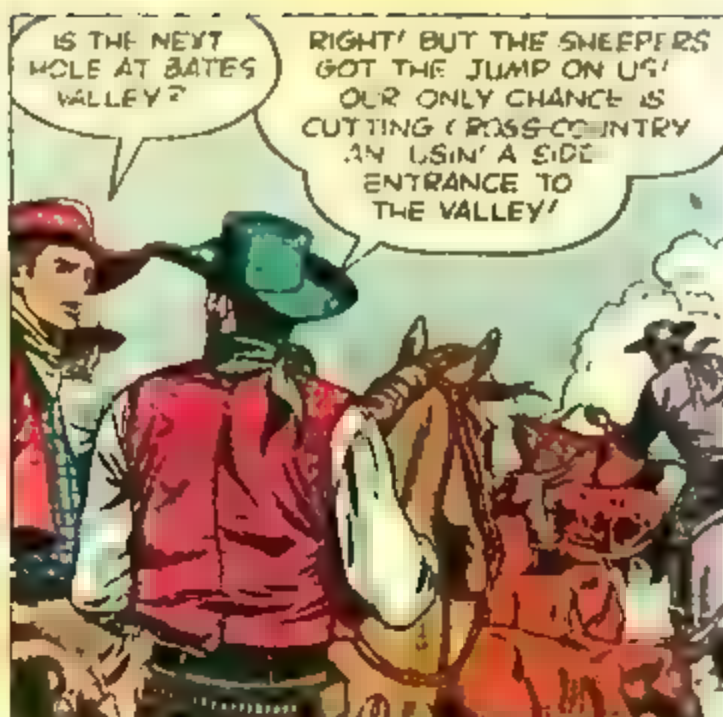
BUT, HANK, NO STEER'D DRINK ALKALI WATER!

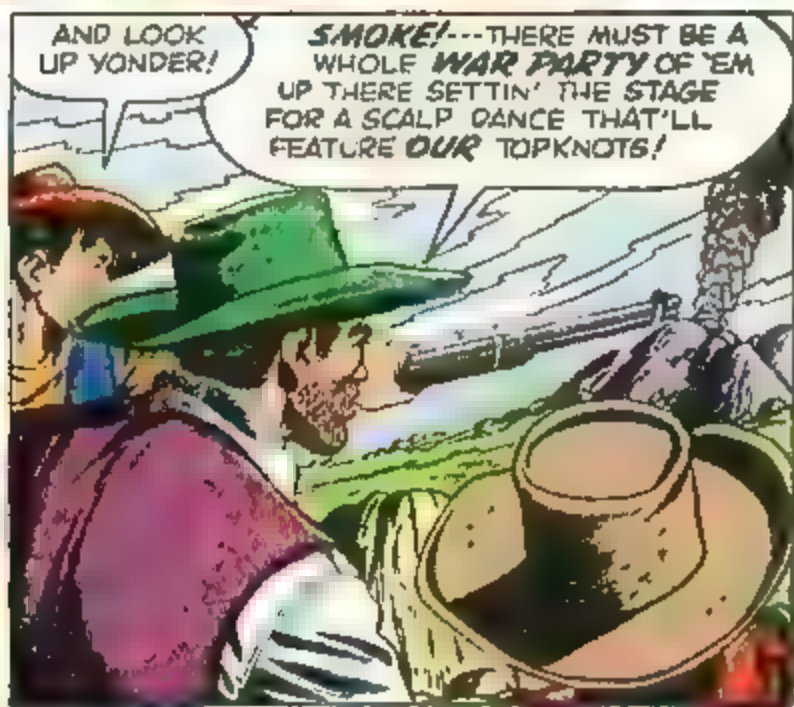
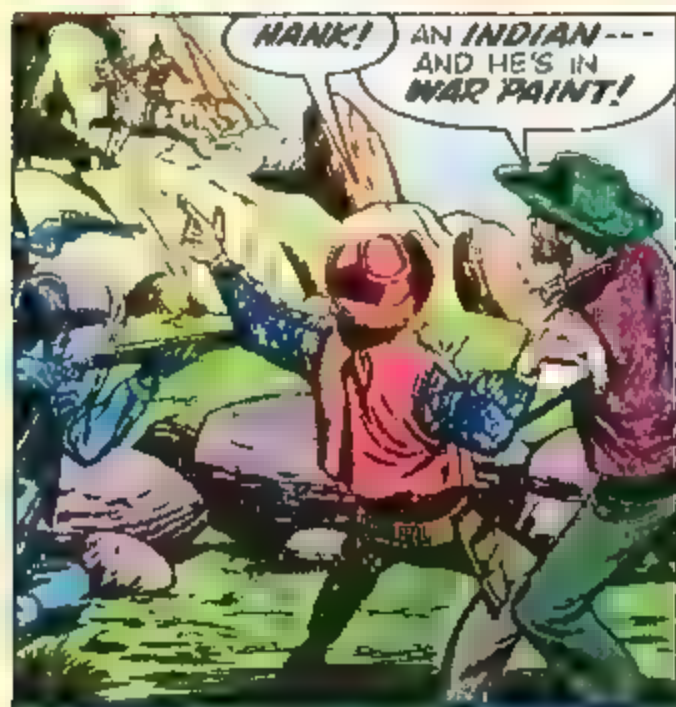
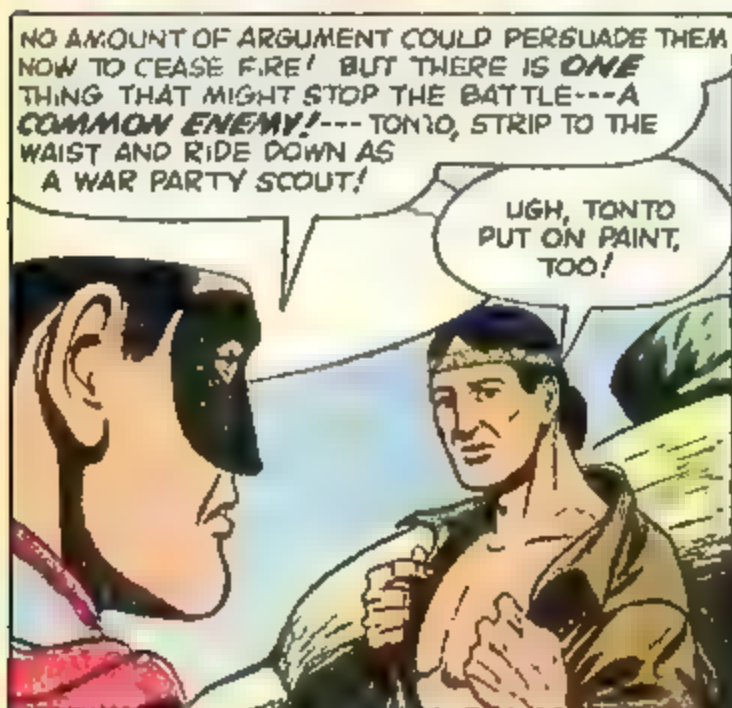
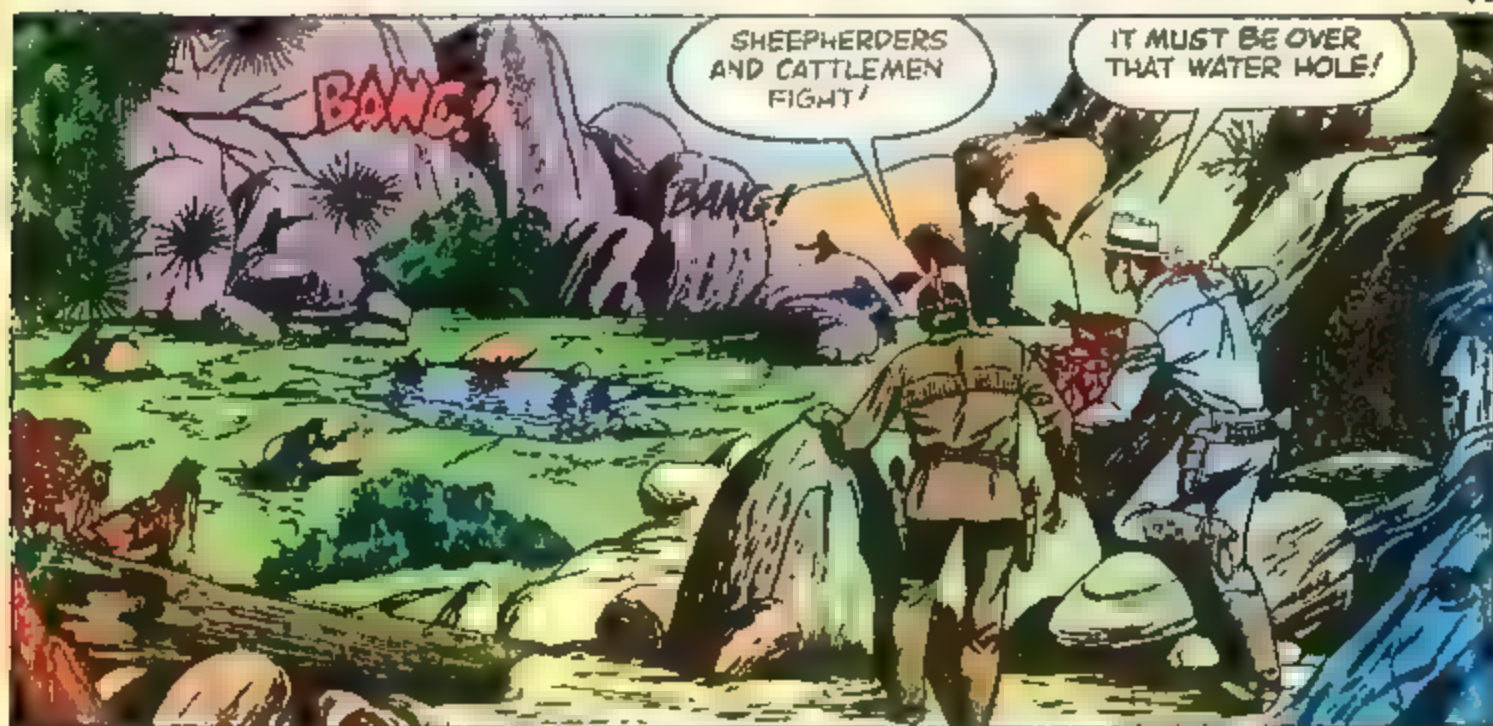
THEY NEVER TASTE THE ALKALI LONG AS IT STAYS ON THE BOTTOM! BUT WHEN SHEEP DRINK, THEY STIR IT UP AND POLLUTE THE WATER FOR DAYS!



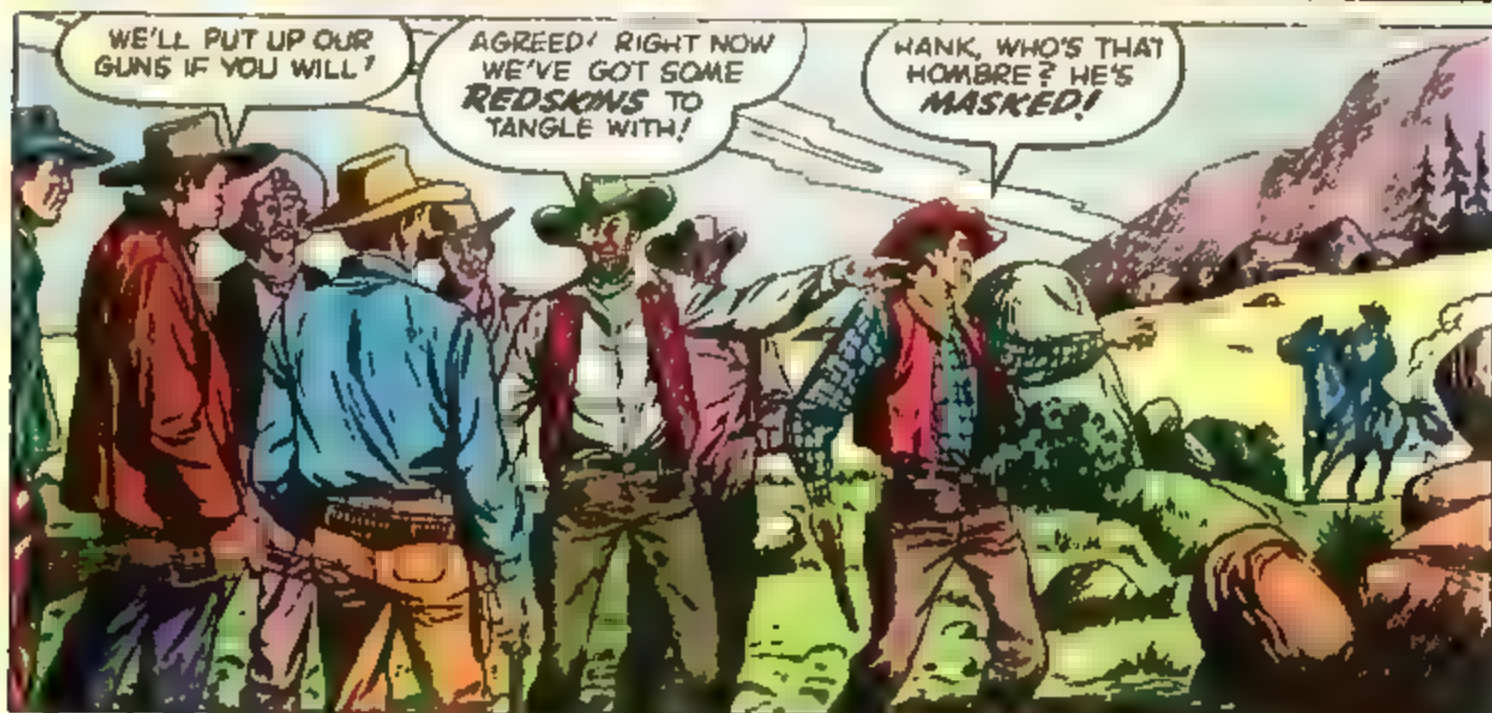
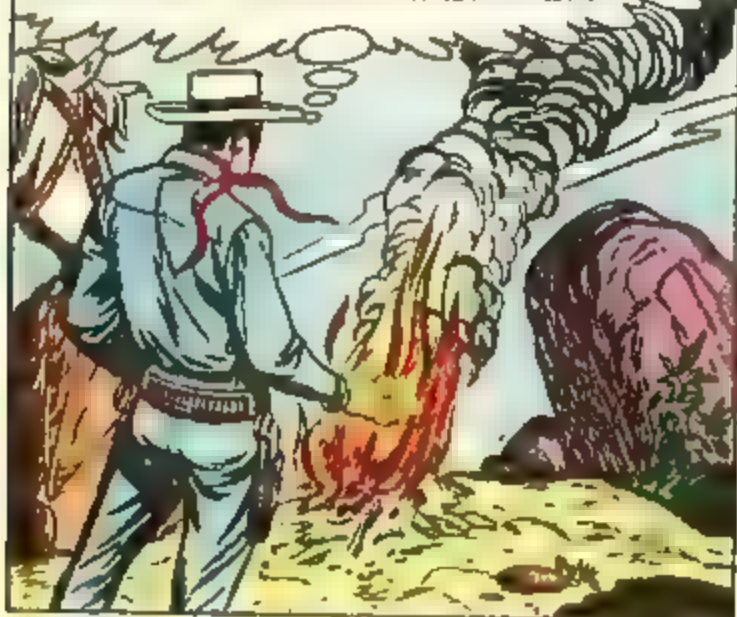
MOVE THE HERD OFF! THEY'LL **NOT** DRINK WHERE SHEEP DRANK FIRST AND IF THE SHEPHERDERS BEAT US TO THE NEXT WATER HOLE, OUR HERD'LL BE BUZZARD BAIT!

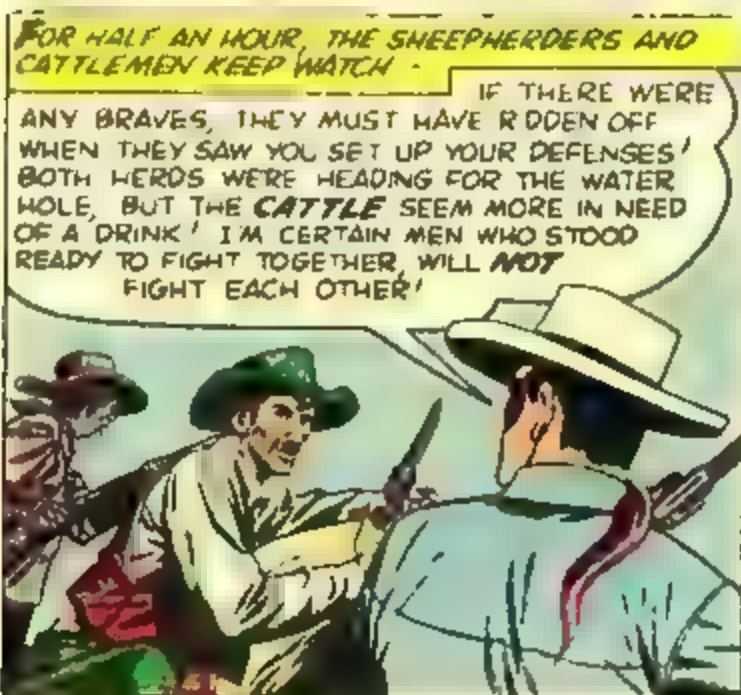




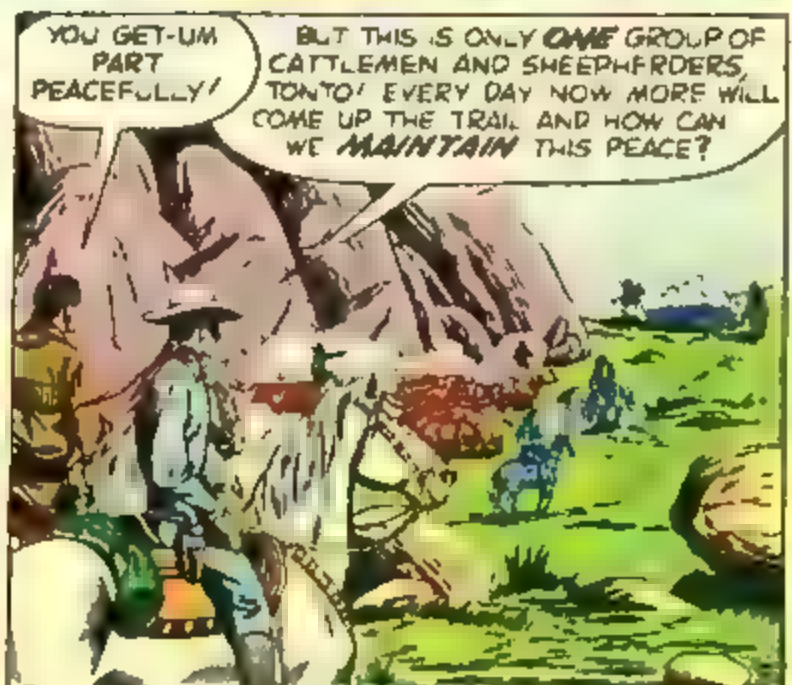


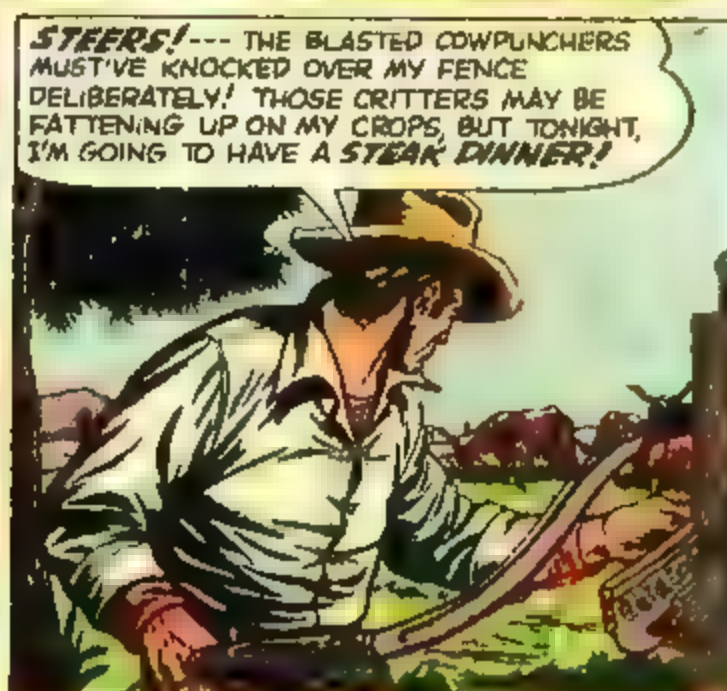
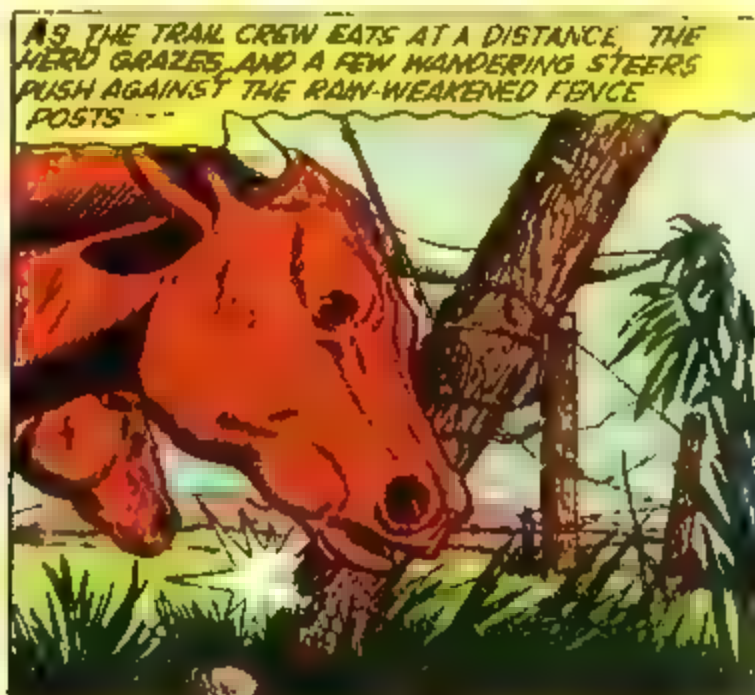
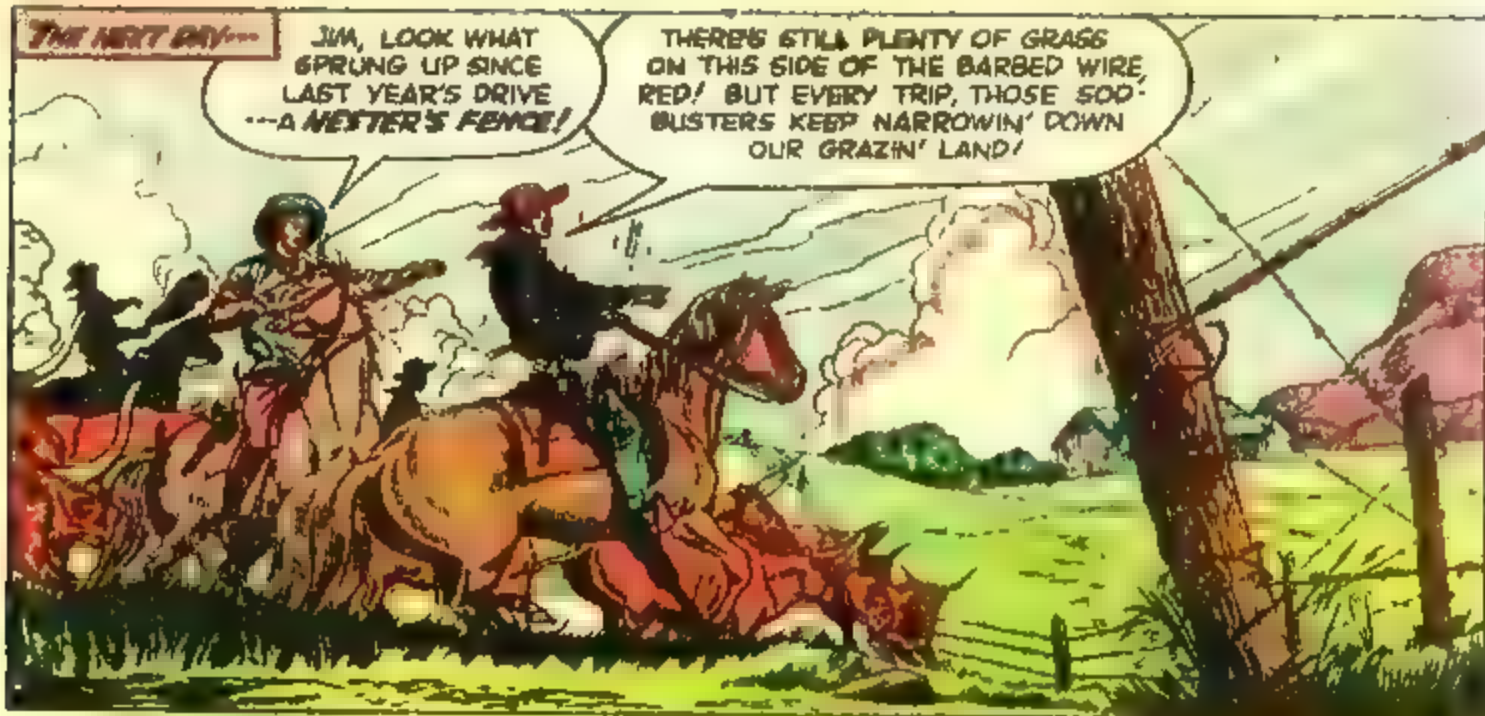
THEY SHOULD HAVE SEEN TONTO AND THE SMOKE! NOW TO HOPE THEY'LL STOP FIGHTING EACH OTHER TO FACE A COMMON ENEMY!

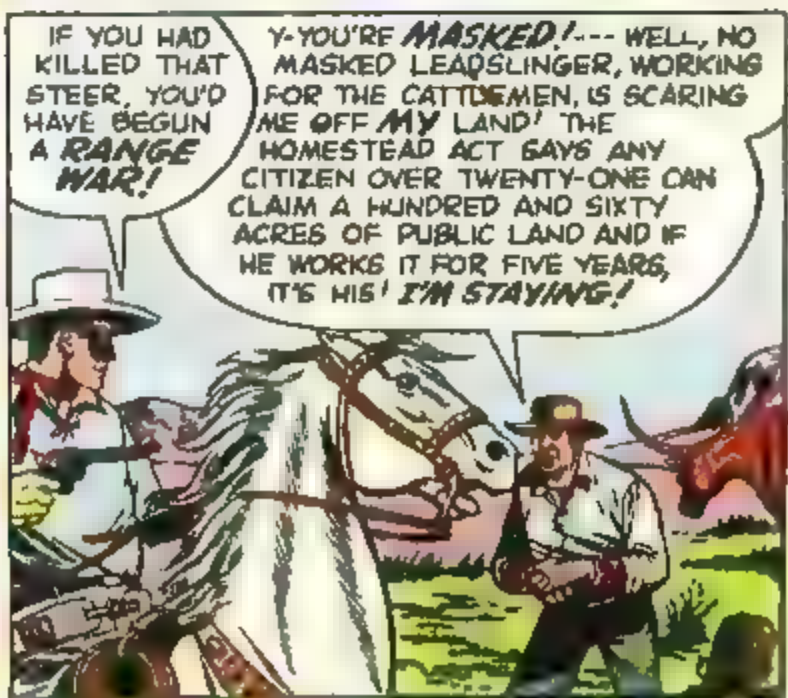
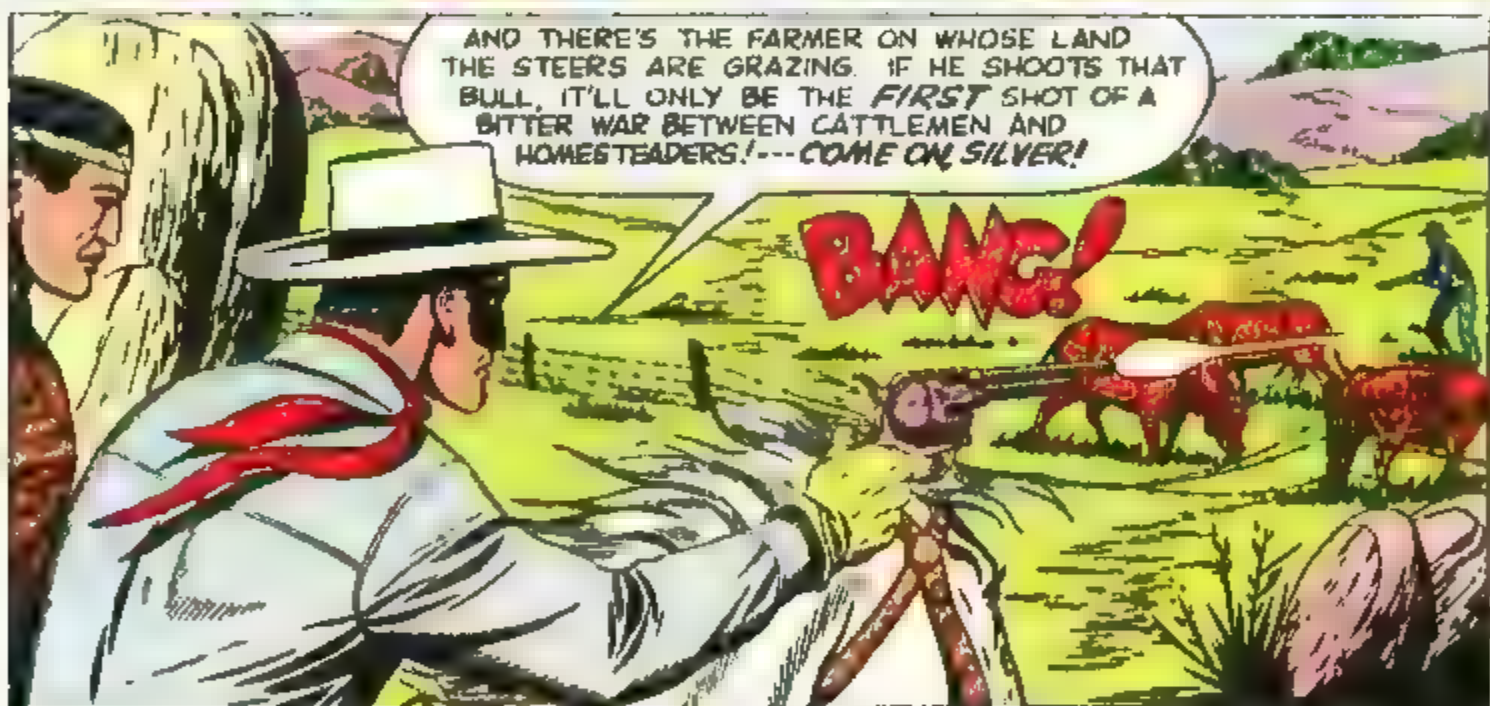
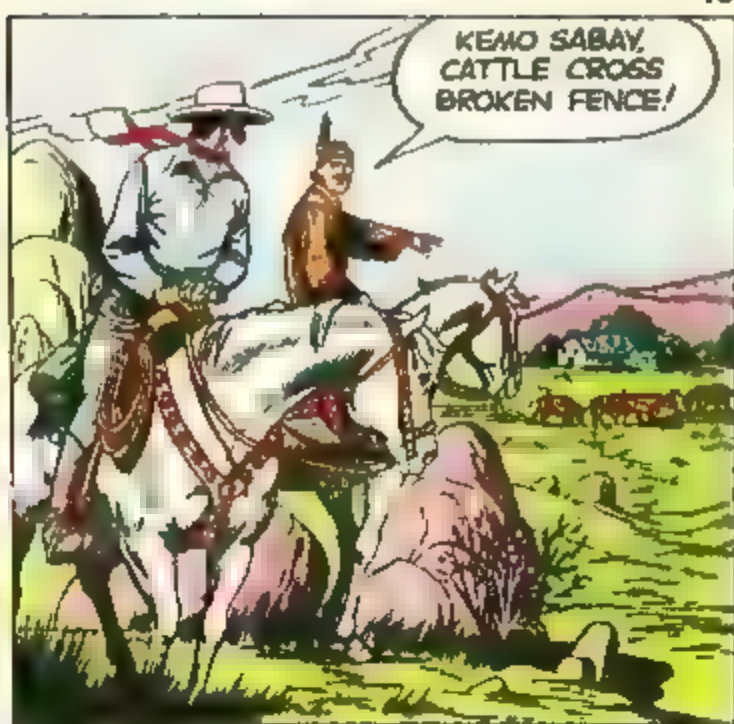




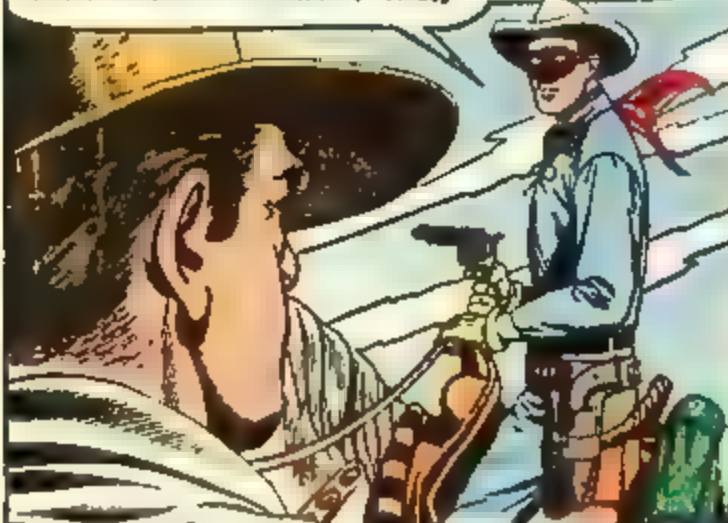
IT IS TRUE AFTER SHEEP GRAZE, CATTLE CAN'T FIND ANY GRASS! TWO MILES NORTH, THERE'S ANOTHER VALLEY AND WATER HOLE, WHY NOT TAKE THE SHEEP THERE AND THEN PLAN TO USE **SEPARATE** ROUTES THE REST OF THE WAY TO MARKET SO THERE'LL BE NO MORE TROUBLE OVER WATER AND GRASS?







NO ONE IS TRYING TO DISPUTE YOUR HARD-EARNED RIGHT TO THIS LAND! BUT THERE IS ALSO THE **LAW OF THE OPEN RANGE**--- EVEN IF A STEER BLUNDERS HIS WAY THROUGH A FENCE AND ONTO YOUR LAND, YOU HAVE **NO** LEGAL RIGHT TO **HARM HIM!**



I PLOWED THIS LAND! I FENCED IT! NO ONE'S PUSHIN' ME OFF MY PROPERTY AND IF A STEER COMES ONTO IT, I'LL SHOOT IT DOWN!

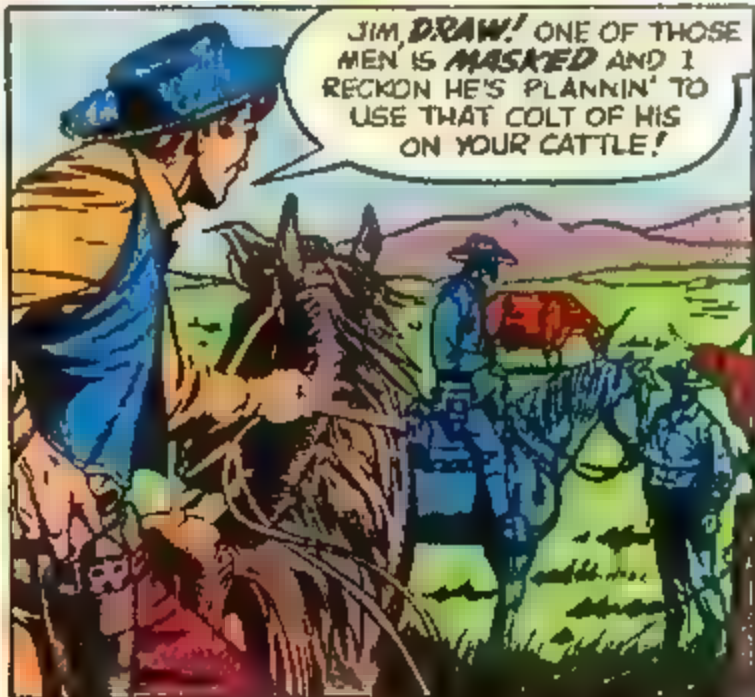


LOOK, JIM! SOME STEERS GOT ONTO THAT FARM LAND!

SHOULD'VE KEPT A FEW MEN WATCHIN' THE HERD, BUT EVERYONE WAS SO TUCKERED OUT, I THOUGHT A REST WAS IN ORDER! ROUND 'EM UP!

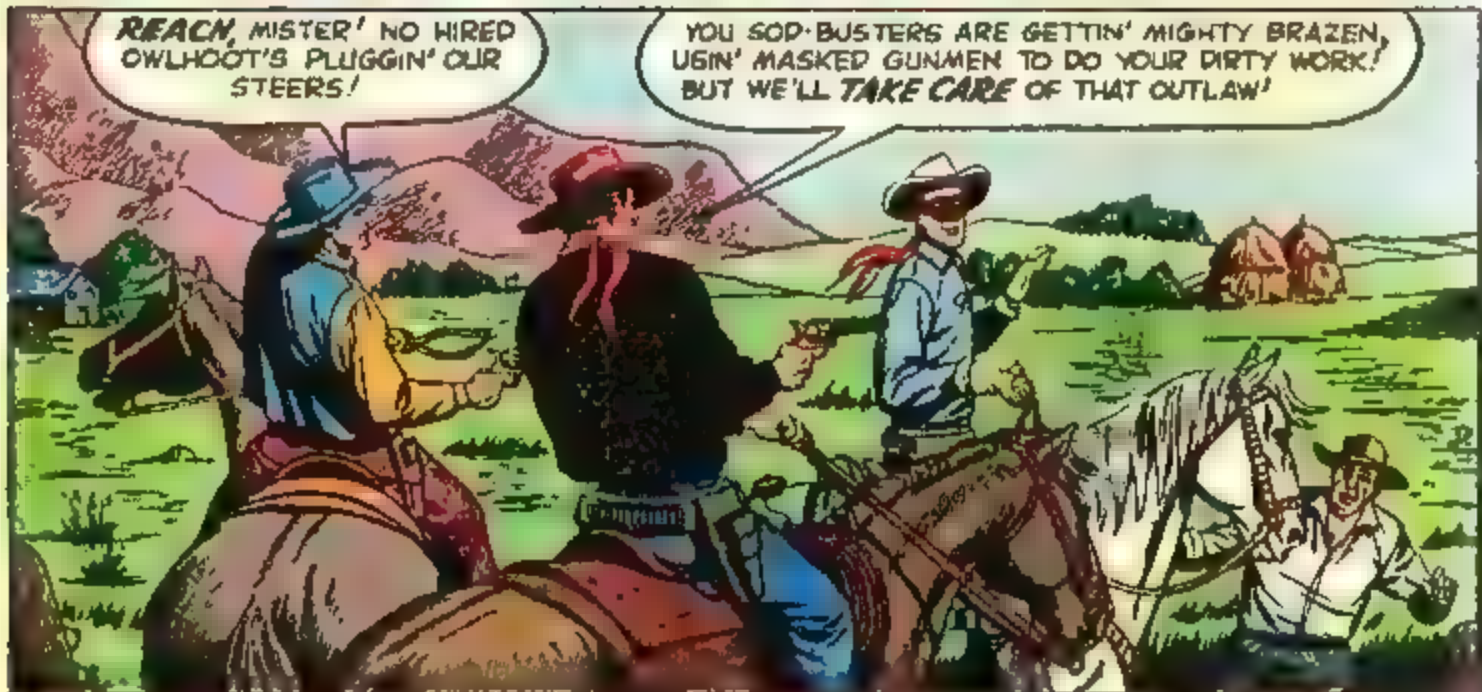


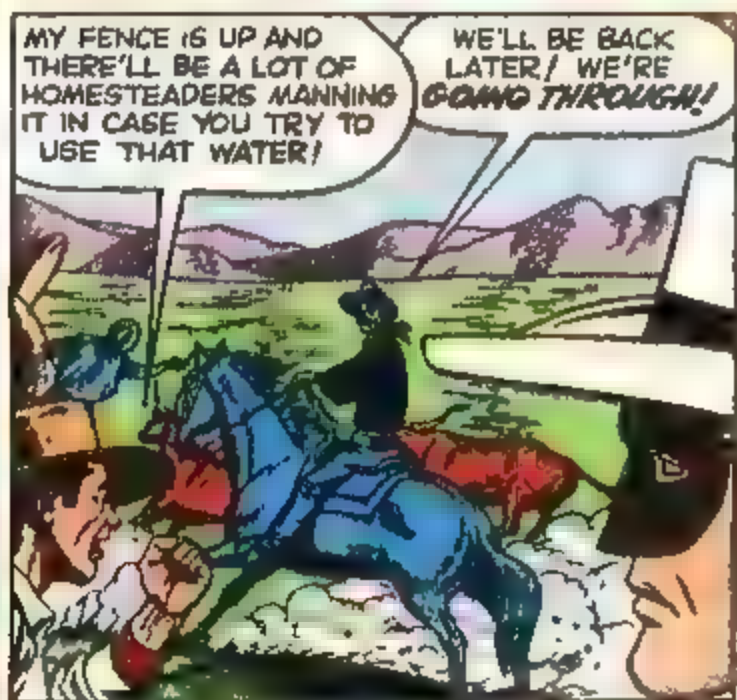
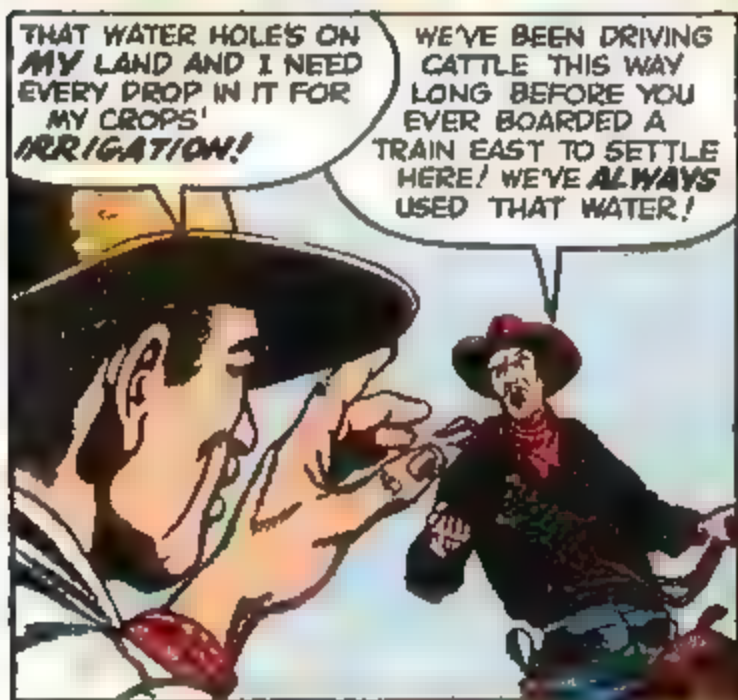
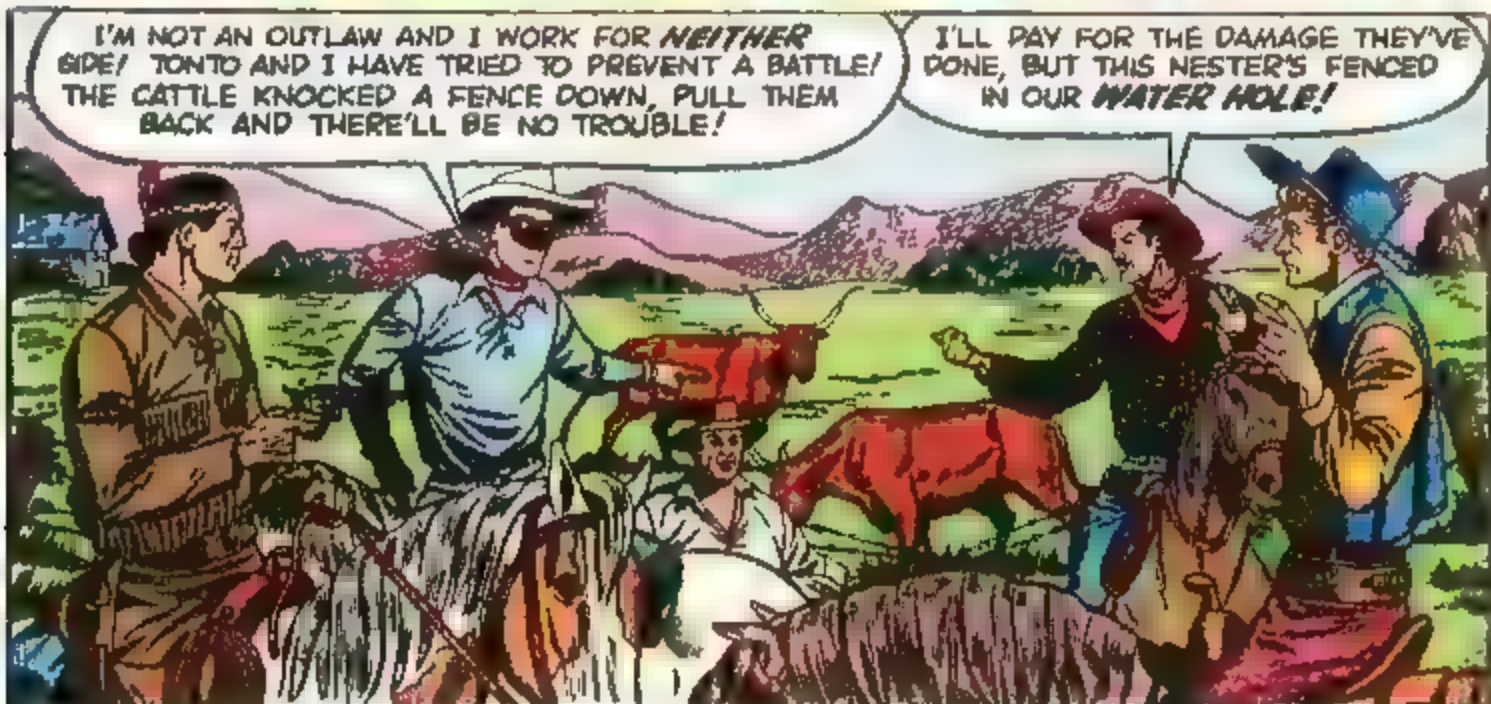
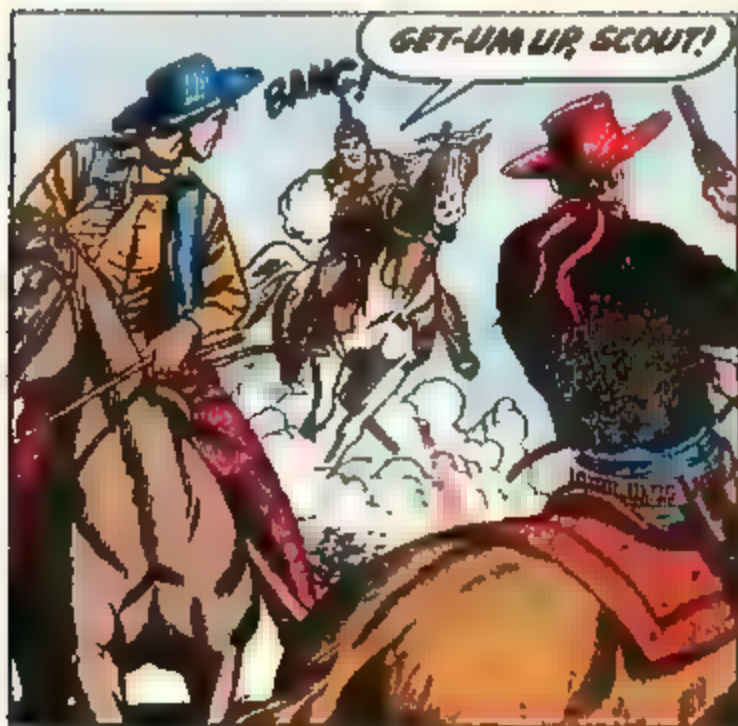
JIM, **DRAW!** ONE OF THOSE MEN IS **MASKED** AND I RECKON HE'S PLANNIN' TO USE THAT COLT OF HIS ON YOUR CATTLE!

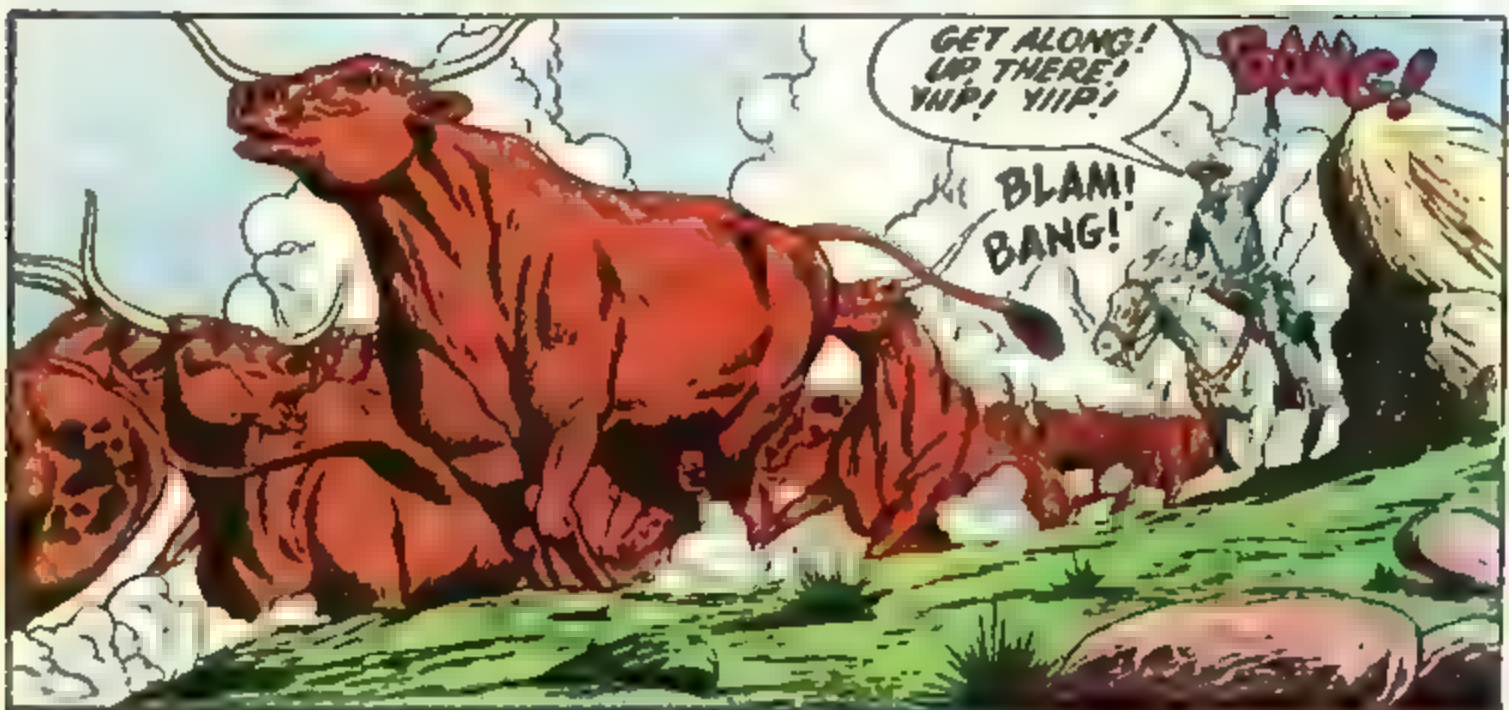
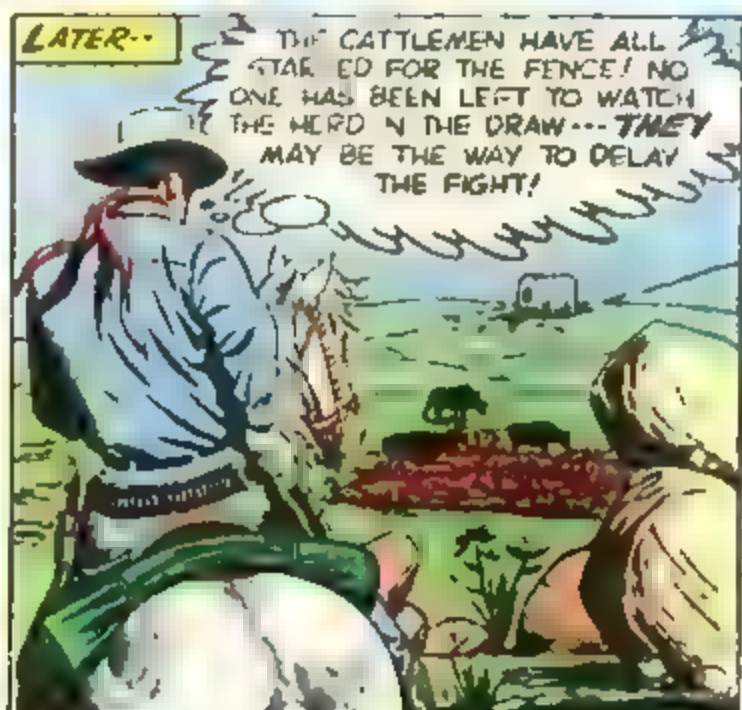
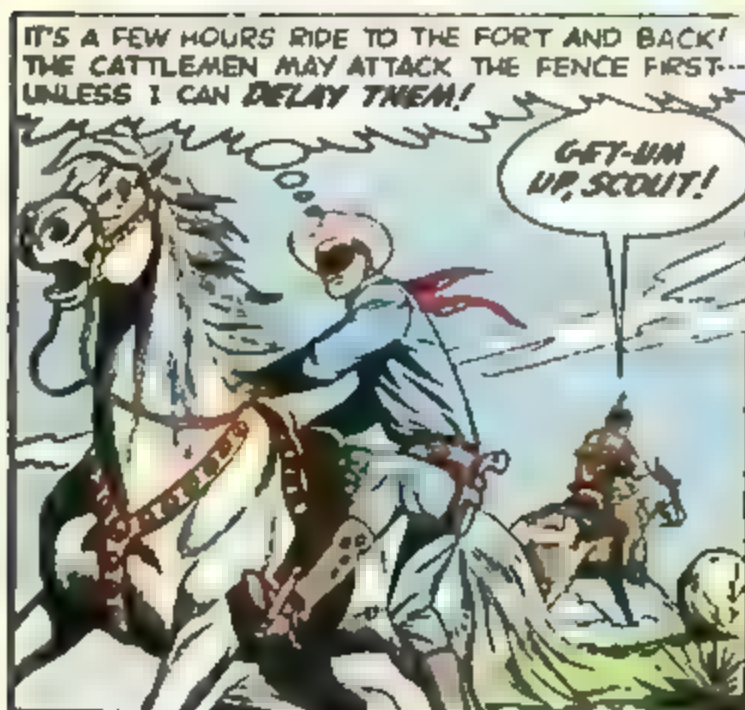


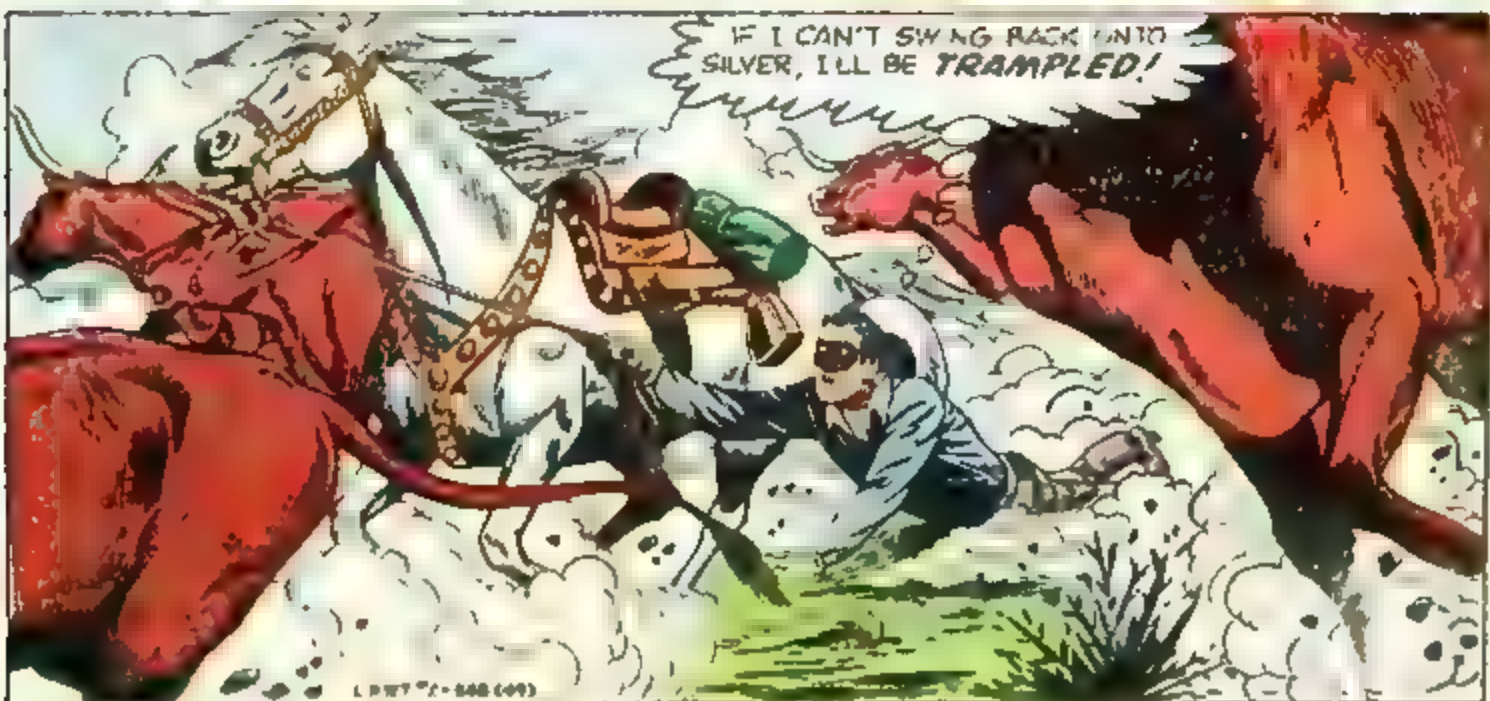
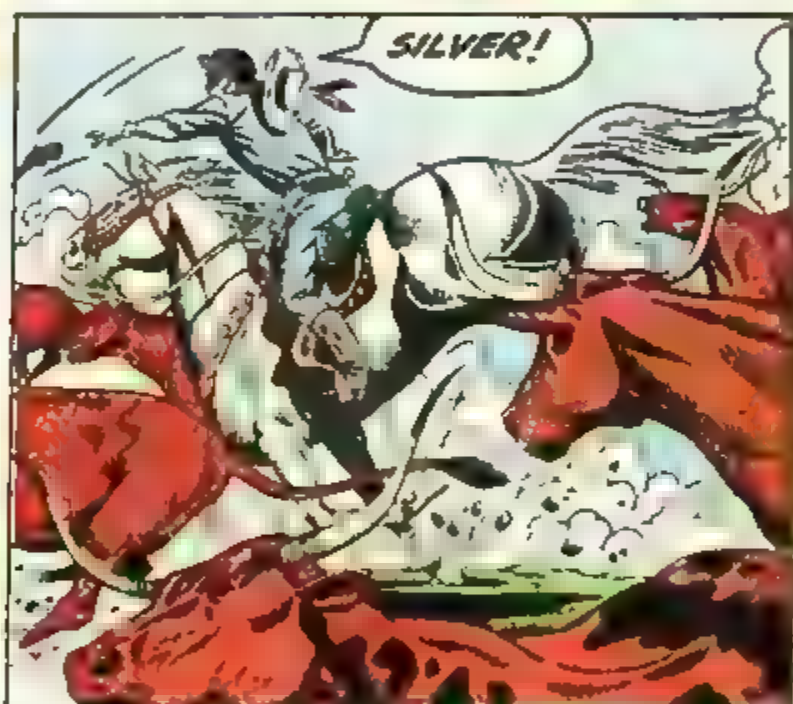
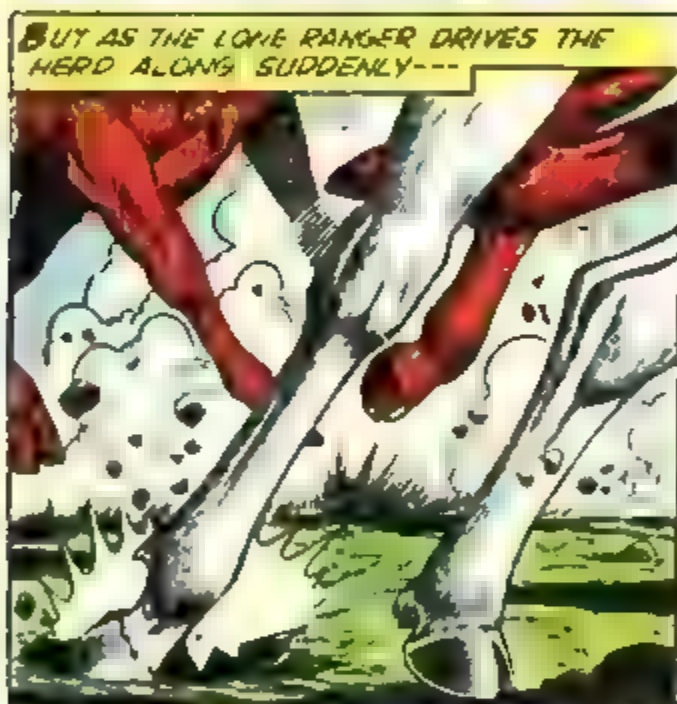
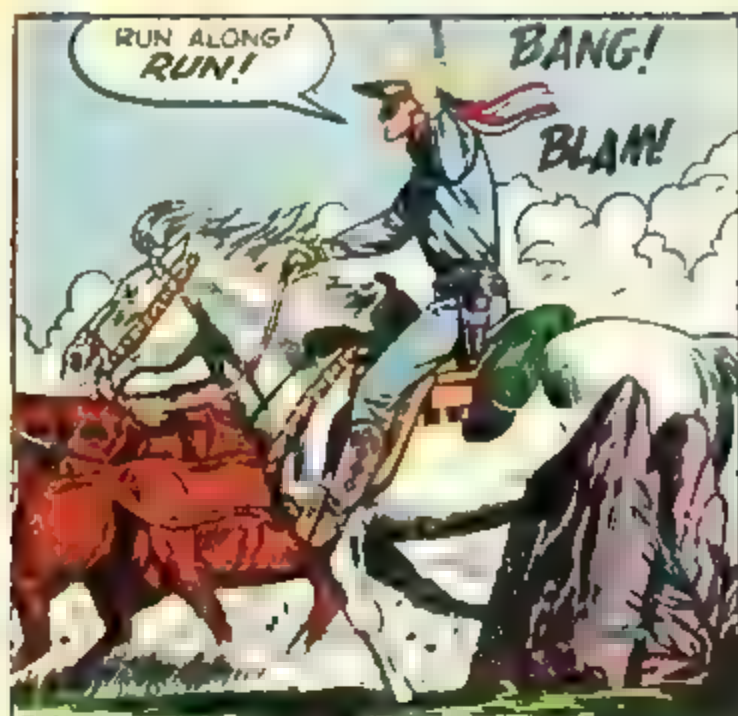
REACH, MISTER! NO HIRED OWLHOOT'S PLUGGIN' OUR STEERS!

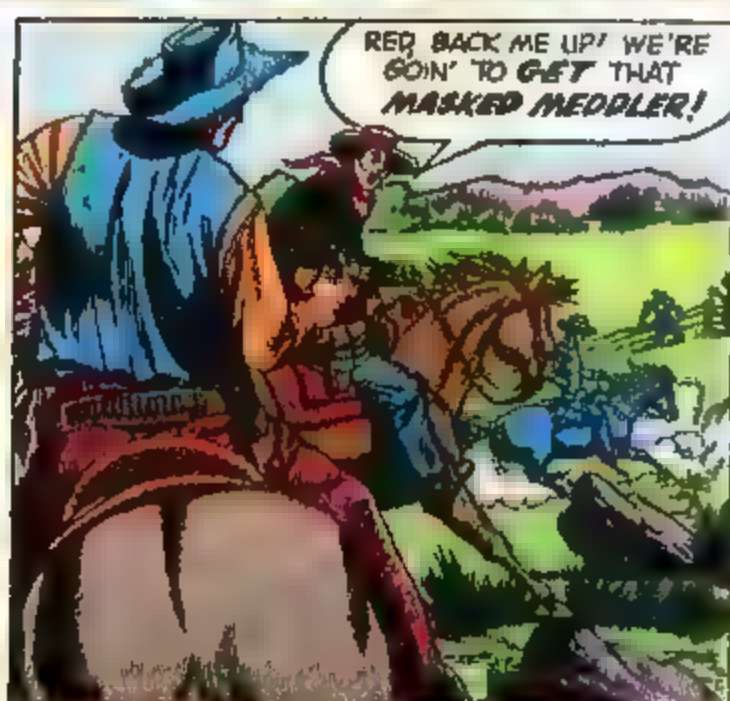
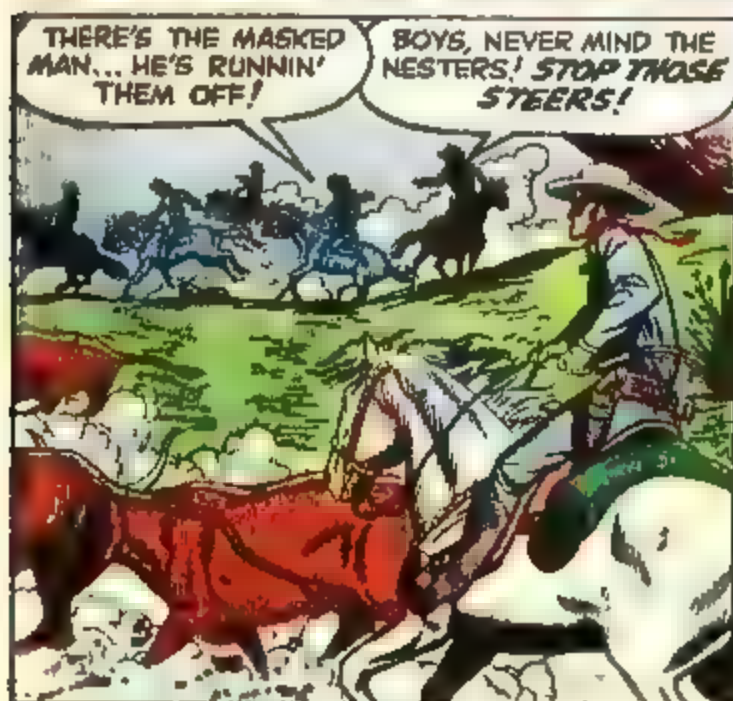
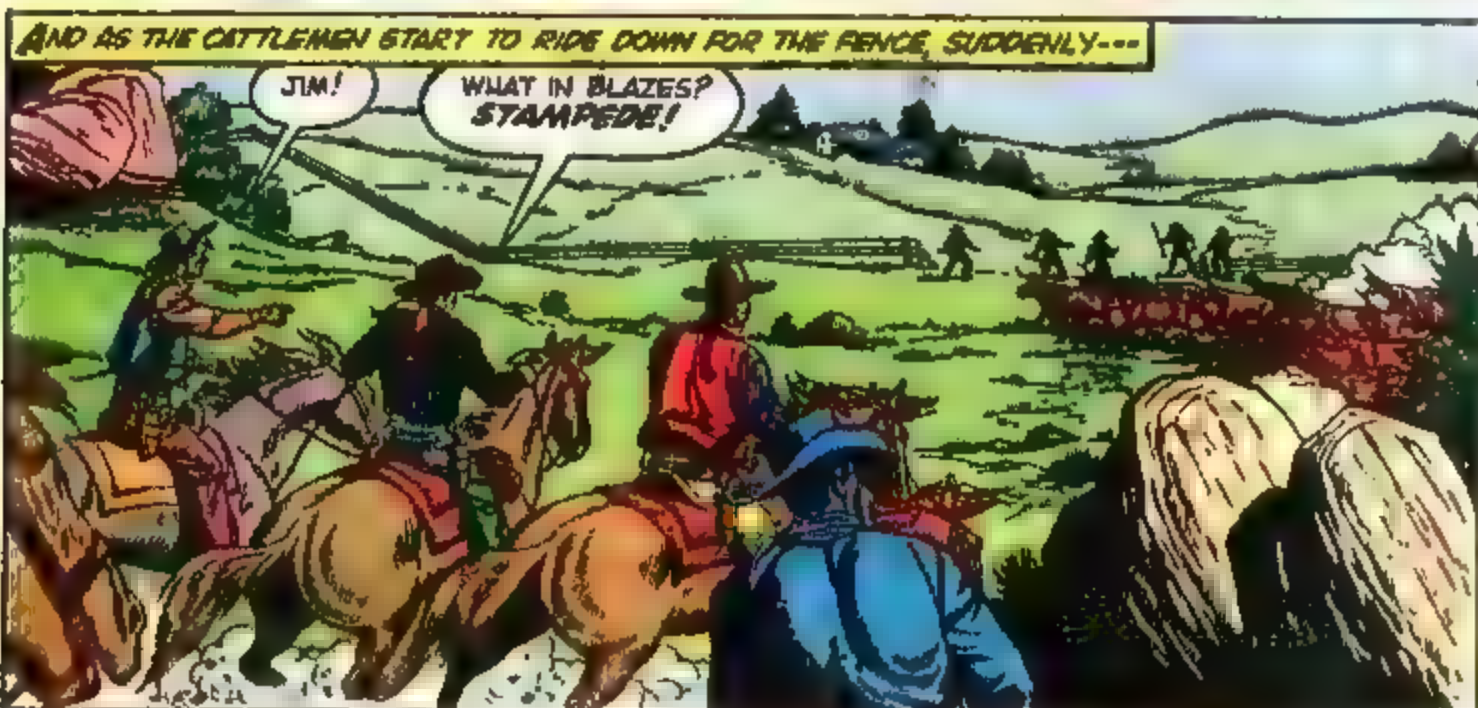
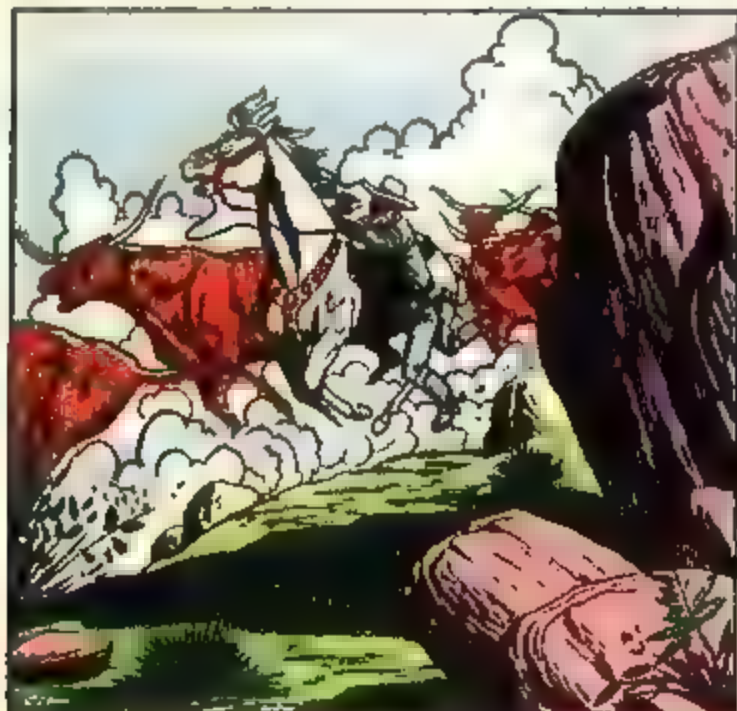
YOU SOD-BUSTERS ARE GETTIN' MIGHTY BRAZEN, USIN' MASKED GUNMEN TO DO YOUR DIRTY WORK! BUT WE'LL **TAKE CARE** OF THAT OUTLAW!

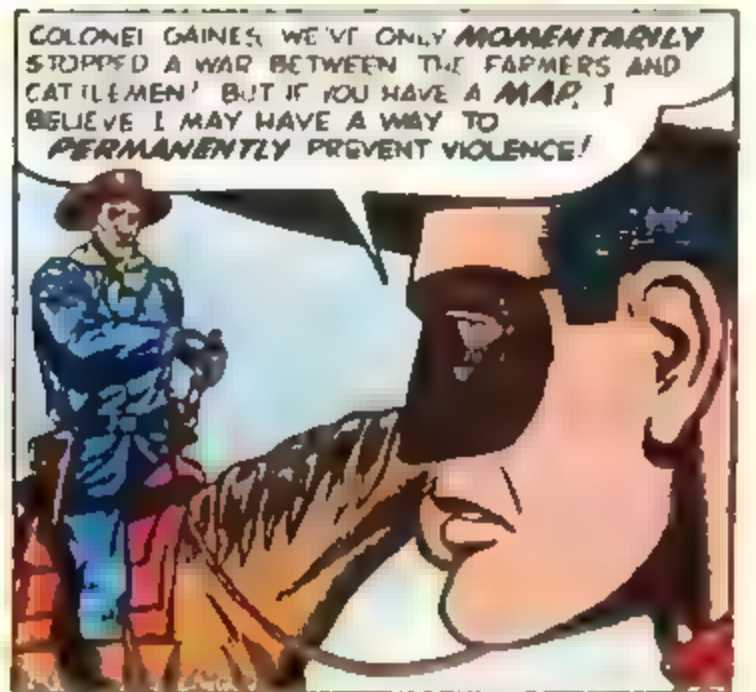
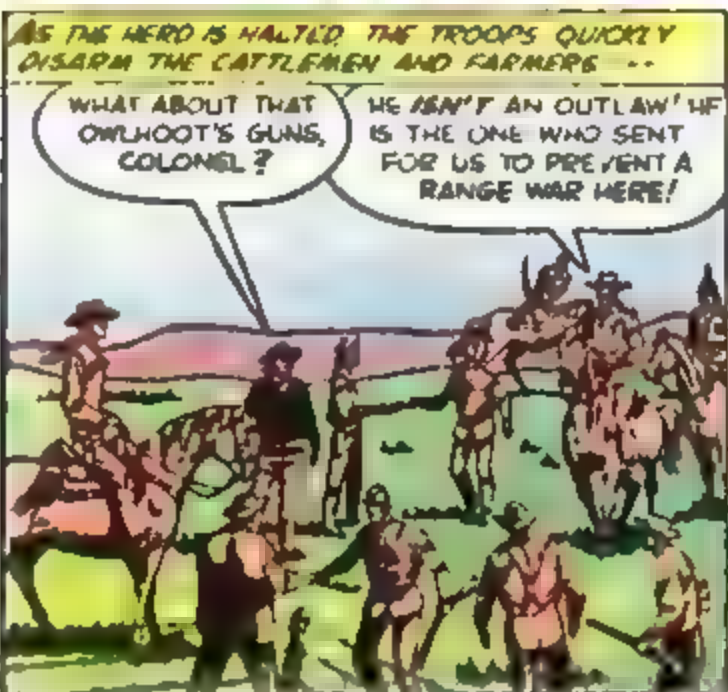
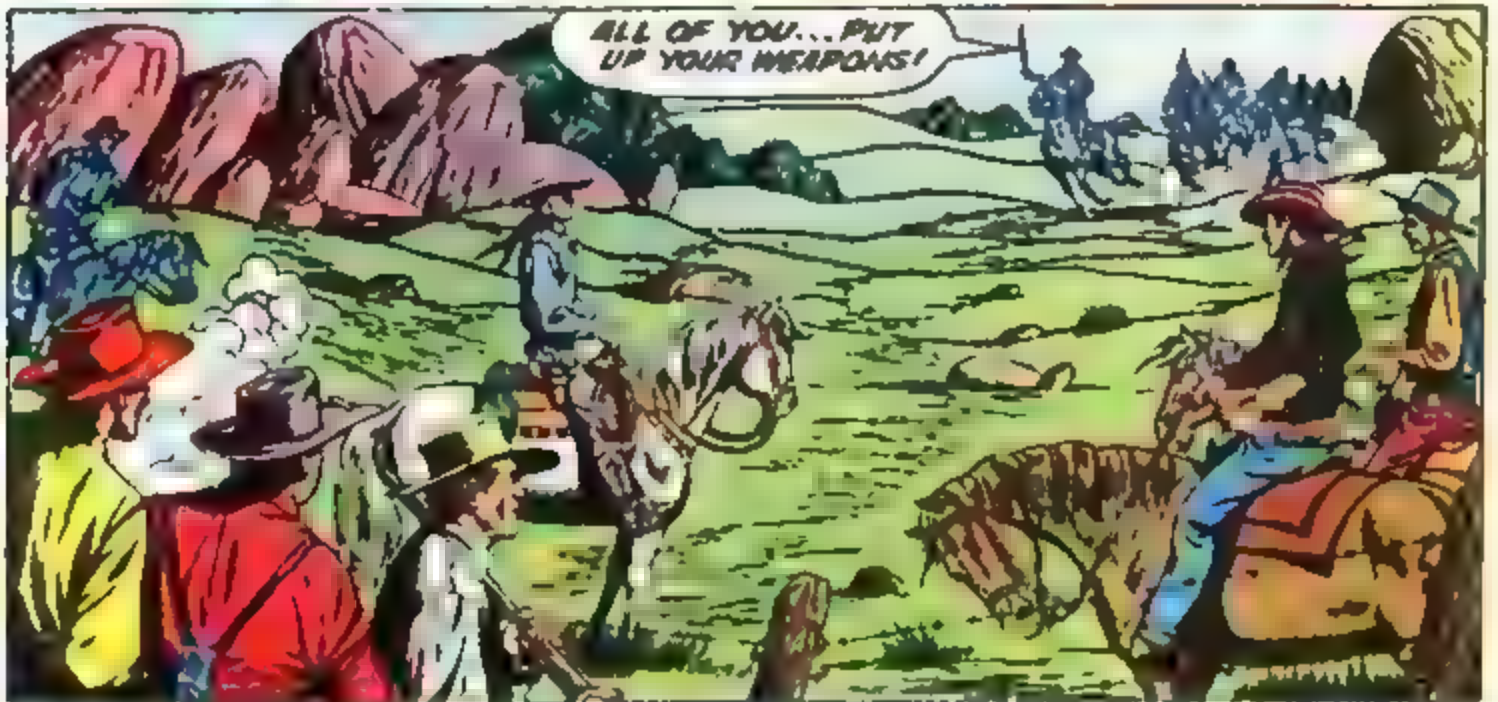


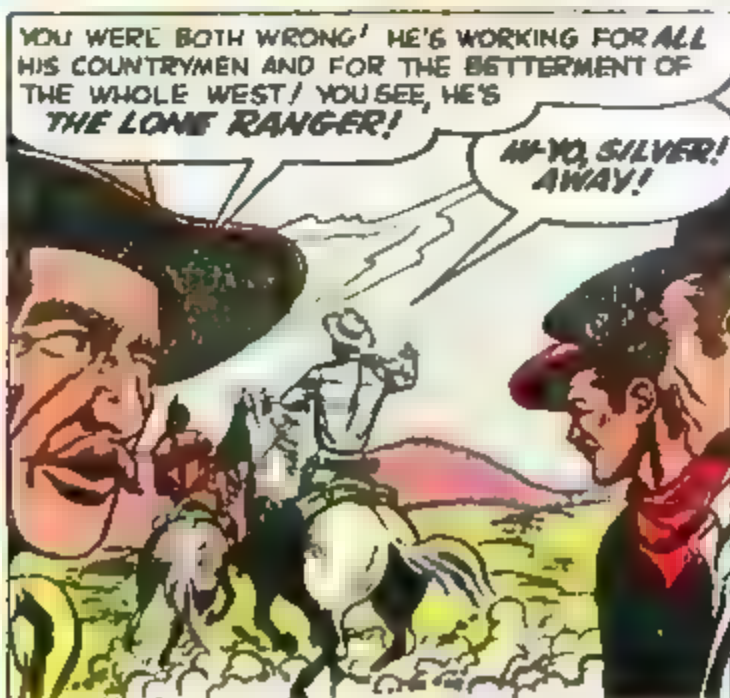
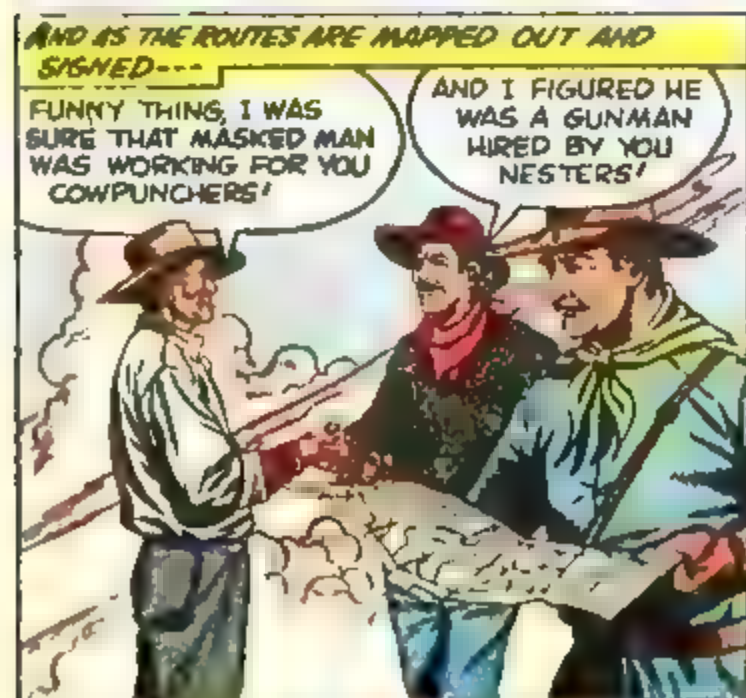
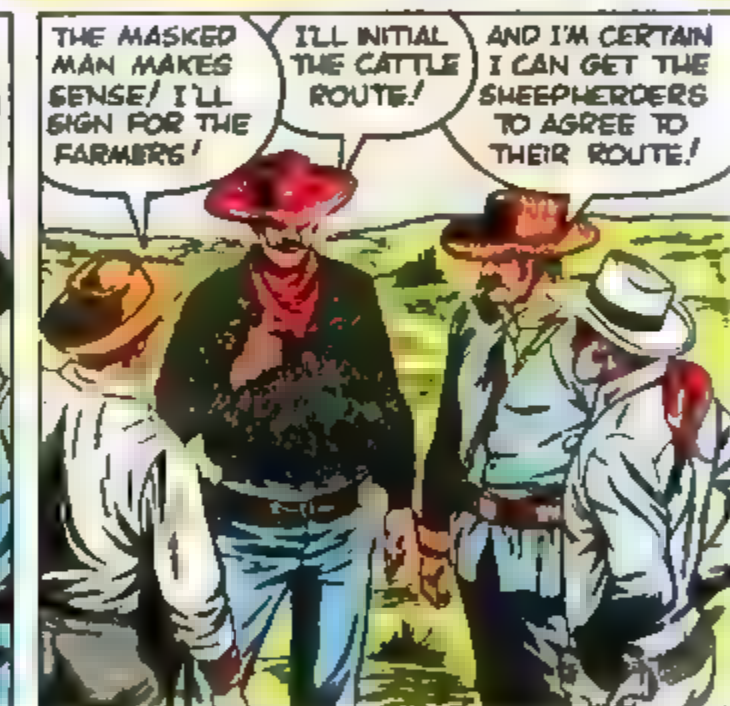
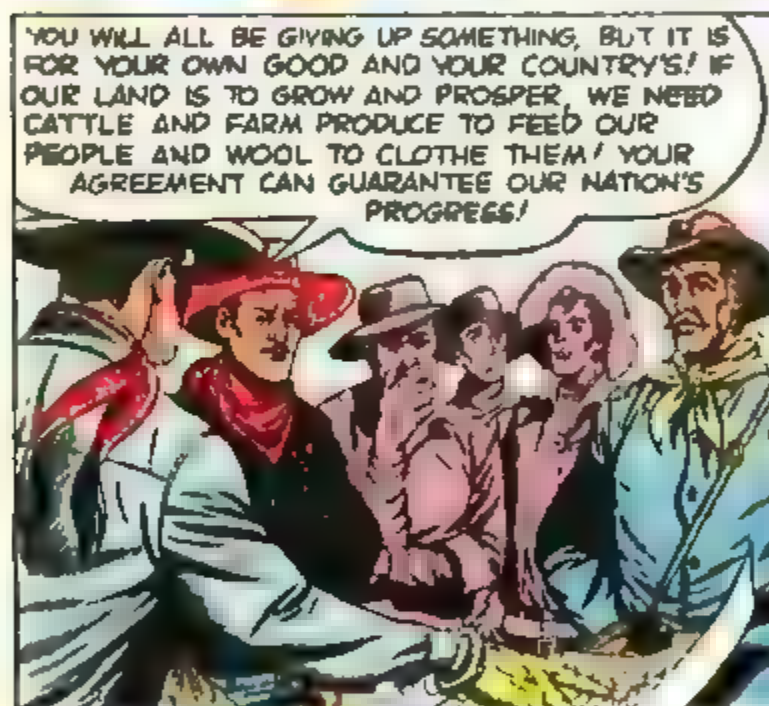
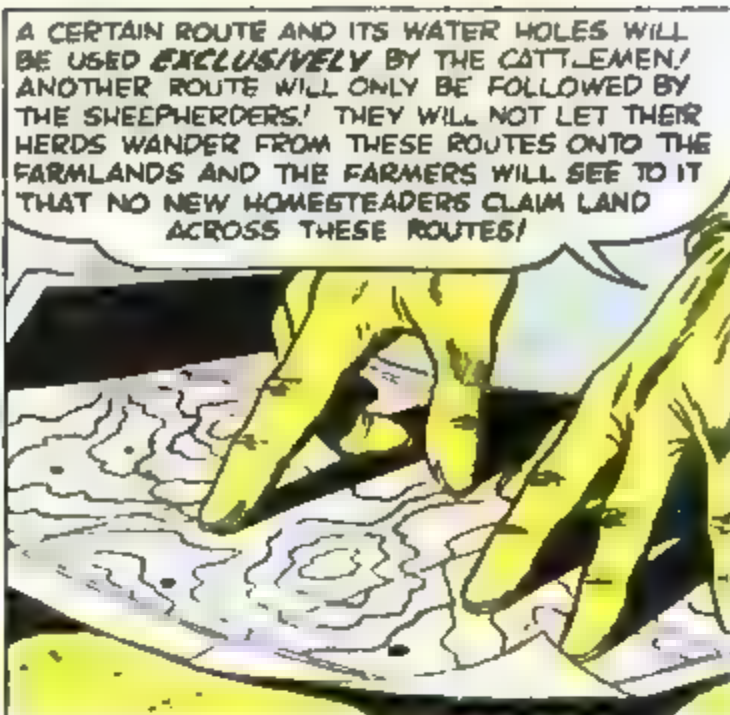












Cowboy Words



AXLE GREASE butter

BOIL OVER ride a horse until it becomes overheated

BAKE the pitching done by an unbroken horse

CABALLERO horseman, (Mexican-Spanish)



DOGIE a motherless calf

EQUALIZER pistol or six-gun

FISH yellow oilskin slicker raincoat

GENTLE tame an unbroken bronc



HOOSEGOW jail

INDIAN SIGN a hex or curse

MULEY steer without horns

LOCO Crazy, "teched"



PICKING DAISIES reference to a horseman who has been thrown

NESTER squatter or homesteader

ON THE PROD fighting mad



REATA a rope, especially one of rawhide

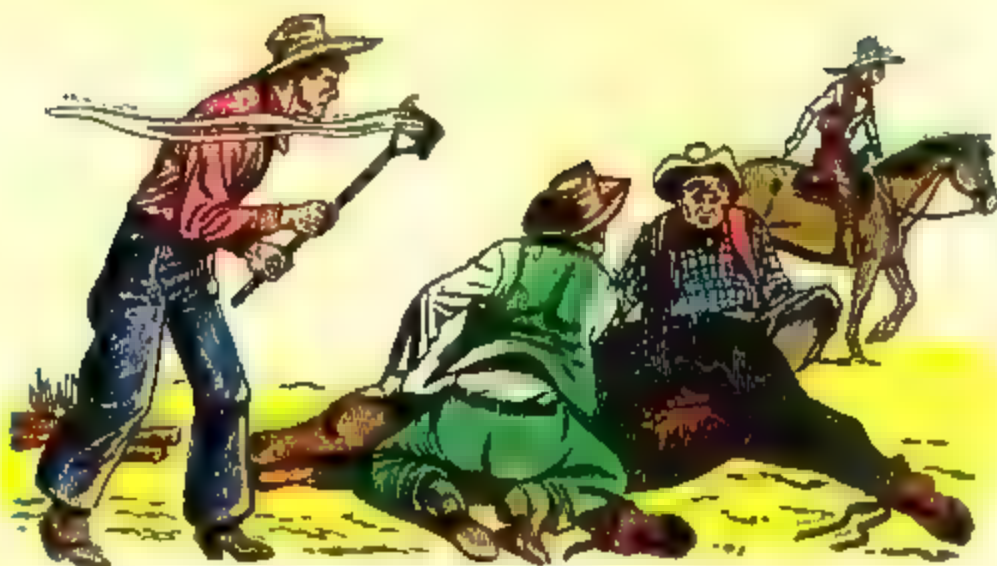
SPOOKY scared

TUCSON BED out of doors without shelter

WADDY a cowboy. One time used of an incompetent cowhand. Also may mean rustler



Brands and Branding



We are inclined to think of branding cattle, as a means of identifying it, as a rather new custom. It is surprising to learn that it was used in ancient Egyptian days. In North America, it is said that

the followers of Cortez, the great Spanish conqueror, were the first to use brands. The custom gradually gained favor until it became the usual procedure in marking cattle.

HOW IT IS DONE



The cowboy works a cow and her calf to the edge of the gather.

He ropes the calf by the hind legs and drags it to the branding fire.



Two cowboys, called "flankers," hold down the calf.



The cowboy holding the red-hot branding iron now presses it quickly against the calf's left hip.



Another cowboy cuts the owner's earmark into the calf's left ear.

The whole process is over as quickly as possible, causing very little discomfort to the calf.



Here are some interesting brands:

Fish Hook
ARIZONA



Music
NEBRASKA



Dinner Bell
CALIFORNIA



Keyhole
TEXAS



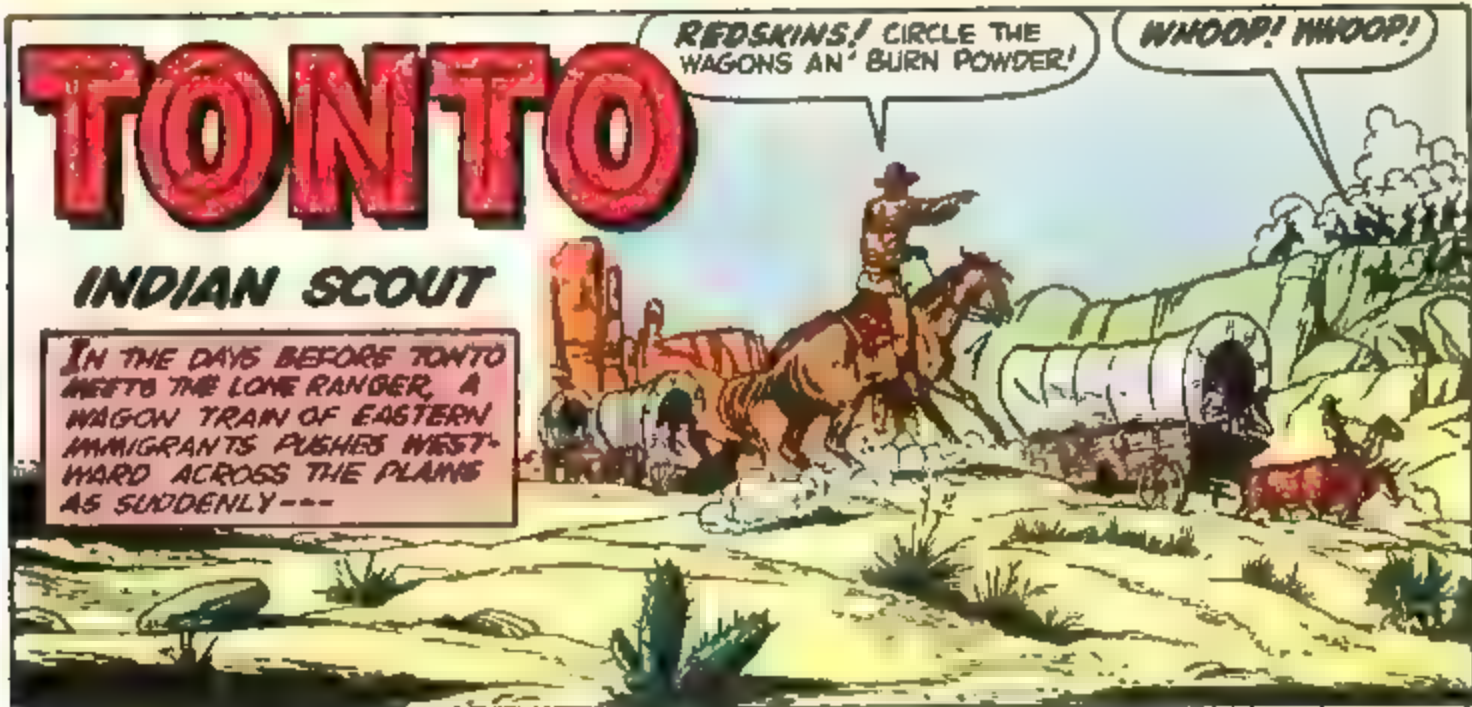
TONTO

INDIAN SCOUT

IN THE DAYS BEFORE TONTO MEETS THE LONE RANGER, A WAGON TRAIN OF EASTERN IMMIGRANTS PUSHES WESTWARD ACROSS THE PLAINS AS SUDDENLY---

REDSKINS! CIRCLE THE WAGONS AN' BURN POWDER!

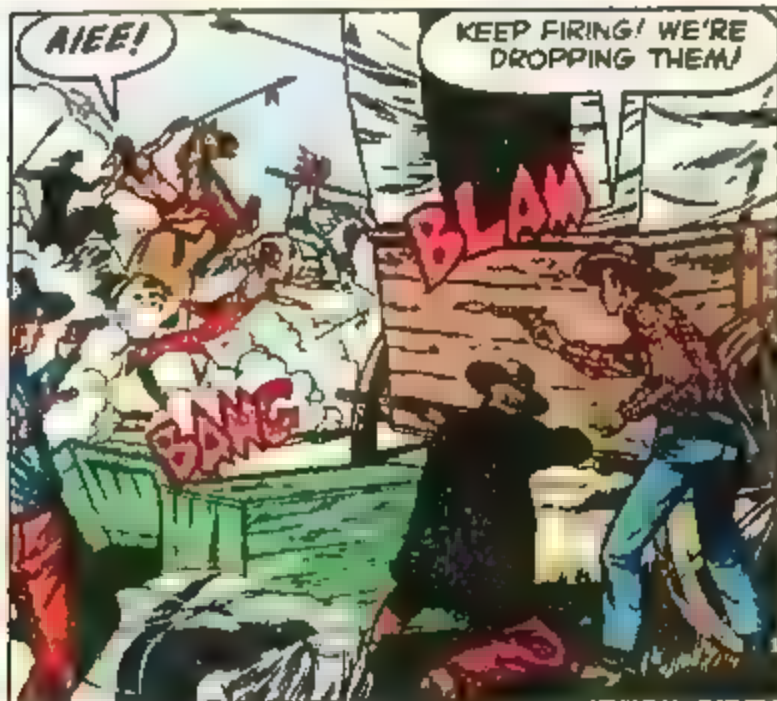
WHOOP! WHOOP!



AIEE!

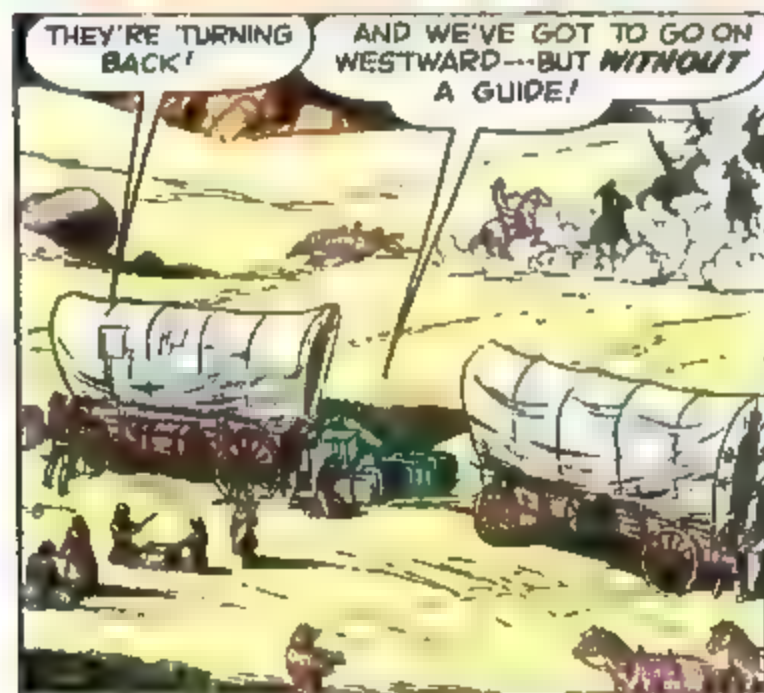
THE GUIDE'S HIT!

TAKE HIS GUN, RALPH, AND USE IT!



AIEE!

KEEP FIRING! WE'RE DROPPING THEM!



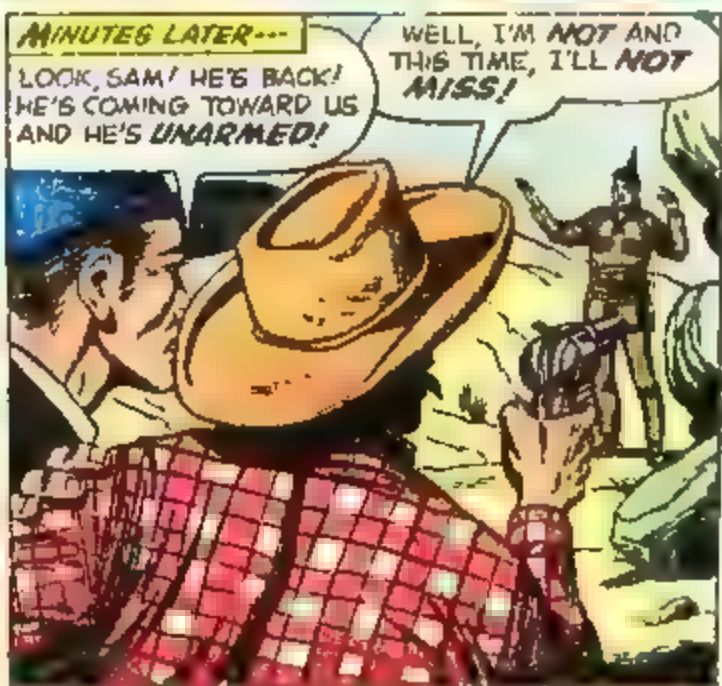
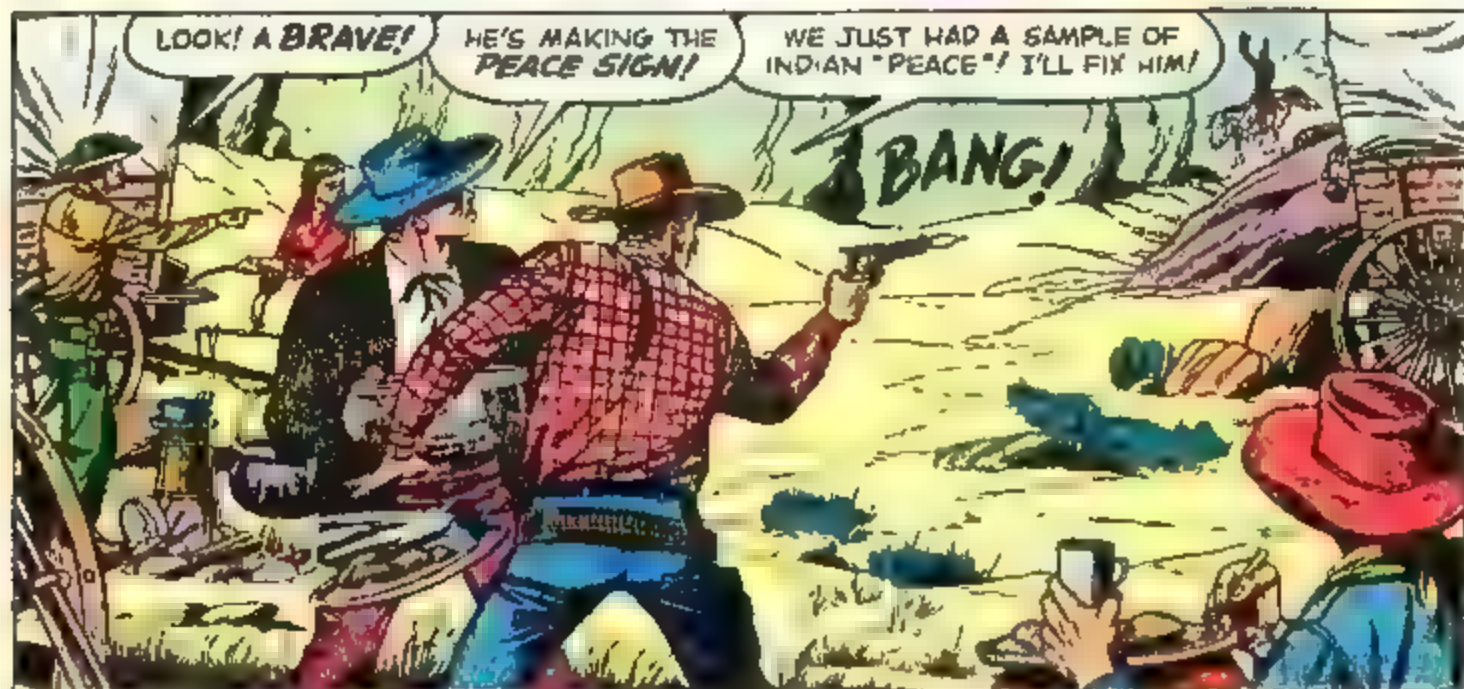
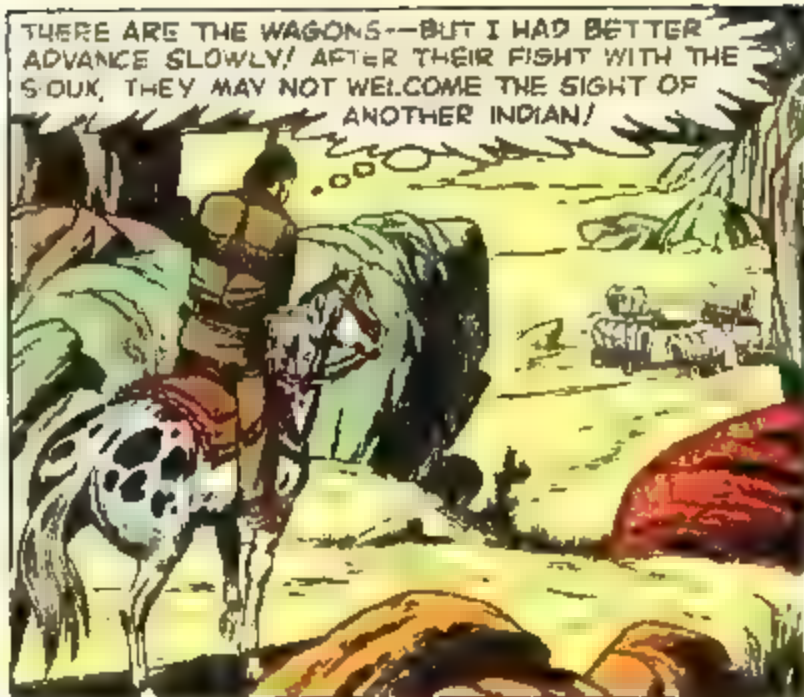
THEY'RE TURNING BACK!

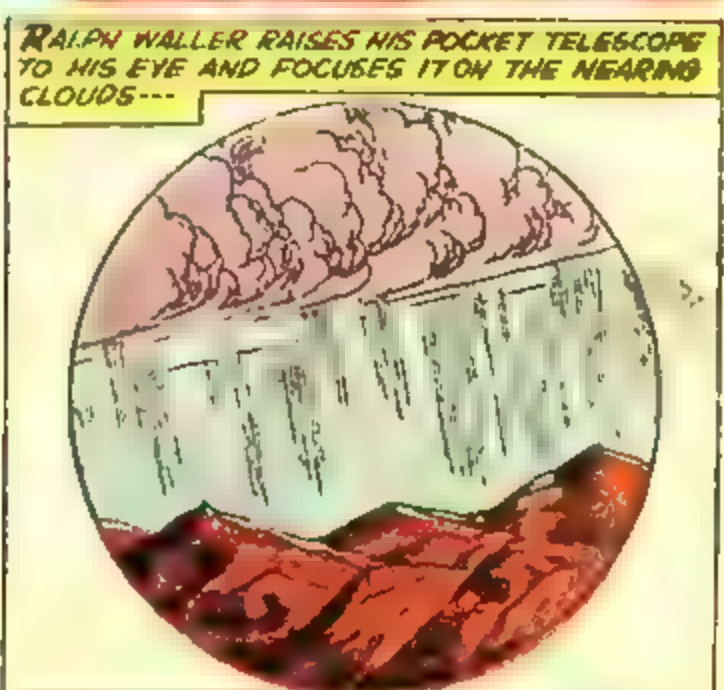
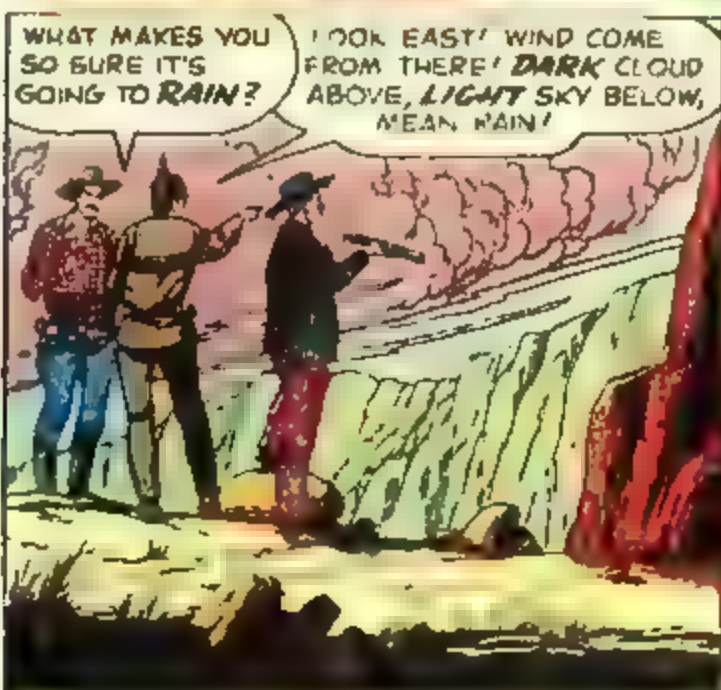
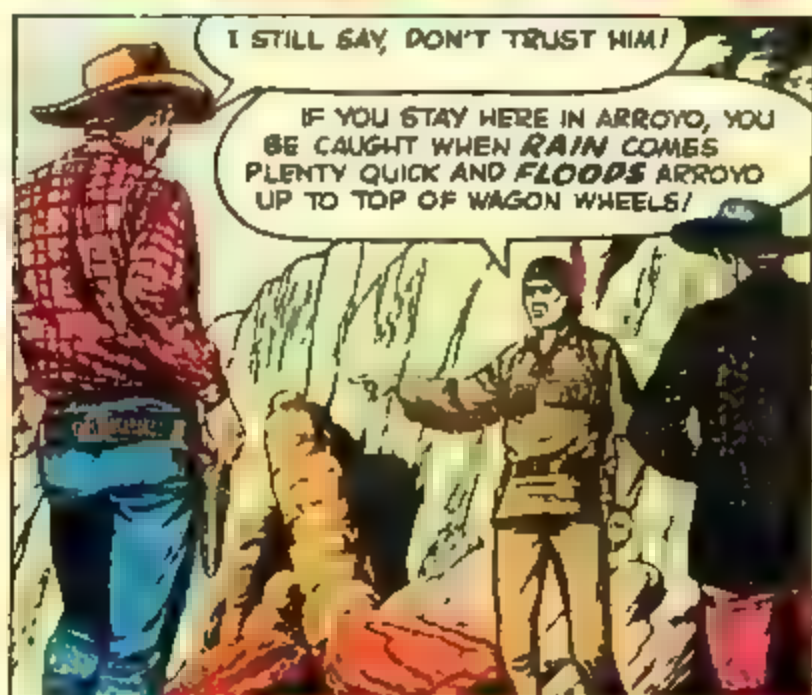
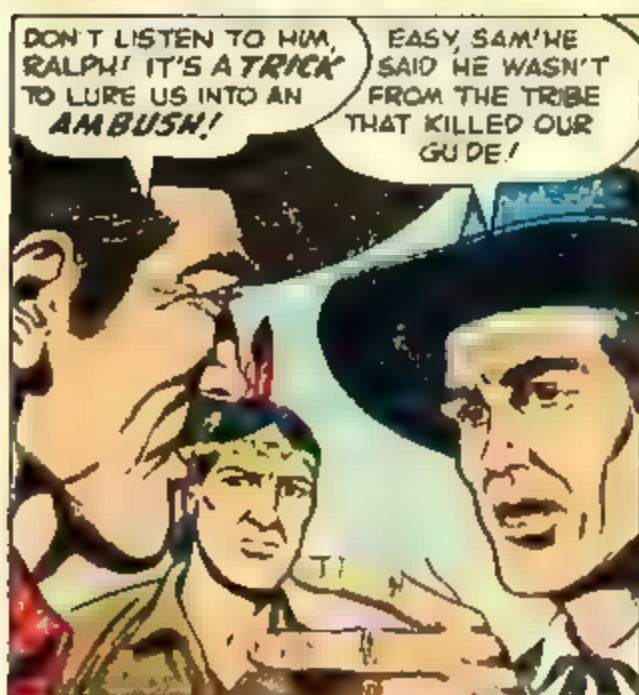
AND WE'VE GOT TO GO ON WESTWARD---BUT *WITHOUT* A GUIDE!

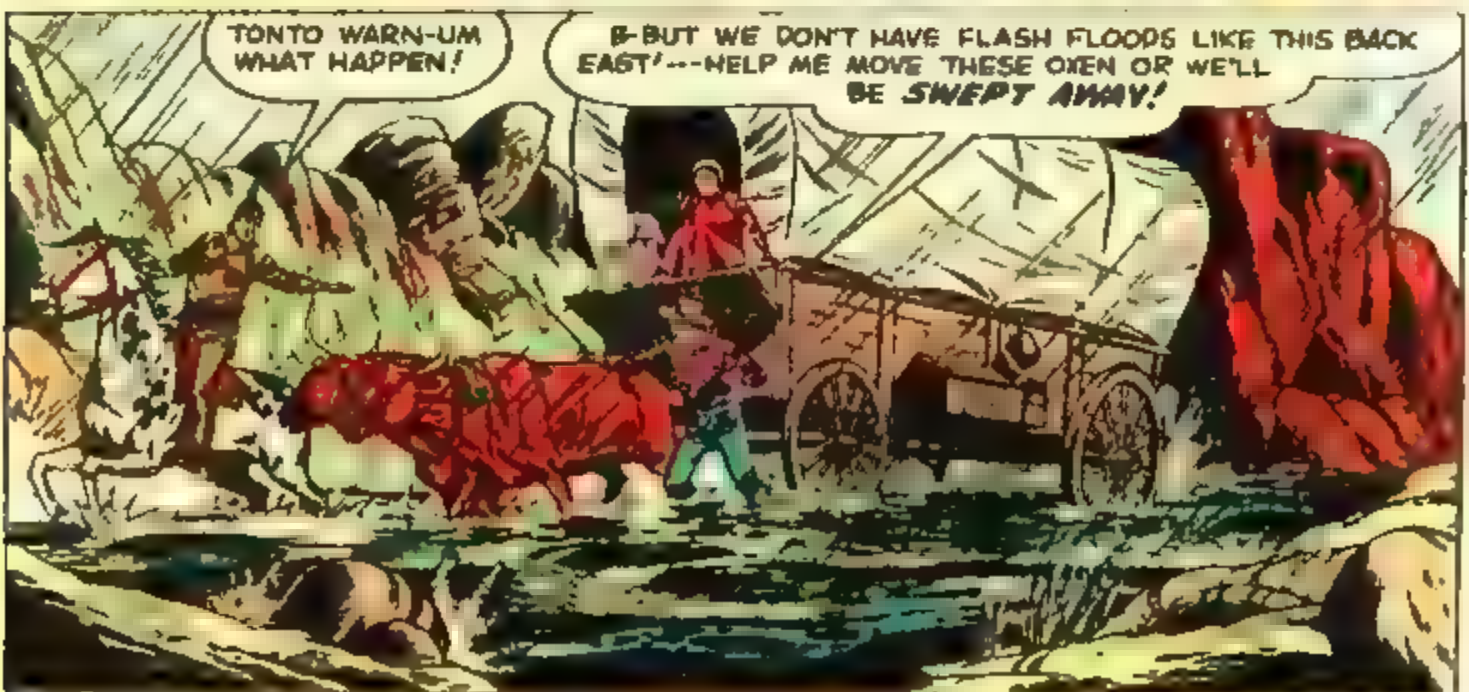


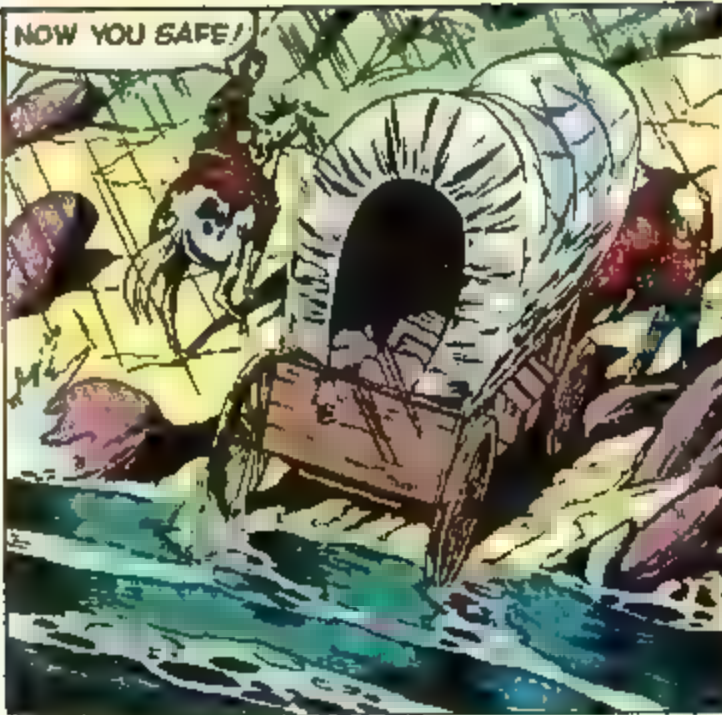
LATER--

A WHITE MAN'S GRAVE!--- THE SIGNS SHOW A WAGON TRAIN WAS ATTACKED, BUT THE SIOUX WERE DRIVEN OFF! BUT WHY ARE THE WAGONS TAKING THEIR PRESENT COURSE? IT LEADS TO A LONG WATERLESS DESERT!









NOW YOU SAFE!



WELL, SAM---

---I GUESS WE **CAN** TRUST **THIS** INDIAN! WE'LL CERTAINLY NEED AN **EXPERIENCED** PERSON'S HELP IF **TENDERFEET** LIKE US ARE TO CROSS THESE PLAINS!

LATER, YONTO GUIDES THE WAGONS BACK ONTO THE TRAIL AND THEY CAMP---

WE'LL HAVE TO EAT **COLD** RATIONS TONIGHT YOU CAN'T START A FIRE WITH **WET** WOOD!

IT EASY MAKE FIRE WITH WET WOOD! FIRST, YOU **SPLIT** LOG INTO QUARTERS!



THEN YOU CUT OUT **CORE** OF LOG! IT **DRY**!



SAY! IT IS **DRY**!

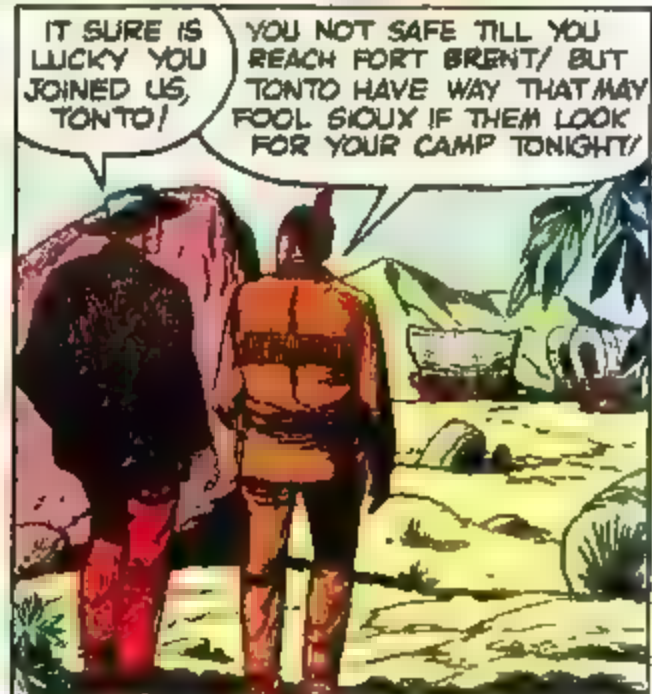
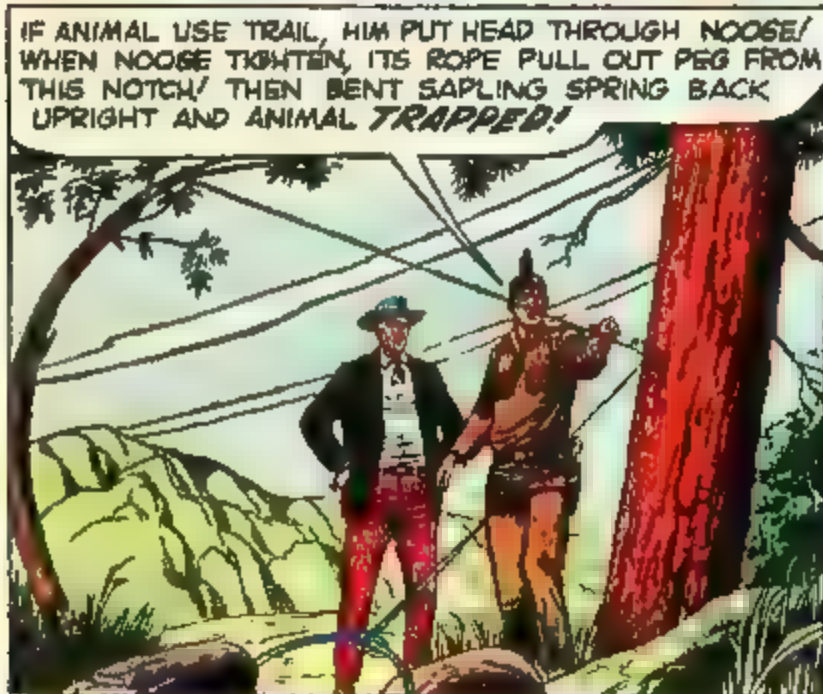
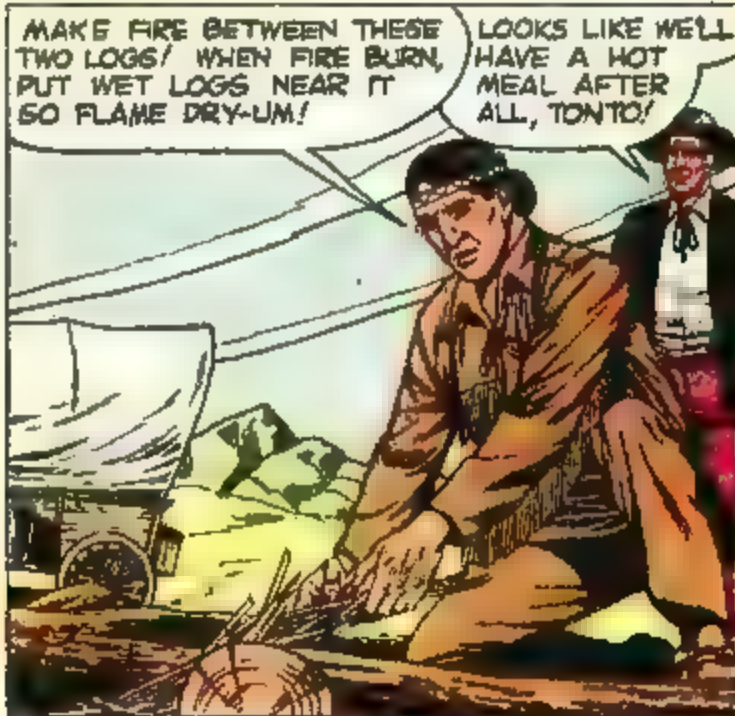
NOW WE USE **SOFTWOOD** FOR FIRE LIKE CEDAR AND BIRCH! THEM MAKE QUICK HOT FIRE, BUT NOT MANY **COALS**!



AREN'T **COALS** BETTER FOR COOKING?

UGH! BUT WE NEED QUICK FIRE WE CAN USE AND PUT OUT BEFORE IT DARK! IF WE HAVE FIRE WHEN NIGHT COME, **SIoux** SEE-UM AND **ATTACK**!

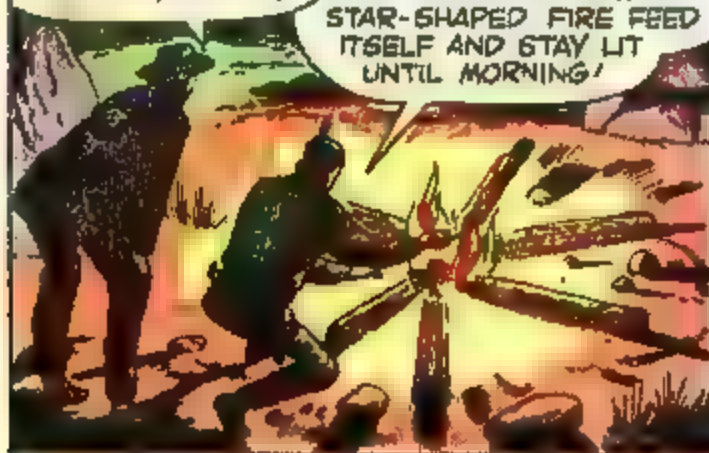




LATER, A MILE TO THE SOUTH OF CAMP AFTER THE COOKING FIRE HAD BEEN PUT OUT TONTO MAKES A SECOND FIRE---

WHY ARE YOU USING HARDWOODS LIKE ASH AND HICKORY THIS TIME, TONTO?

WE WANT FIRE LAST ALL NIGHT! HARDWOODS MAKE PLENTY COALS AND BURN SLOWLY! STAR-SHAPED FIRE FEED ITSELF AND STAY LIT UNTIL MORNING!



NEXT MORNING--

YOUR TRAP AND DECOY FIRE BOTH WORKED, TONTO! WE SNARED A MOUNTAIN LION IN THE NOOSE AND I'M CERTAINLY GLAD WE WEREN'T CAMPING BY THIS FIRE LAST NIGHT!

UGH! BUT ARROWS MEAN SIOUX STILL FOLLOW!



TONTO LOOK!
SMOKE SIGNALS!

BRAVES THERE CALL OTHERS
TO JOIN-UM! THEM PLAN BRING
MANY WARRIORS HERE TO
ATTACK WAGONS!



THAT MEANS
A FIGHT?

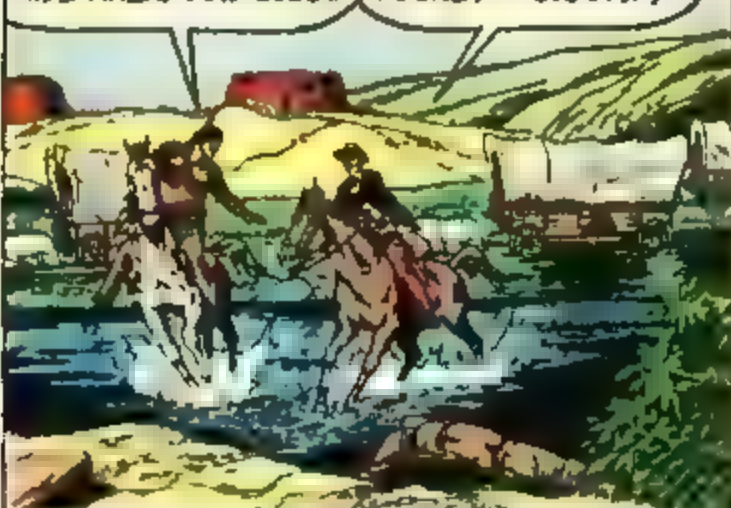
MEBBE THEM NOT FIND US
IF WE COVER TRACKS WELL!



USING HARD ROCKY GROUND AND WATER TO
CONCEAL THE WAGONS' TRACKS, TONTO GUIDES
THE IMMIGRANTS WESTWARD--

BRING TELESCOPE! WE
RIDE AHEAD AND SCOUT!

IT'S RIGHT IN MY
POCKET --- GADDA!



SOON... LOOKS LIKE BRAVES
FROM TWO DIFFERENT
TRIBES ARE MEETING UP THERE,
TONTO! WE'D BE BETTER OFF
IF THEY DIDN'T TALK THE
SAME LENG!

THEM NOT
SPEAK OTHER'S
LANGUAGE!
THEM USE SIGNALS!
GIVE TONTO
TELESCOPE, MEBBE
CAN READ SIGNS
FROM HERE!



WHAT'D
THEY
SAY?

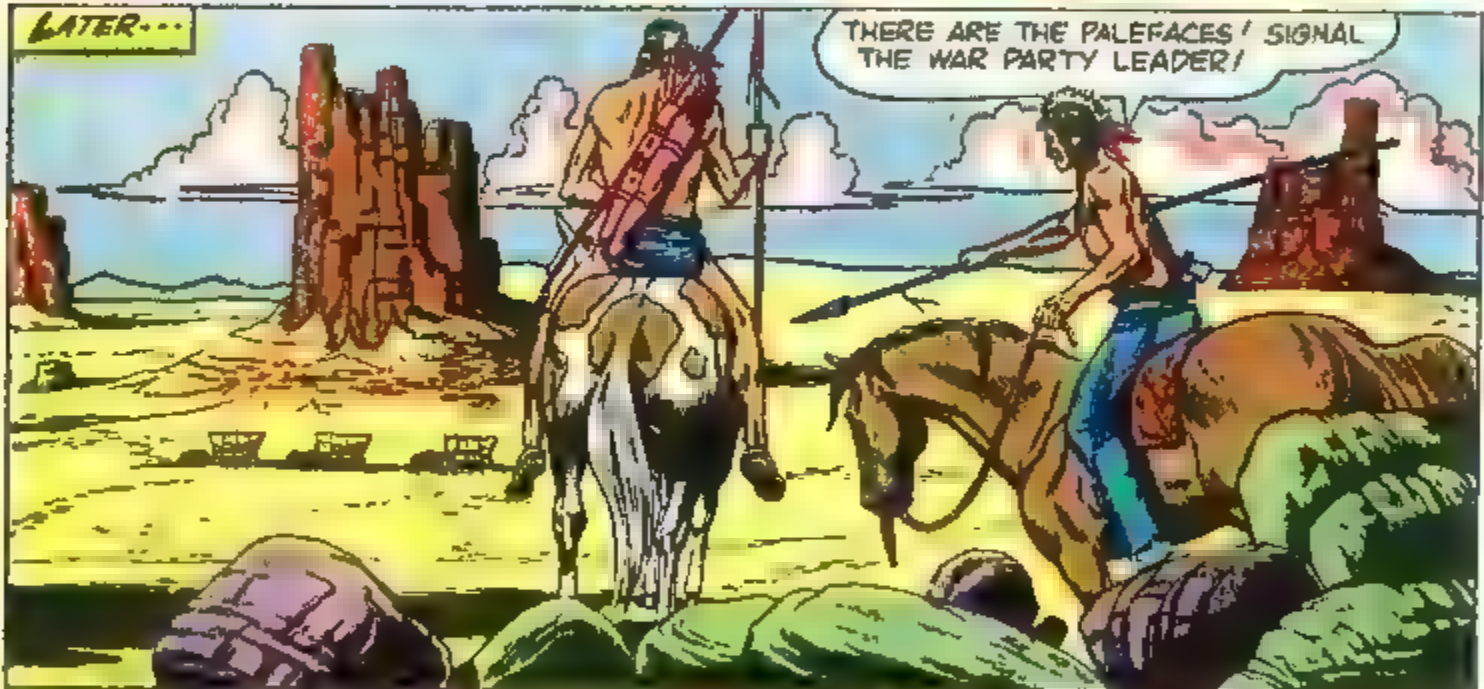
CHEYENNE JOIN SIOUX! THEM
SPLIT WAR PARTIES AND **BOTH**
SEARCH FOR WAGON TRAIN!

WE'RE STILL A GOOD DAY'S JOURNEY FROM FORT
BRENT! THEY'RE BOUND TO SPOT US BEFORE WE
REACH IT!



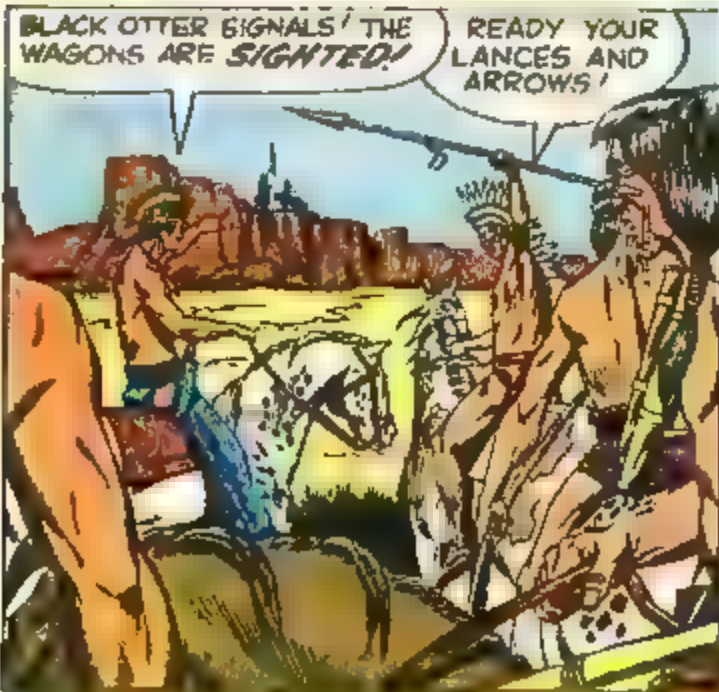
LATER...

THERE ARE THE PALEFACES! SIGNAL
THE WAR PARTY LEADER!



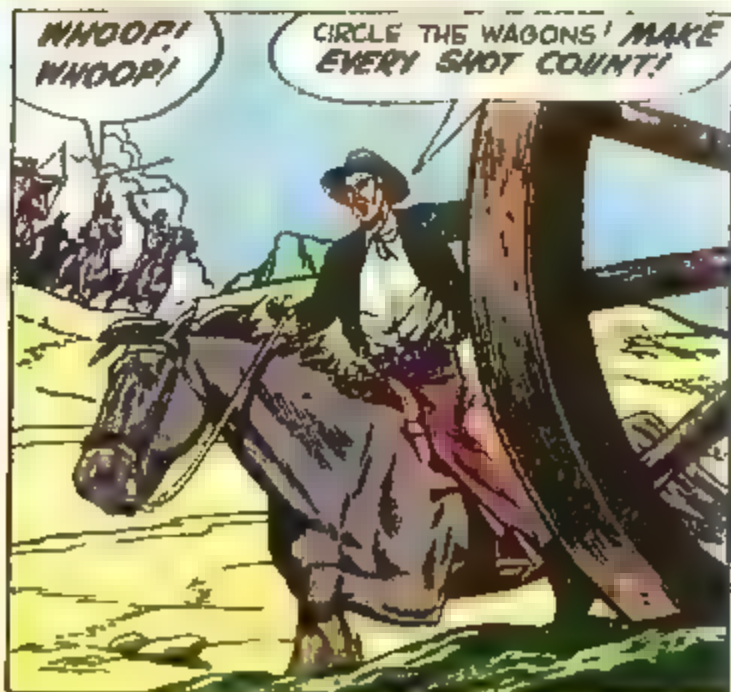
BLACK OTTER SIGNALS! THE
WAGONS ARE **SIGHTED!**

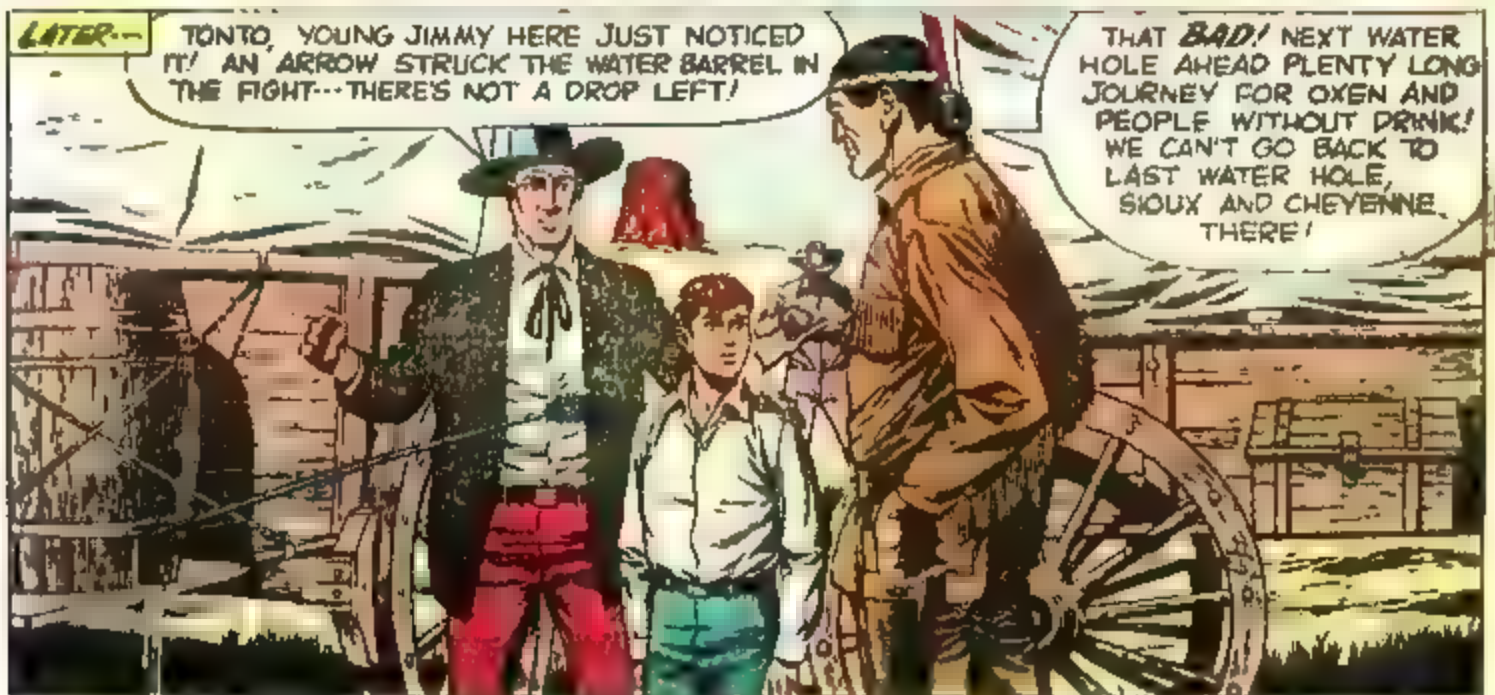
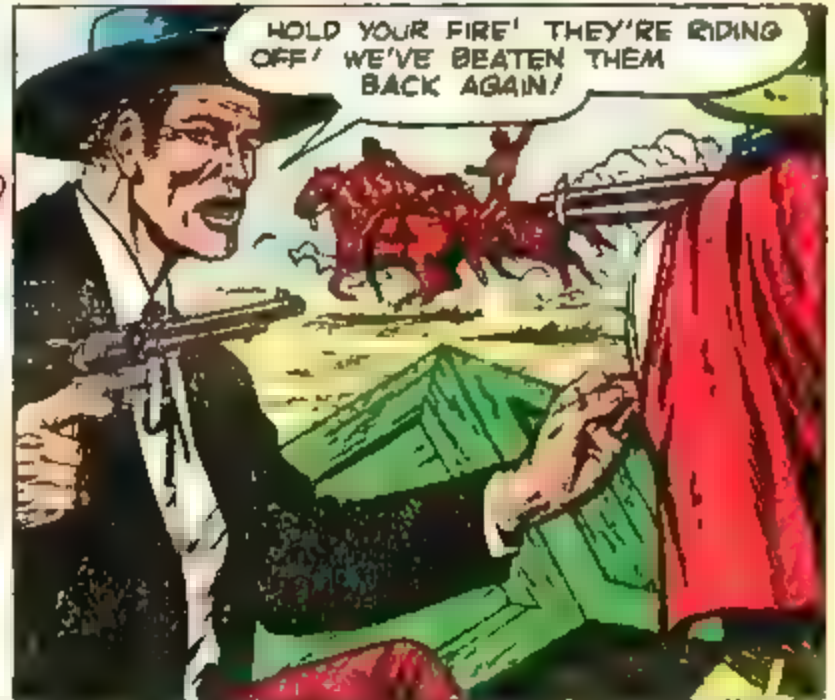
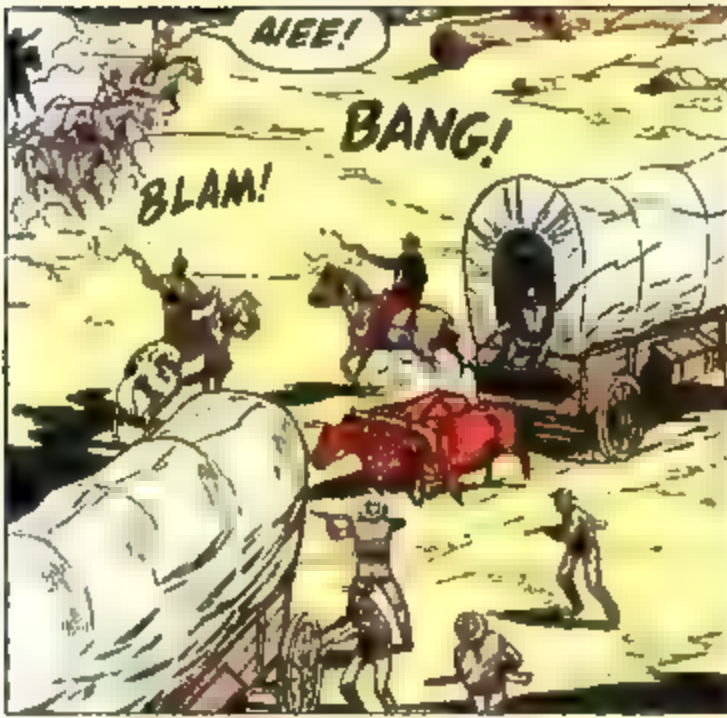
READY YOUR
LANCES AND
ARROWS!

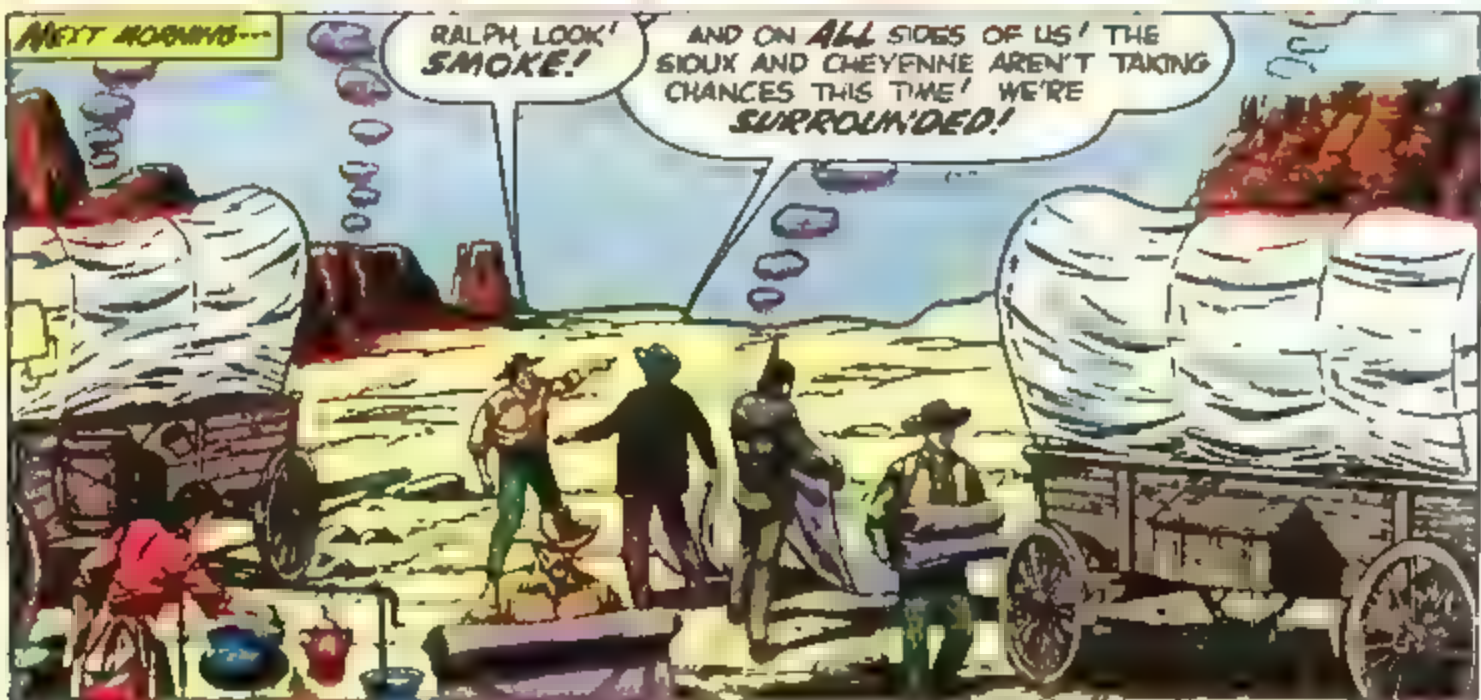
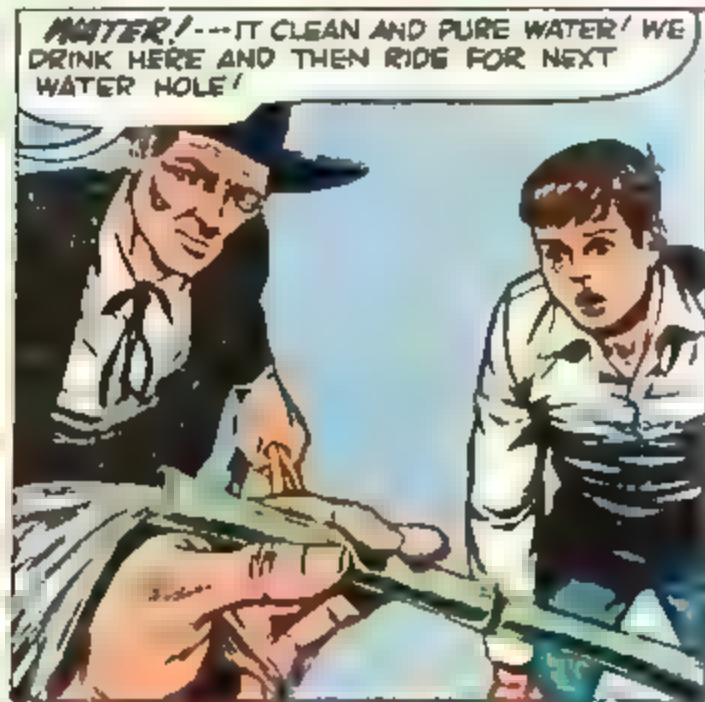
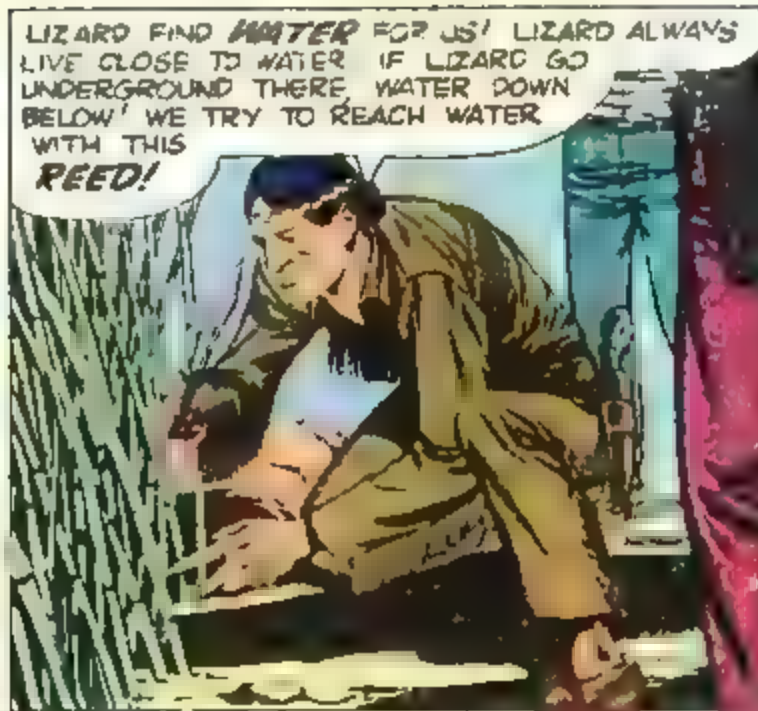
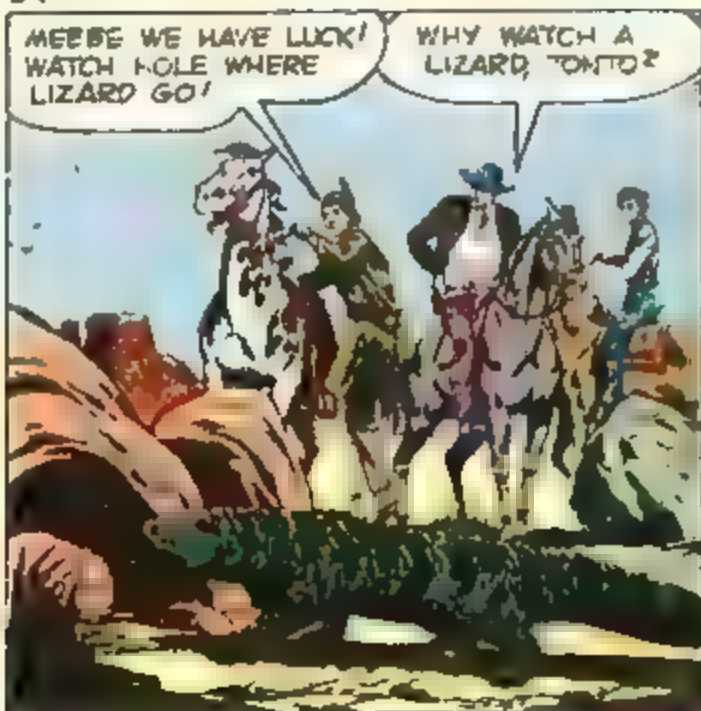


WHOO!
WHOO!

CIRCLE THE WAGONS! MAKE
EVERY SHOT COUNT!

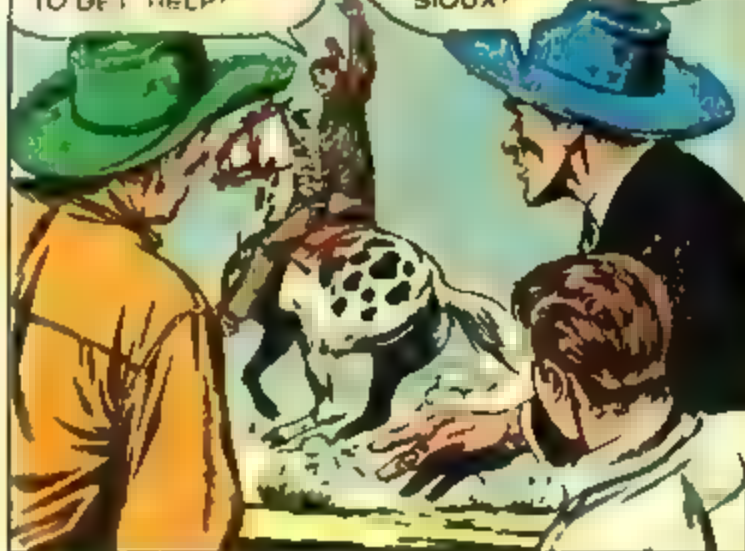






THERE WATER HERE! STAY
AND PREPARE TO FIGHT!
MEANWHILE, TONTO RIDE
TO FORT BRENT, TRY
TO GET HELP!

NO TONTO! DON'T GO!
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT
THROUGH THE RING
OF CHEYENNE AND
SIOUX!

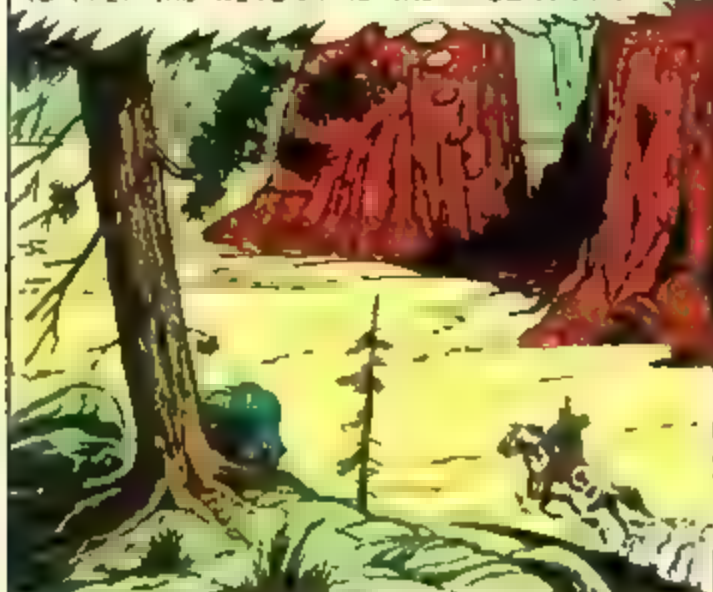


BUT TONTO URGES HIS HORSE ON---

FORT BRENT IS TO THE WEST! IT IS MORNING
NOW, SO I CAN GUIDE MYSELF BY KEEPING
THE SUN AT MY BACK!



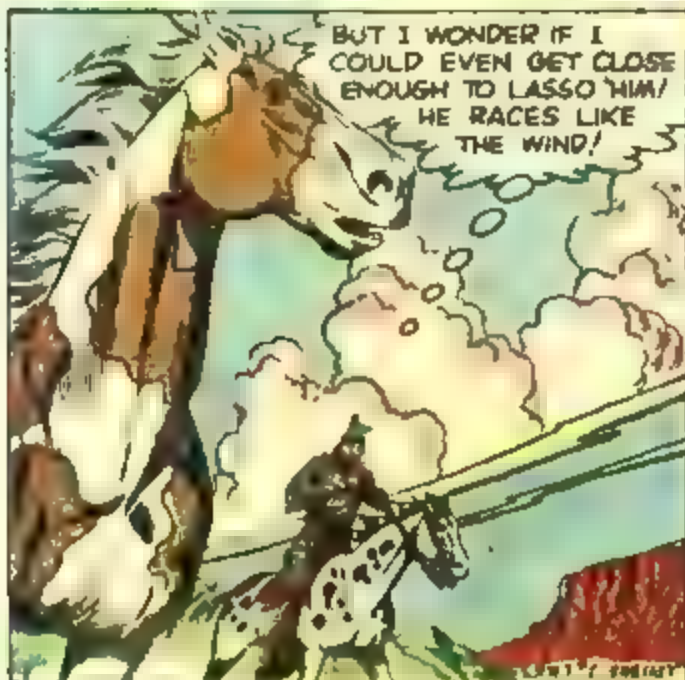
THE TWIN MESA ON THE RIGHT AND THE LONE
TREE ON THE LEFT WILL BE GOOD LANDMARKS
TO HELP ME RETURN TO THE WAGONTRAIN!



SOON-- THAT WILD PAINT HAS BEEN RUNNING
AND PACING MY HORSE FOR A MILE
NOW! IF I HAD MORE TIME, I WOULD LIKE
TO CAPTURE AND TRAIN HIM!

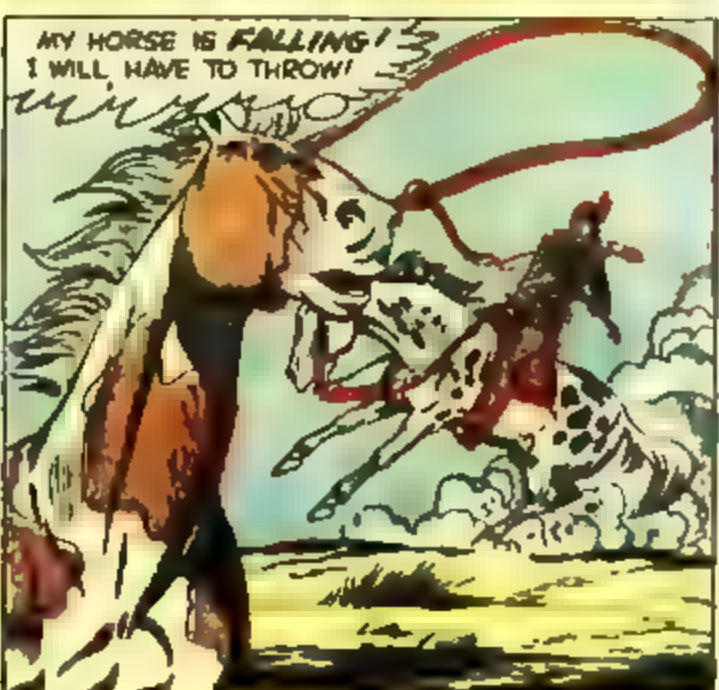
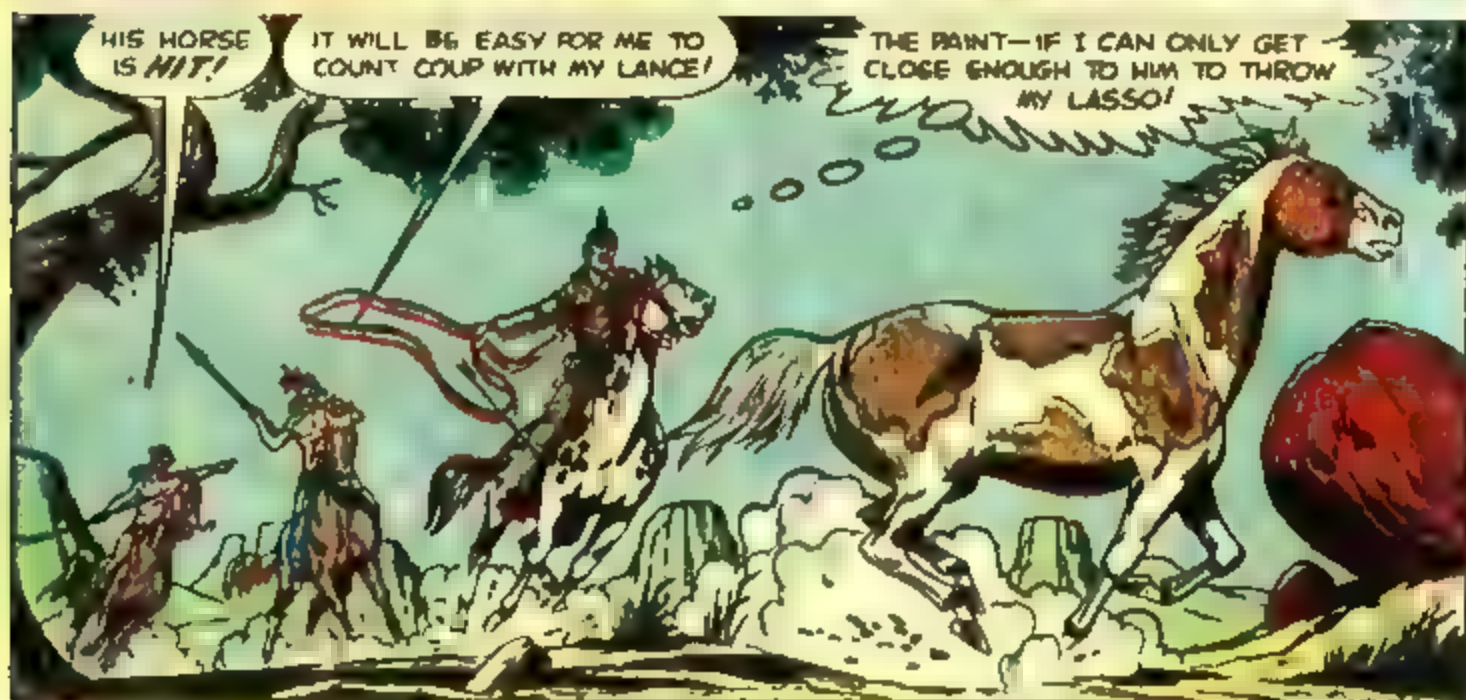


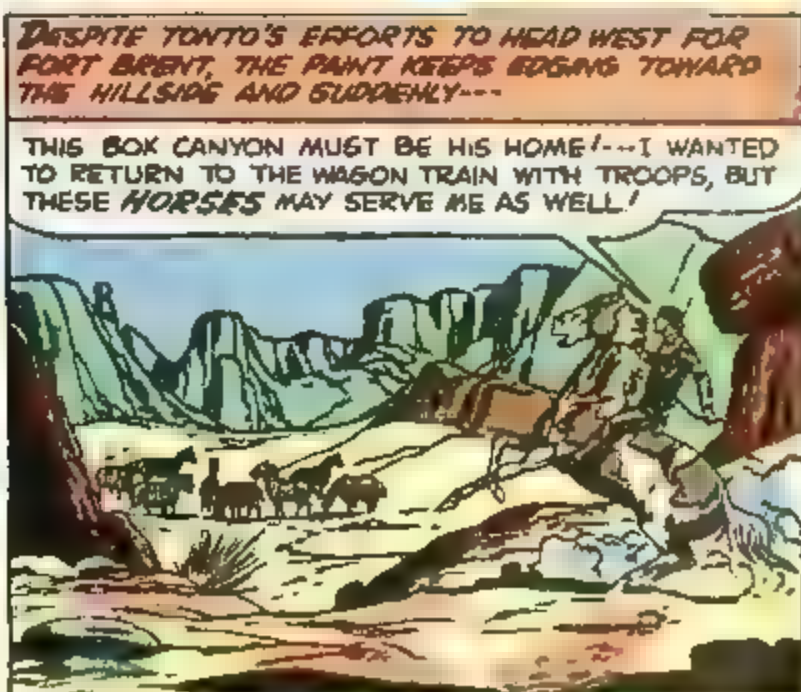
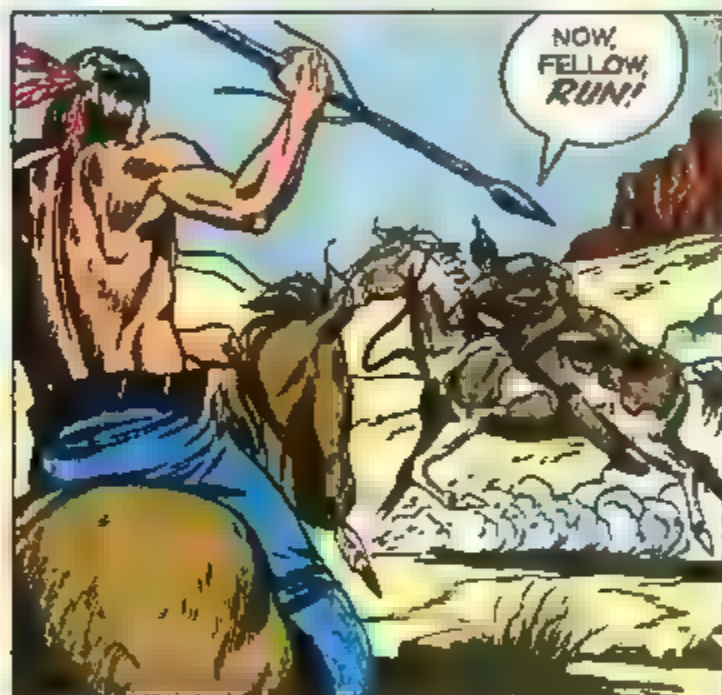
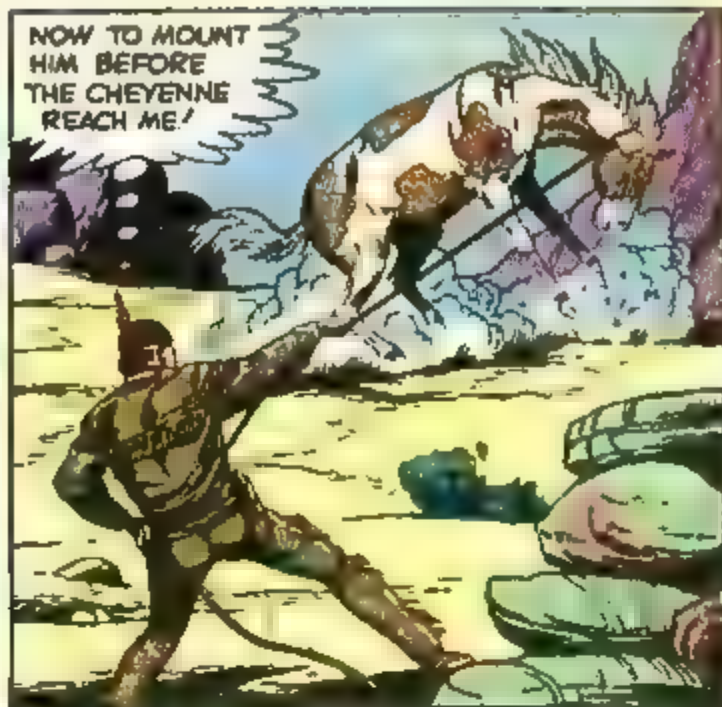
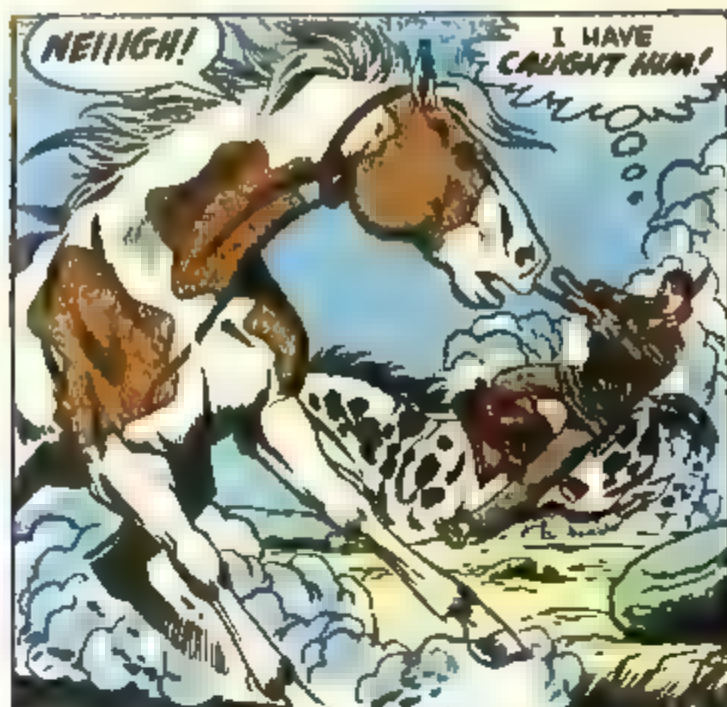
BUT I WONDER IF I
COULD EVEN GET CLOSE
ENOUGH TO LASSO HIM!
HE RACES LIKE
THE WIND!

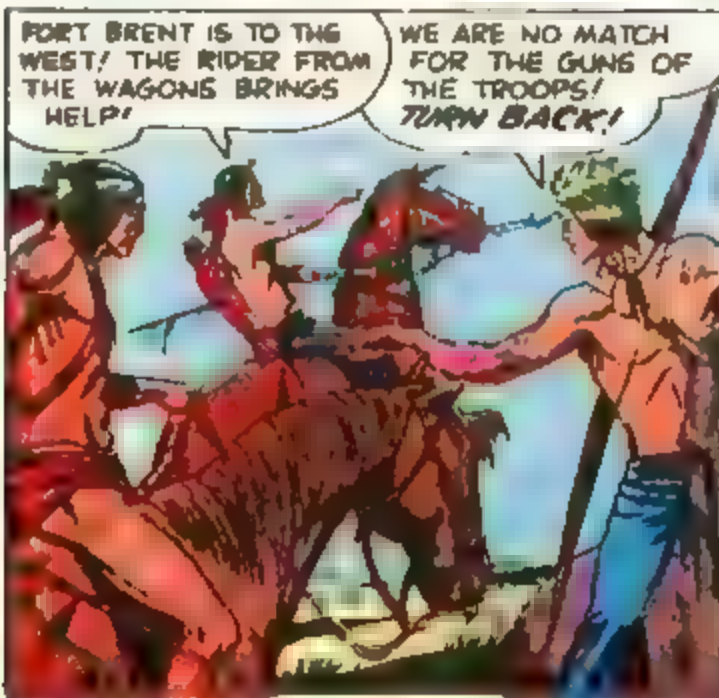
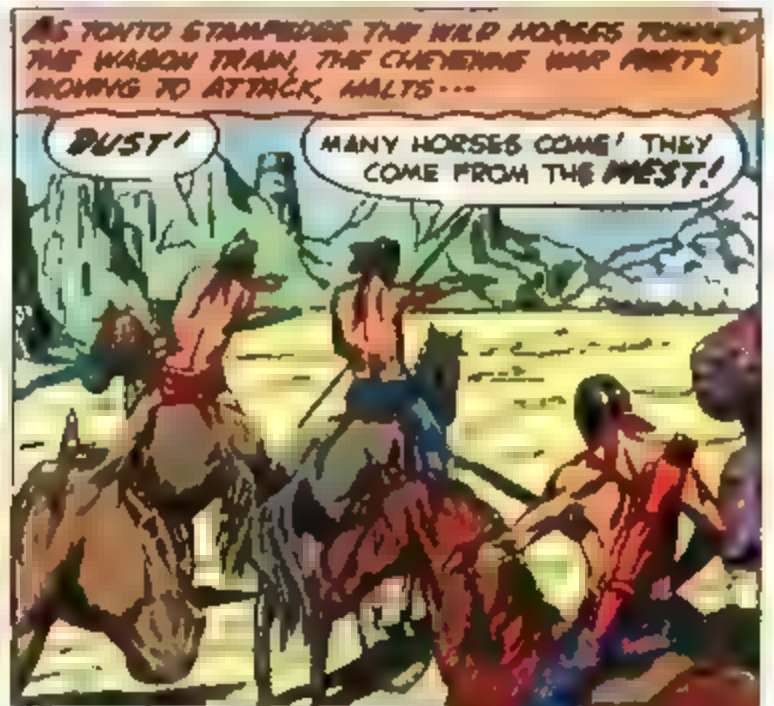
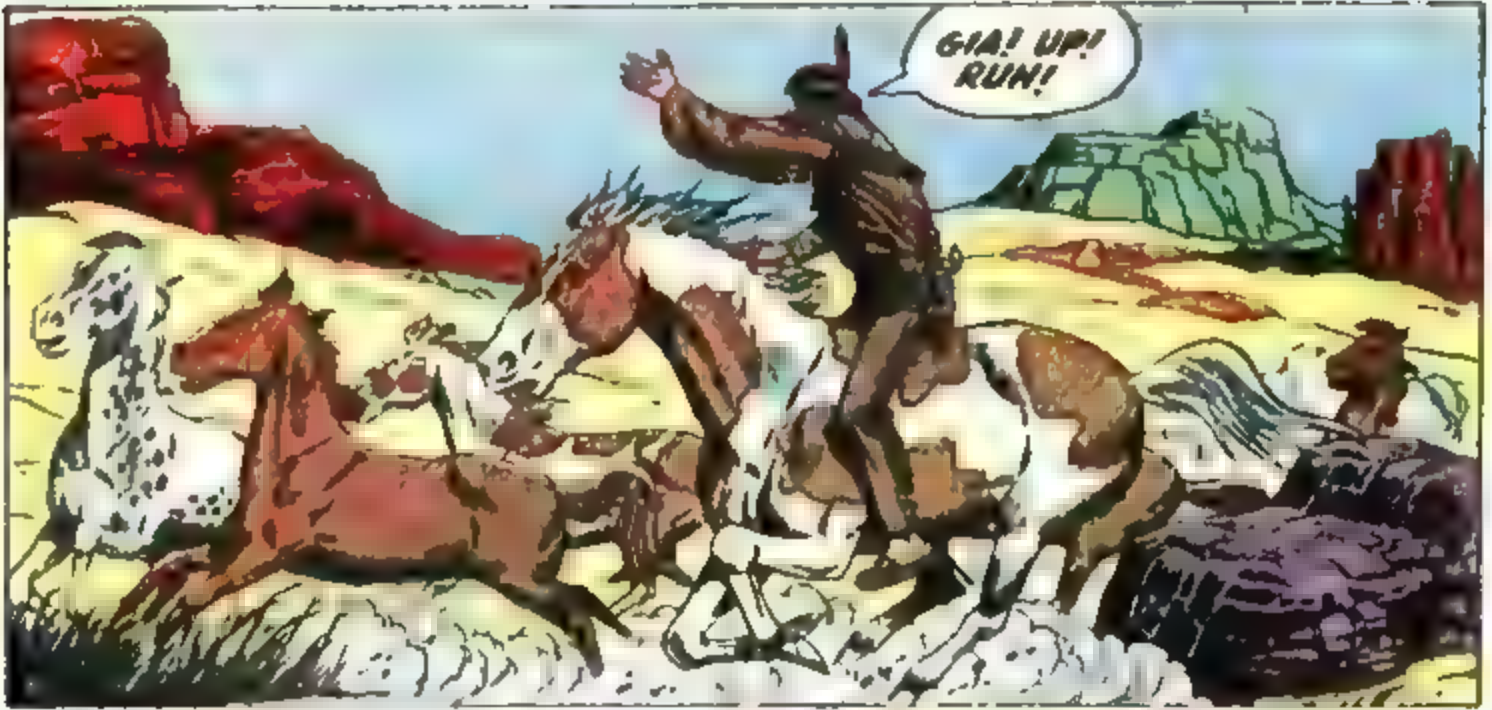


SUDDENLY-- CHEYENNE!



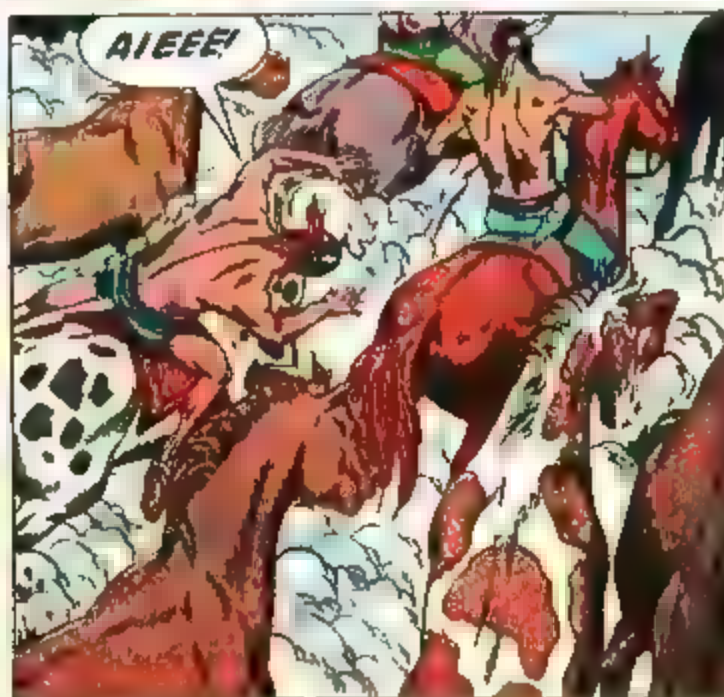
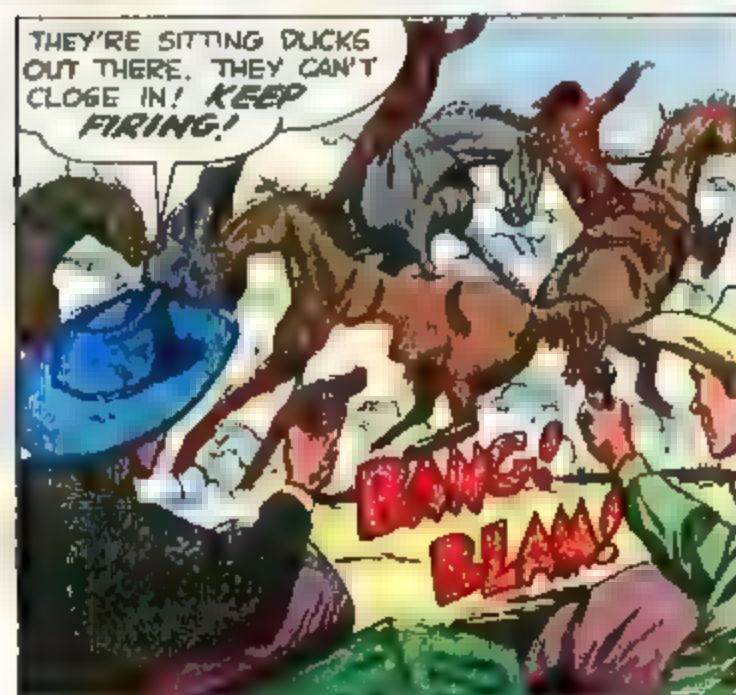
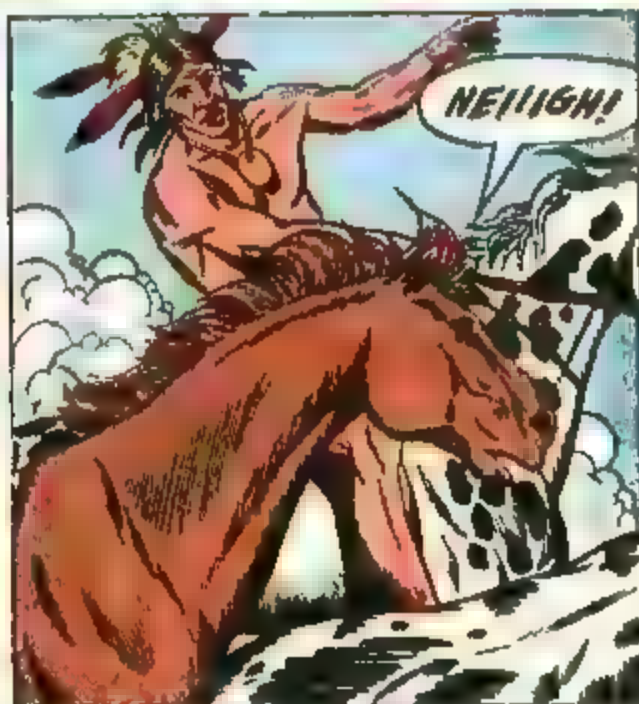
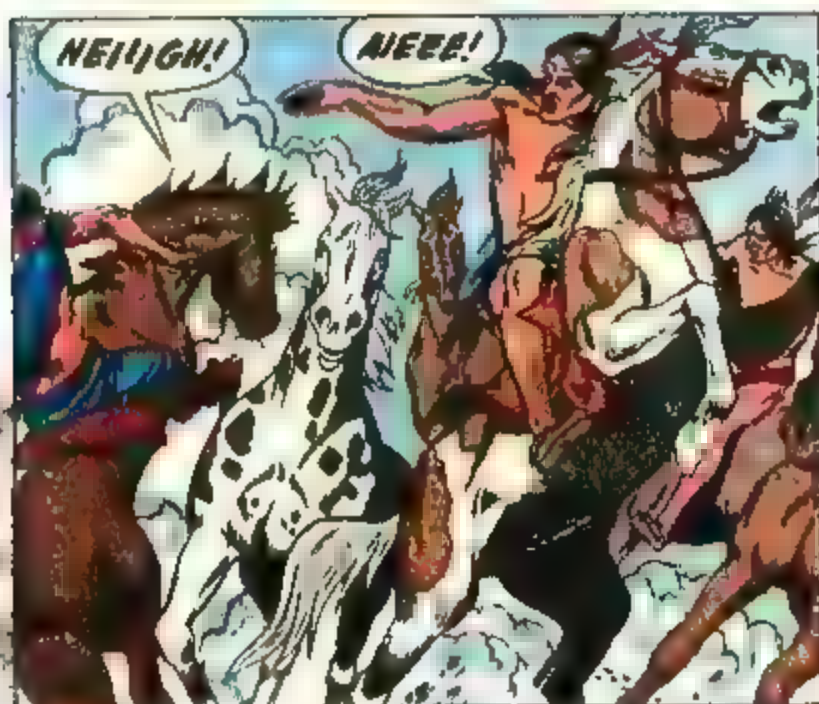
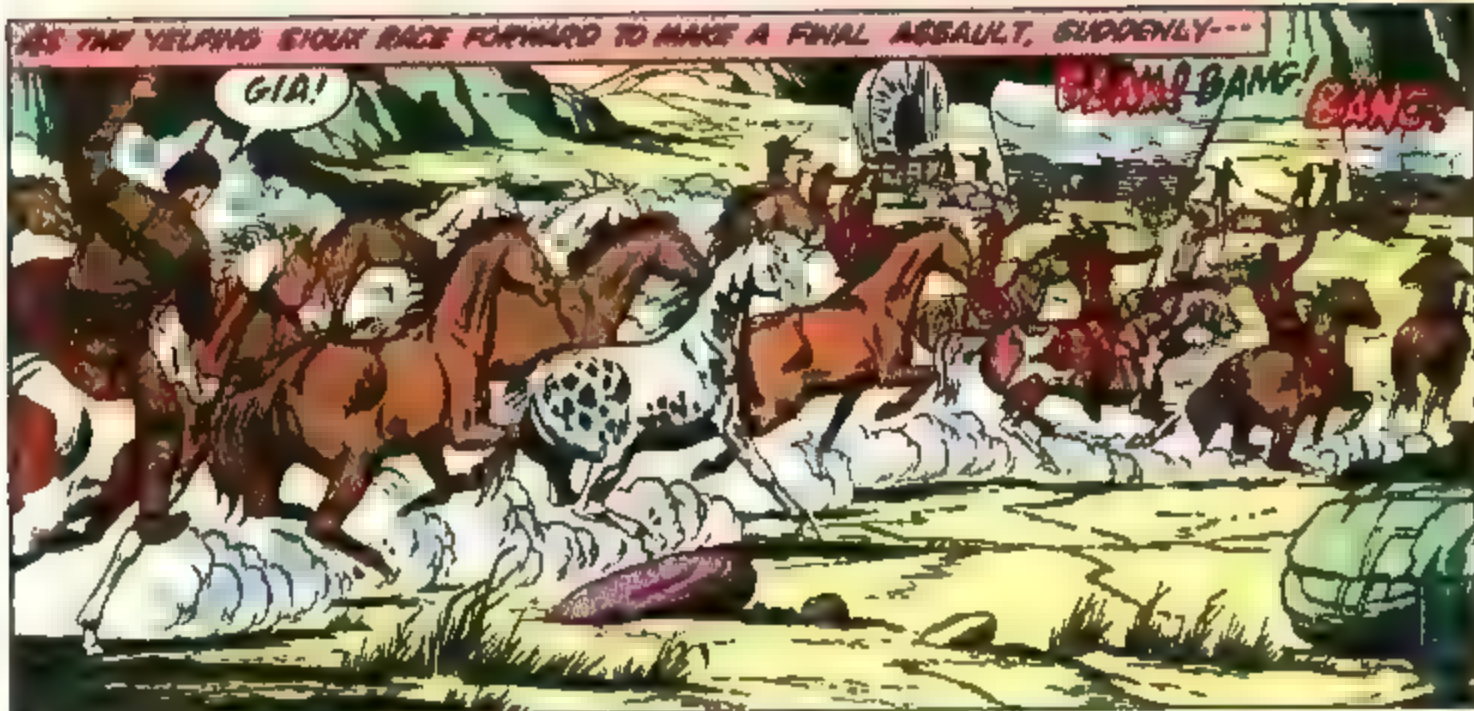


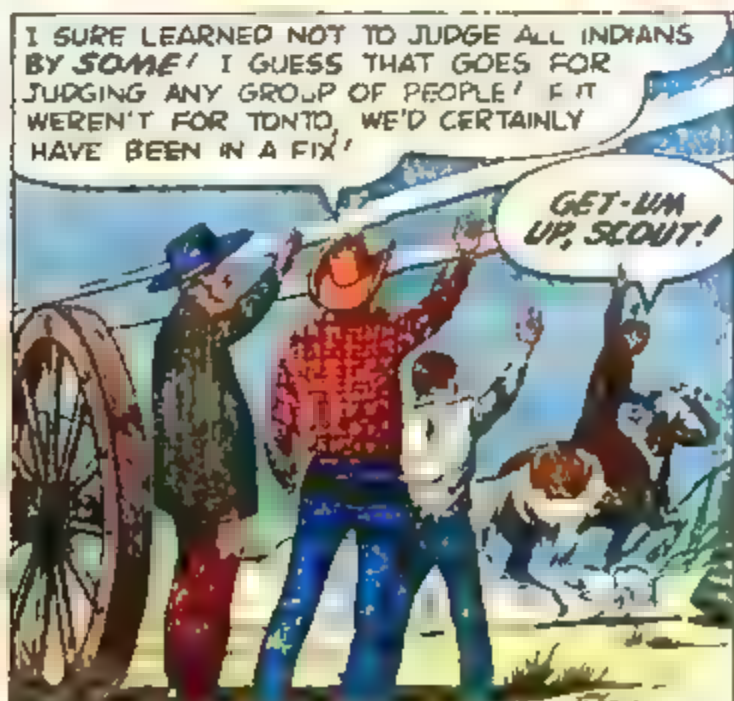
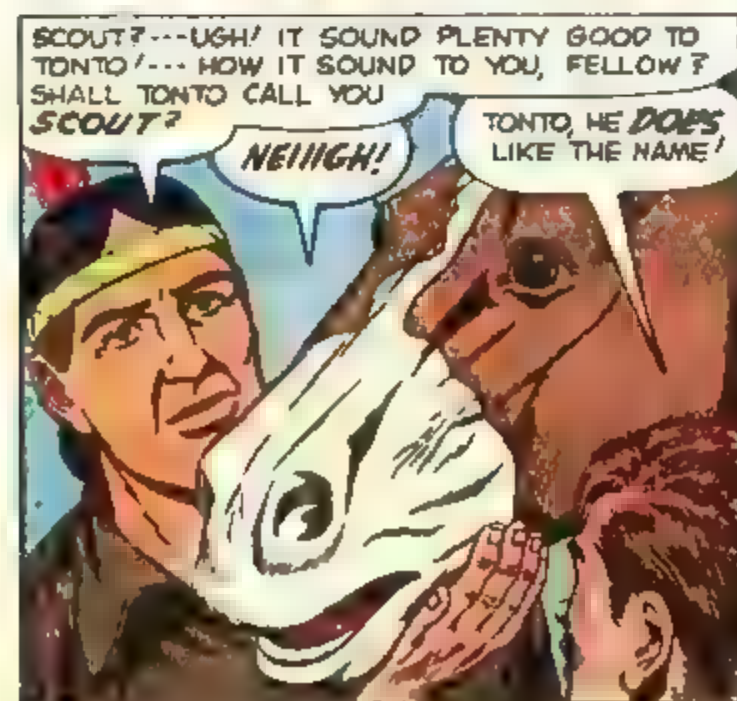
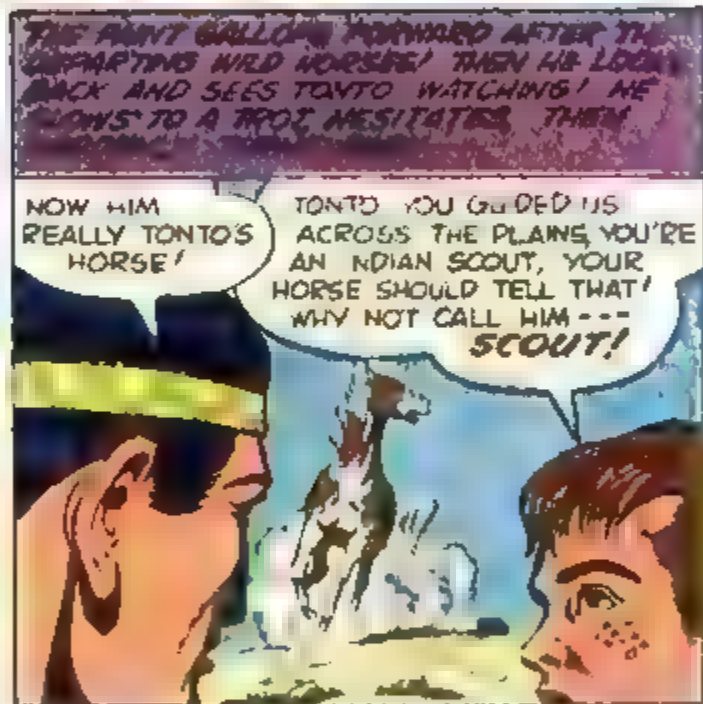
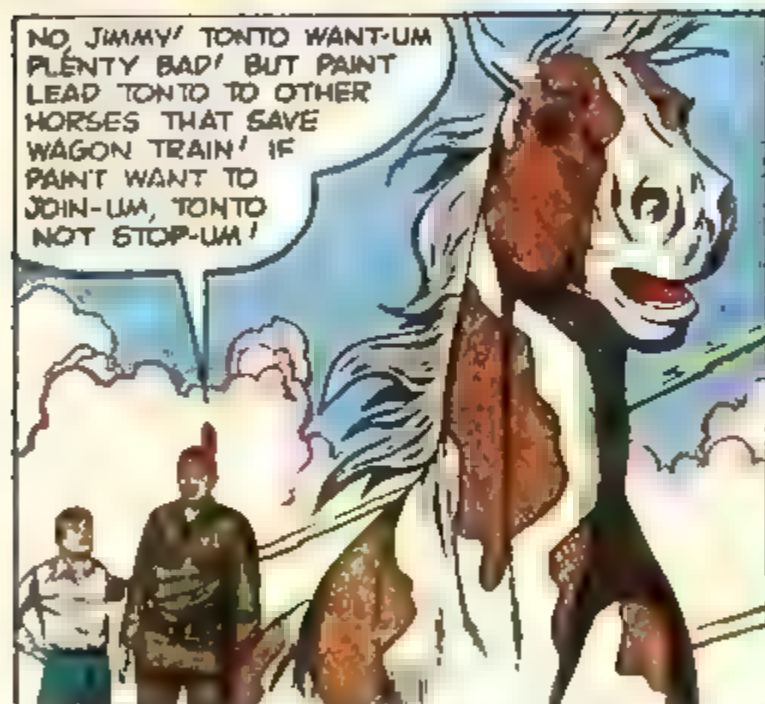
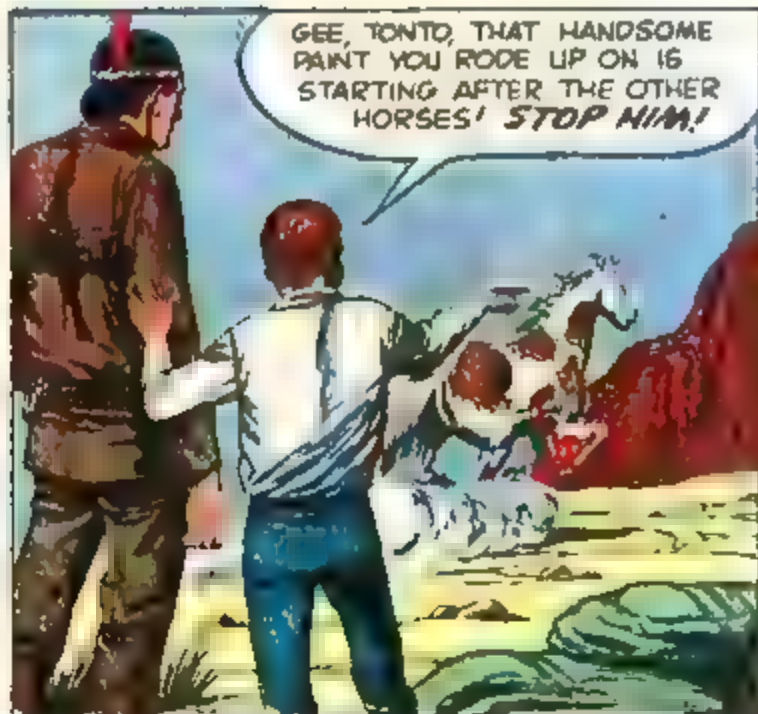
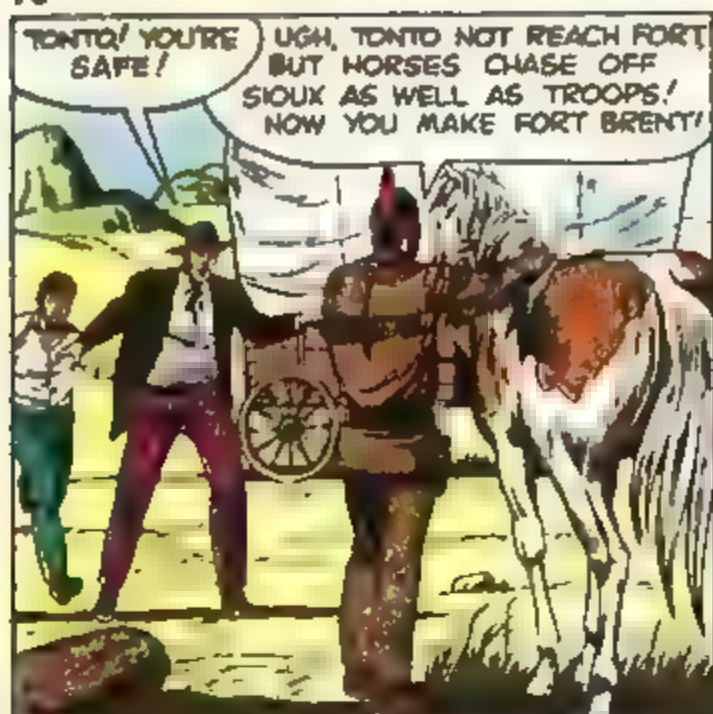


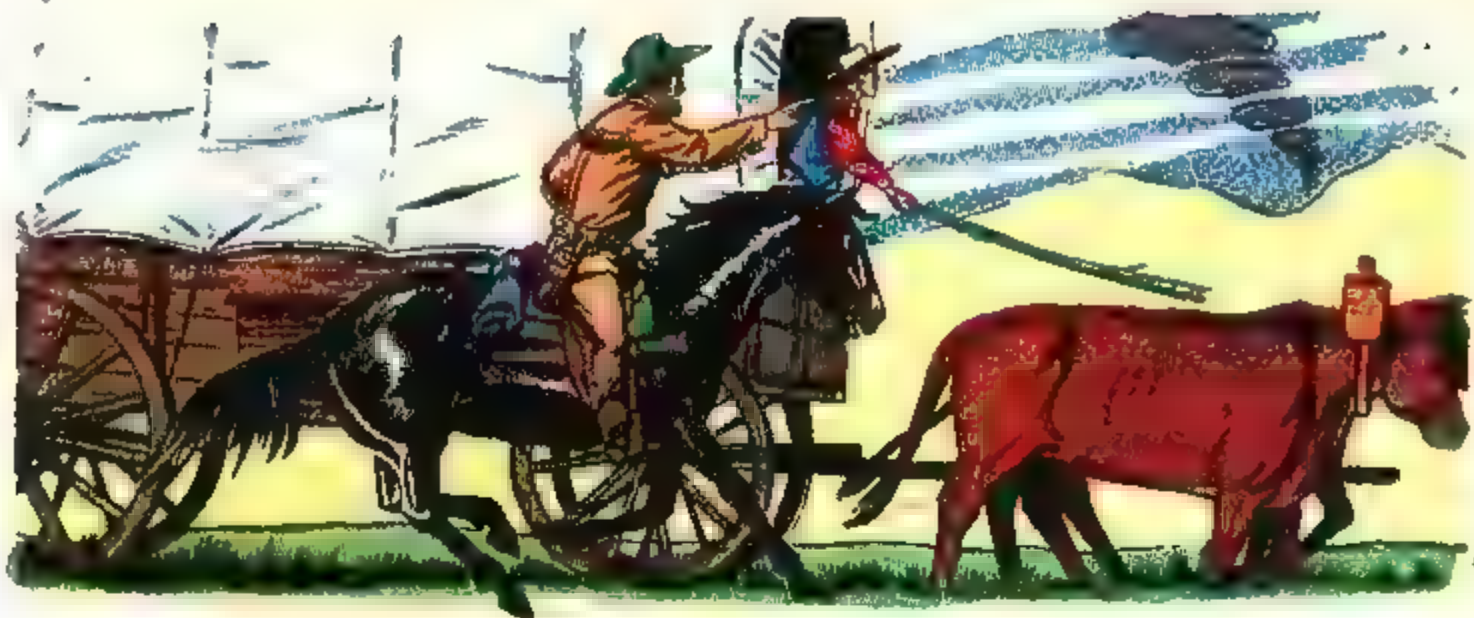


WHEN THE SOLDIERS HAVE ARRIVED AT THE WAGON FIRST, THEY ATTACK...

RALPH WE CAN'T KEEP THEM BACK MUCH LONGER! THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM THIS TIME! THEY'RE CLOSING IN!







The Western Scout

Pioneers, laboring across the great Western Plains in their prairie schooners, might never reach their destinations safely were it not for the work of the scout. Experienced in the ways of the wilderness, he is the eyes and ears of the train, guiding it safely through dangers from natural causes, Indians and wild animals.



Moccasin tracks are a sign of Indians, and by their shape identify the tribe of the wearer.



Animal tracks tell when the wild, dangerous types are near, or where small game may be found for food.



Trail signs, used by both Indians and pioneers, are used to mark the trail. They are made with materials at hand such as stones, twigs and grass knotted into small tufts.



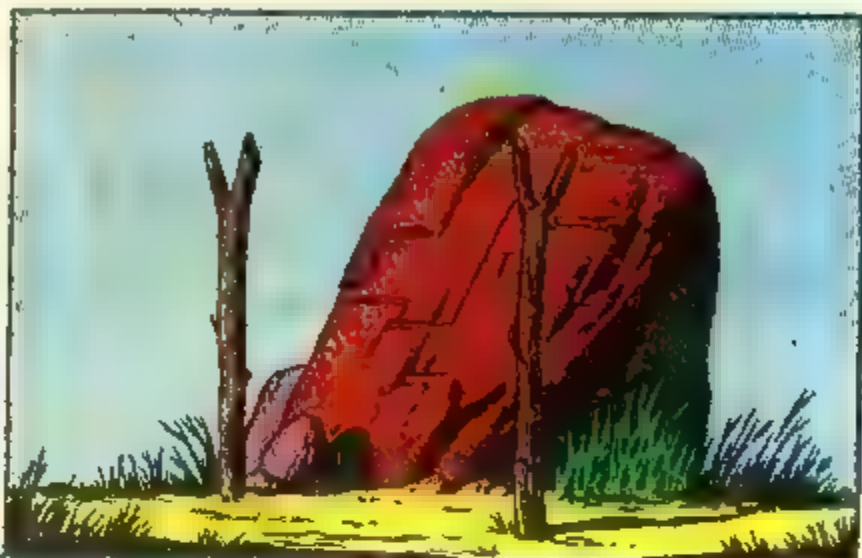
Smoke from quick, small fires is used for signalling. One column means "The Camp is here." Smoke from two separate fires, rising in parallel columns, means "Come to Council." Three columns mean "Help."

The Western Scout (continued)

Shelter from the elements at the least affords a measure of comfort, but in the extreme can mean the difference between life and death.

HOW TO BUILD A LEAN-TO

Insert two forked sticks in the ground near a rock or an earth bank.



2. Place one end of a stick in each fork and extend the other end to the ground.

3. Lay branches across sticks and cover with brush.

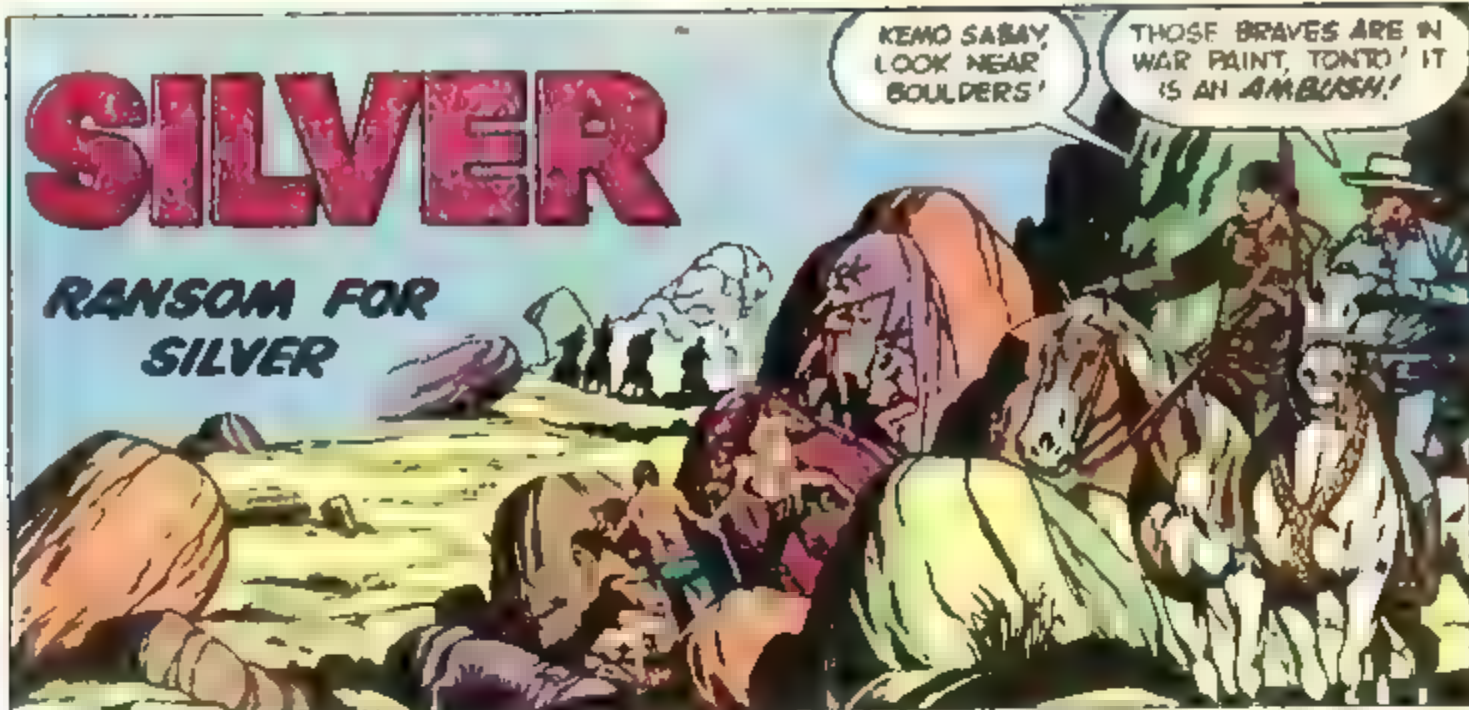


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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| R | O | B | | S | I | R | | A | R | T |
| O | | E | A | T | | O | E | R | | A |
| P | E | A | C | E | M | A | K | E | R | S |
| E | | N | E | W | | M | E | N | T | |
| S | O | D | | | | L | | | A | T |
| | N | | C | U | R | R | Y | | W | |
| R | E | D | | | | R | | | S | O |
| E | | | E | A | R | | E | A | A | O |
| B | T | A | G | E | D | E | I | V | E | R |
| E | | T | O | N | | A | D | O | | S |
| T | E | N | | | D | E | T | | E | U |

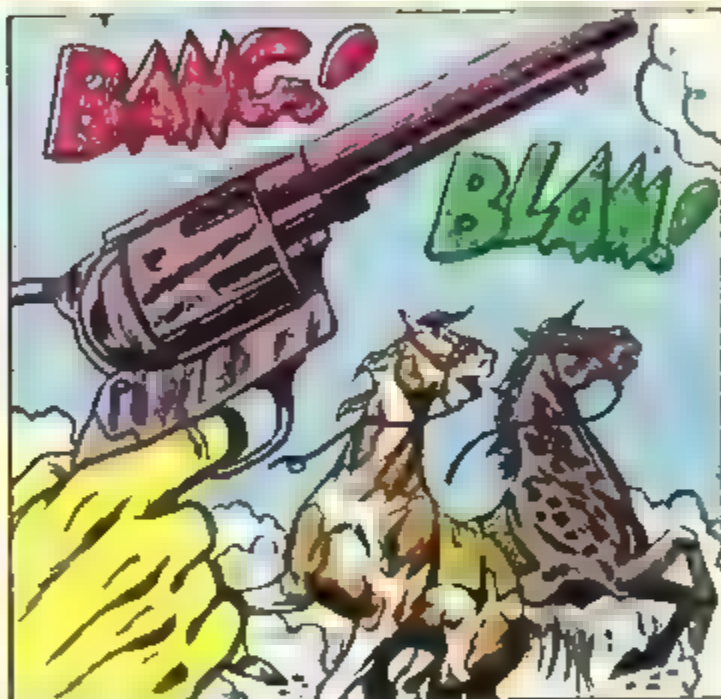
ANSWER TO CROSSWORD CORRAL

SILVER

RANSOM FOR SILVER



THERE ARE THEIR HORSES! IF WE CAN STAMPEDE THEM, THE AMBUSHERS WILL BE FORCED OUT OF HIDING AND THAT WILL ALERT THE ONCOMING INDIANS!



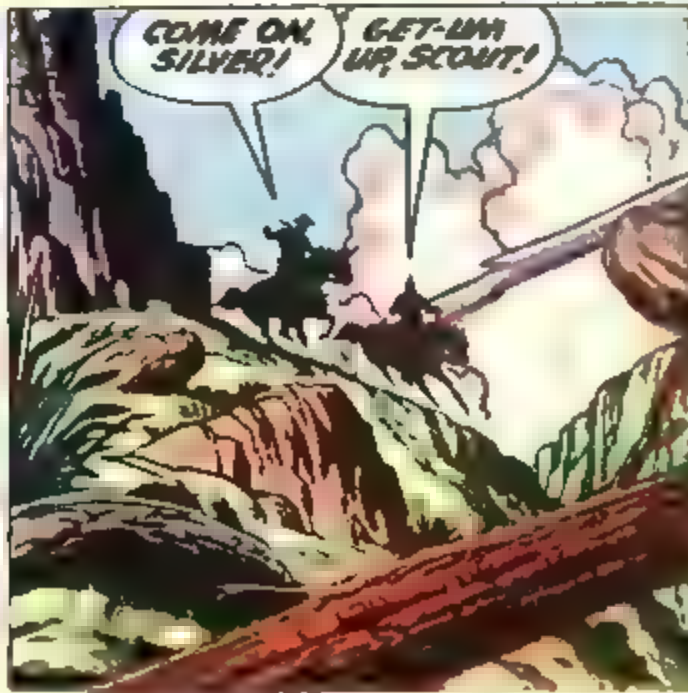
THEM LEAVE AMBUSH NOW!

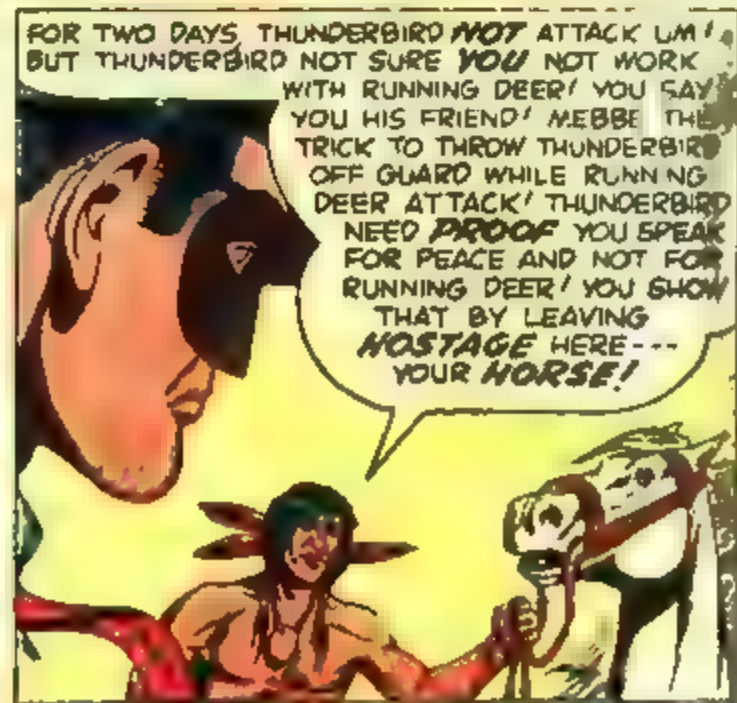
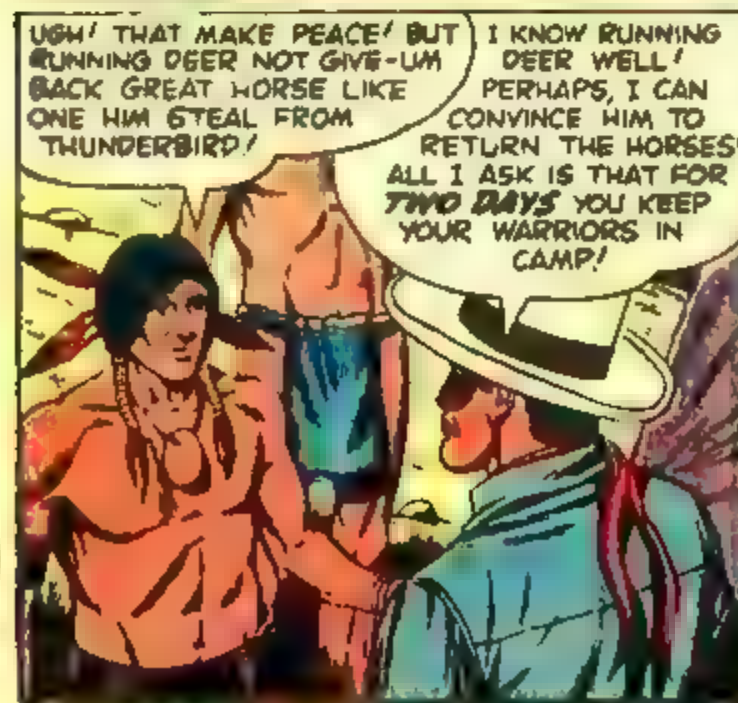
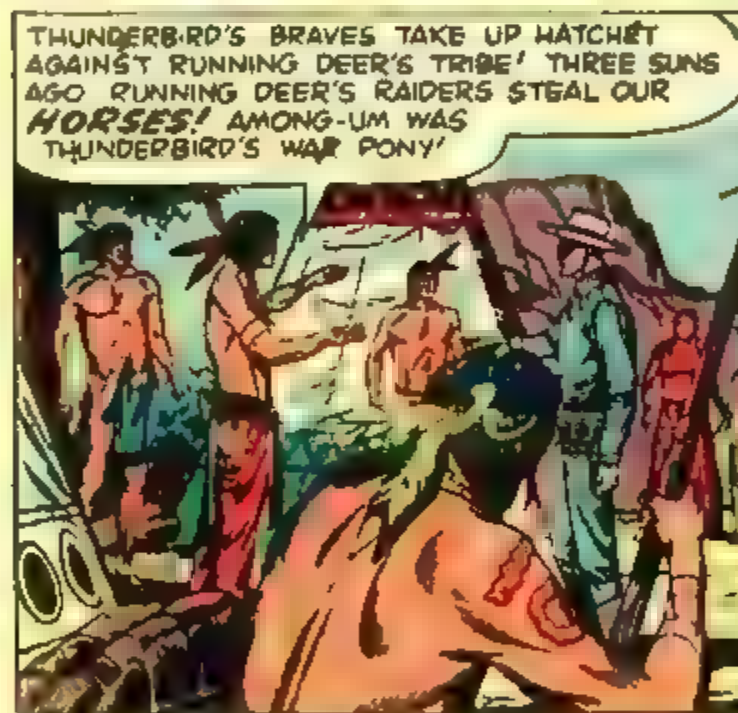
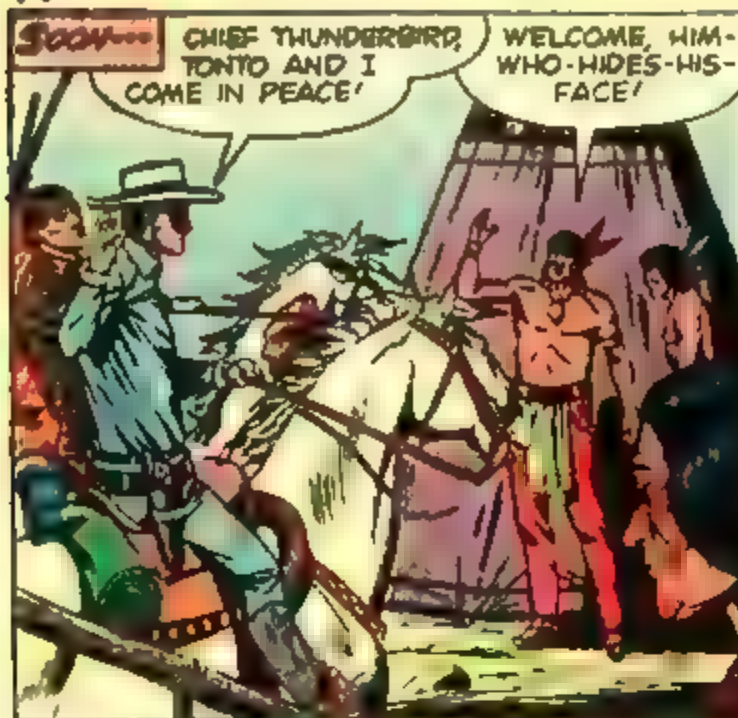
WE DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN BY THEM, TONTO! RIDE!

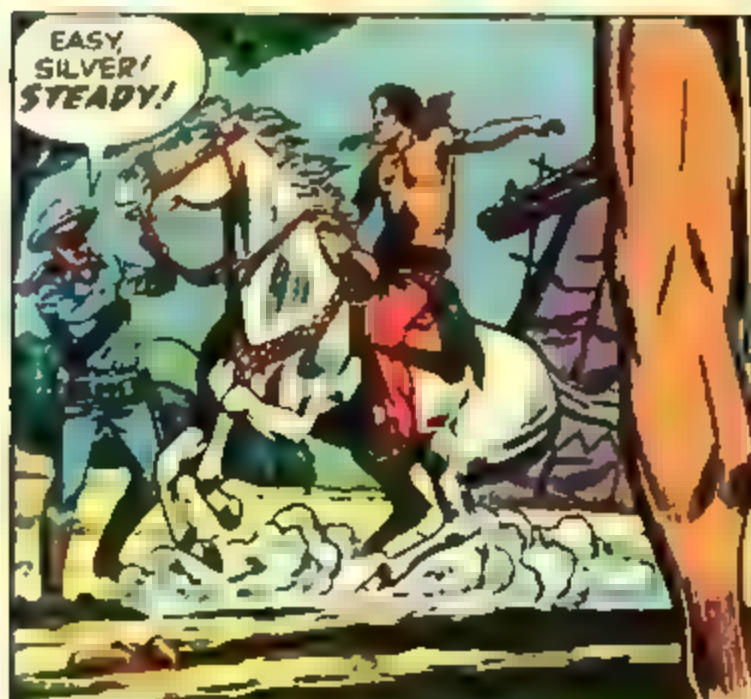
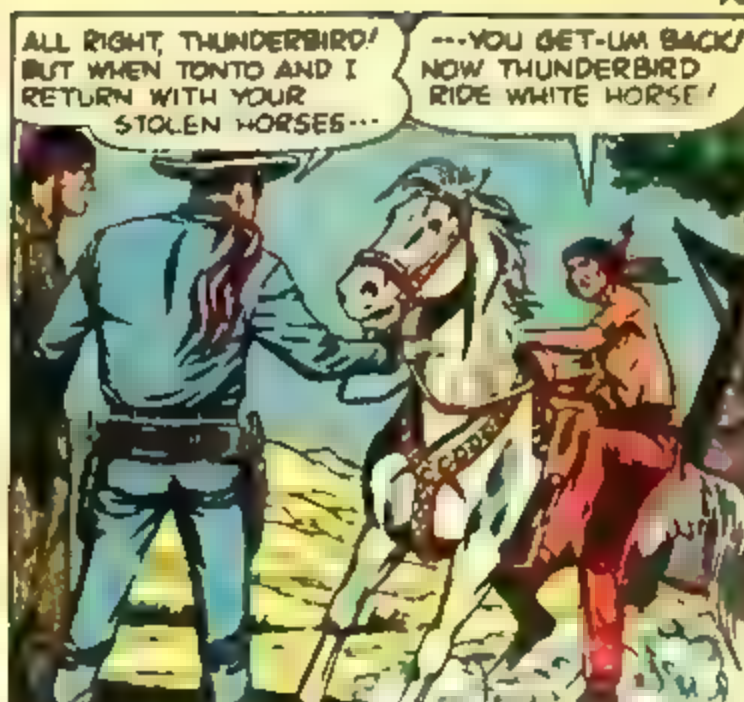


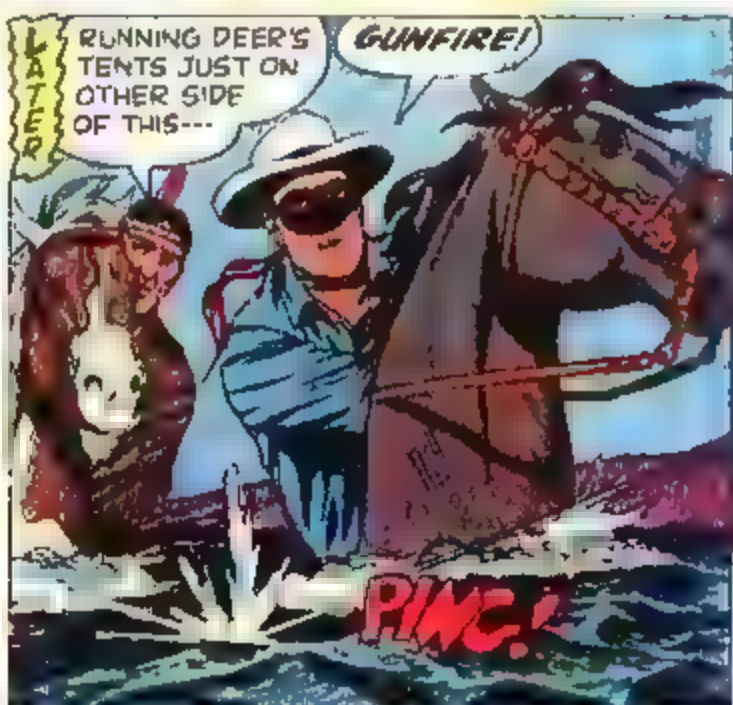
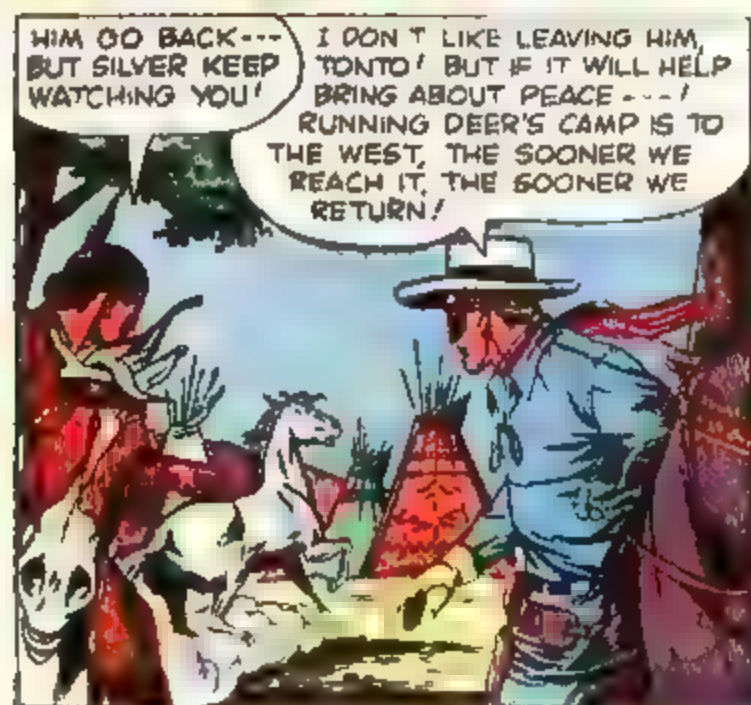
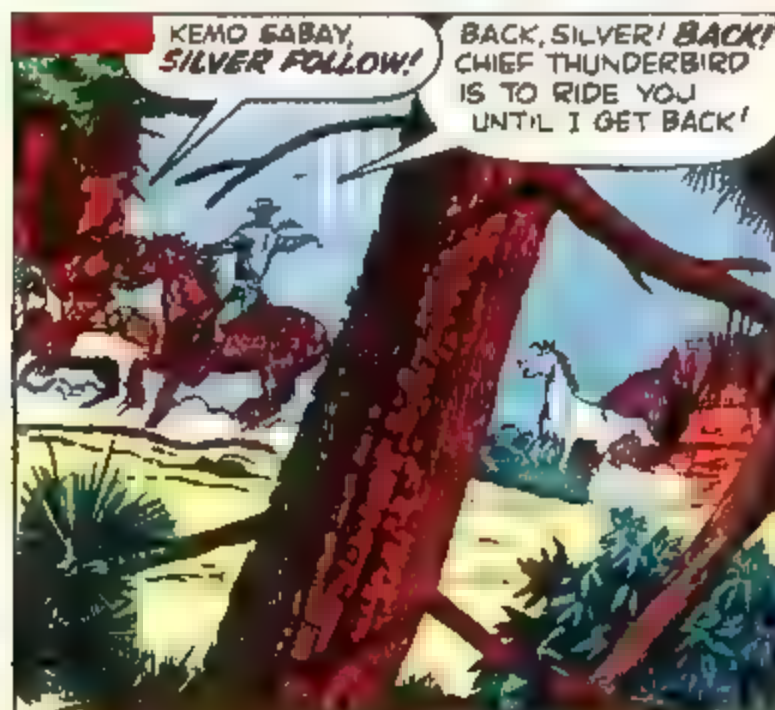
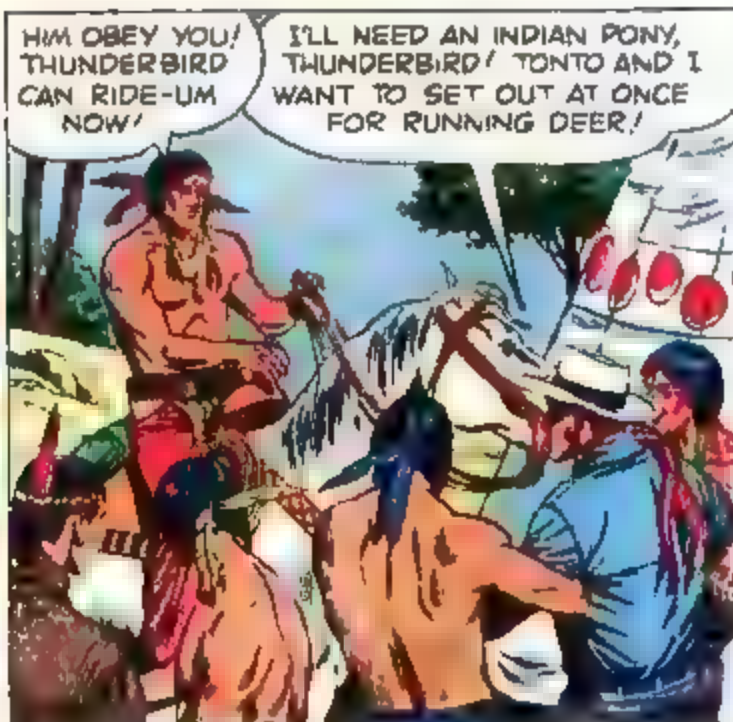
COME ON, SILVER!

GET-UP, SCOUT!









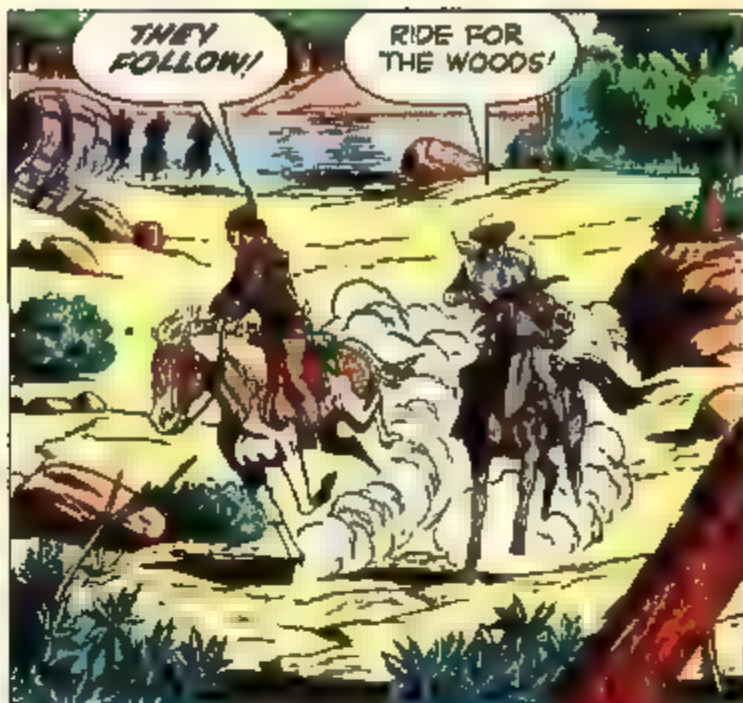
RUNNING DEER'S BRAVES ARE SHOOTING AT US! **TURN BACK!**

GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



THEY FOLLOW!

RIDE FOR THE WOODS!



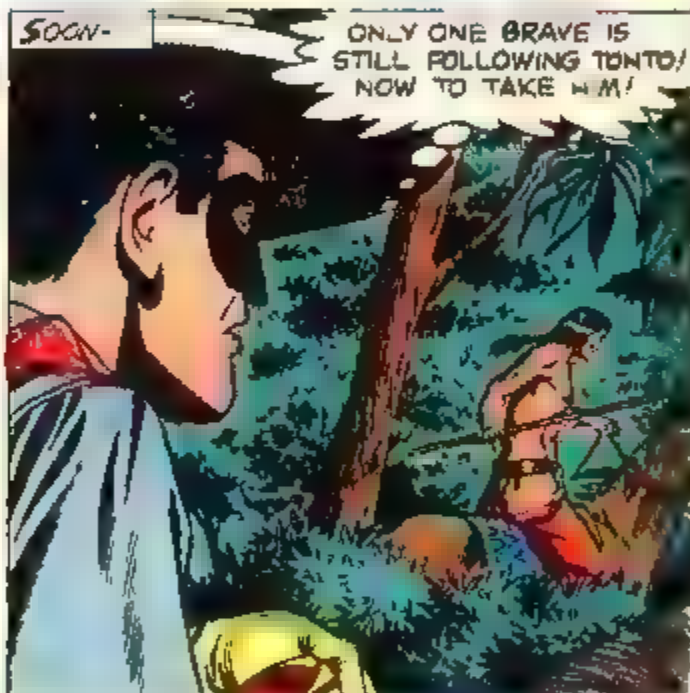
GO ON, TONTO! I'LL CIRCLE ON YOUR TRAIL AND SEE IF I CAN COME UP ON ONE OF THE BRAVES AND LEARN WHY THEY FIRED.

UGH! TONTO NOT THINK THEY CHASE US LONG!



SOON-

ONLY ONE BRAVE IS STILL FOLLOWING TONTO! NOW TO TAKE HIM!

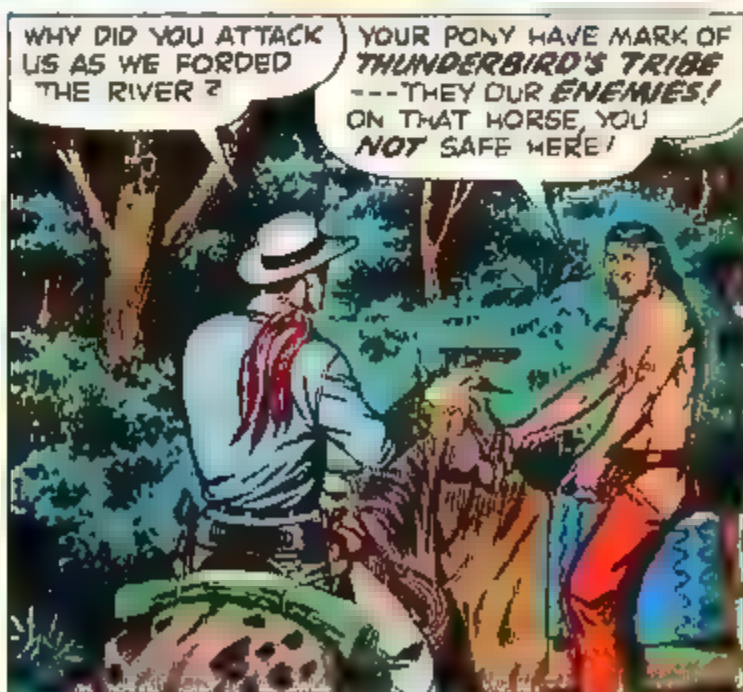


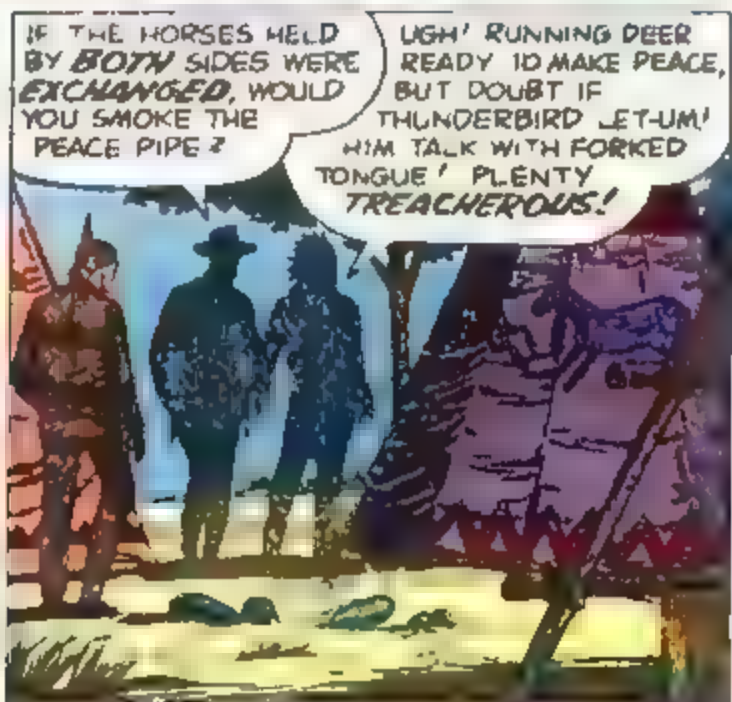
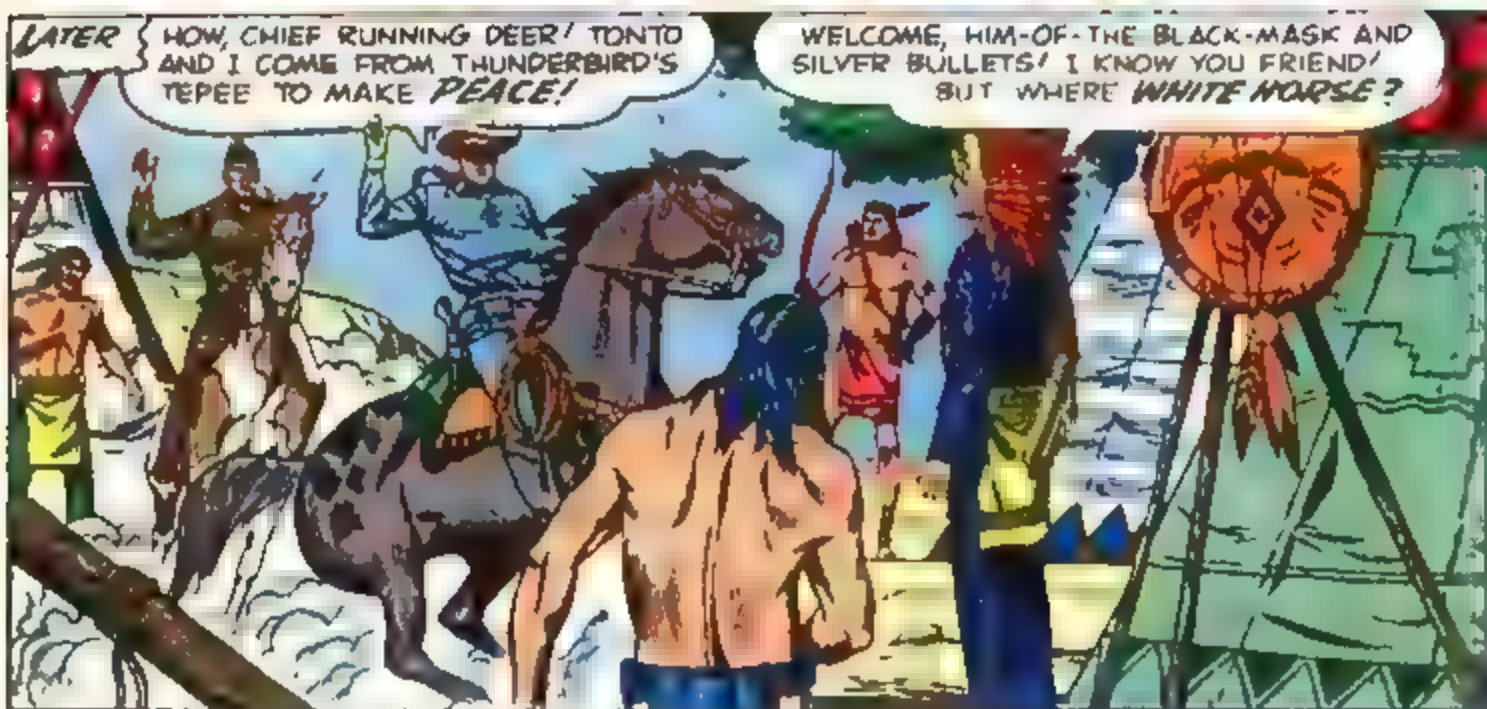
REIN IN AND DROP YOUR LANCE!



WHY DID YOU ATTACK US AS WE FORDED THE RIVER?

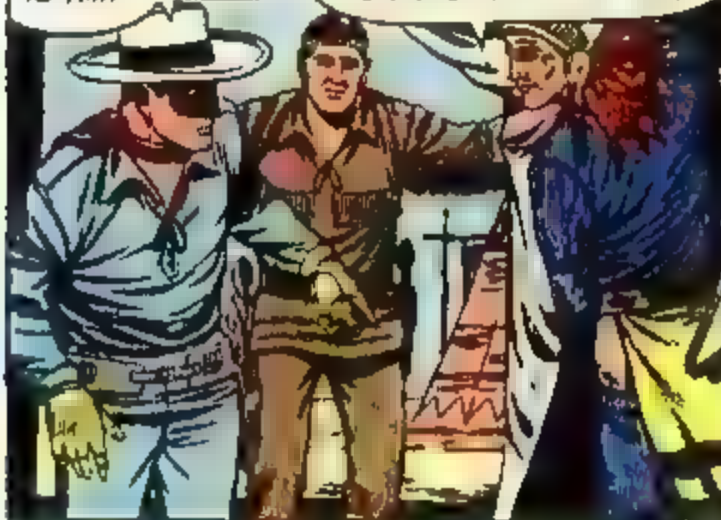
YOUR PONY HAVE MARK OF **THUNDERBIRD'S TRIBE** ---THEY OUR ENEMIES! ON THAT HORSE, YOU NOT SAFE HERE!





HE HAS AGREED TO TWO-DAYS' TRUCE, CHIEF RUNNING DEER! WILL YOU GIVE ME A PEACE WAMPUM TO TAKE TO HIM?

UGH! BUT IF YOU NOT COME BACK BY **SUNSET** TOMORROW ON YOUR **WHITE HORSE**, RUNNING DEER LEAD BRAVES TO ATTACK-UM!



I'LL RETURN WITH HIS PEACE PLEDGE BY THEN AND **RIDING SILVER!**

IT DARK NOW! TONIGHT YOU AND TONTO STAY HERE! LEAVE WHEN THE SUN RISE AND IF THERE IS TO BE PEACE, COME BACK ON WHITE HORSE BEFORE SUNSET!



THE NEXT MORNING, THE LONE RANGER SHOWS CHIEF THUNDERBIRD THE PEACE WAMPUM FROM RUNNING DEER---

THUNDERBIRD AGREE TO MEET-UM TO EXCHANGE HORSES AND SMOKE CALUMET!

THEN THERE WILL BE PEACE, THUNDERBIRD! IF YOU'LL GIVE ME YOUR WAMPUM NOW SAYING YOU WISH A POWWOW, I'LL BRING IT TO RUNNING DEER **ON SILVER!**



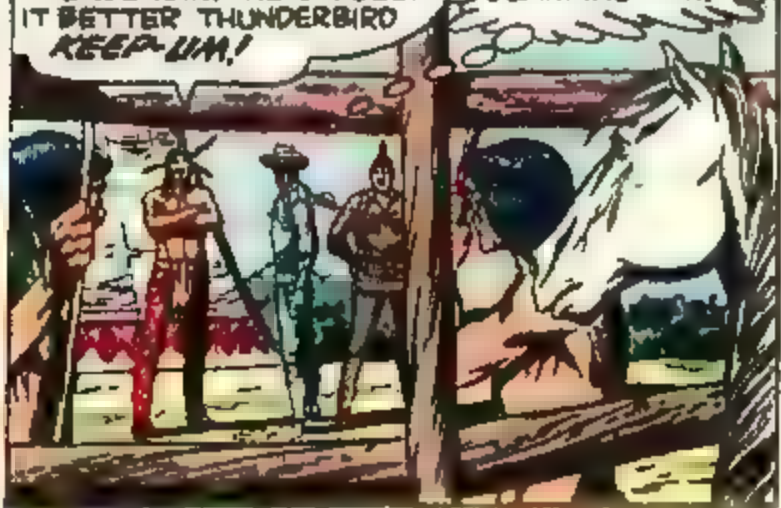
I GIVE WAMPUM BUT THUNDERBIRD **KEEP** WHITE HORSE!

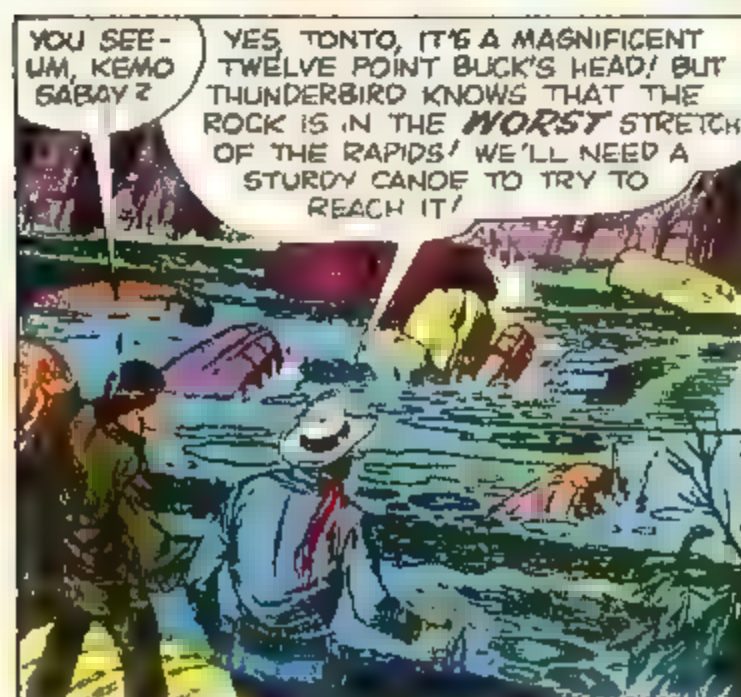
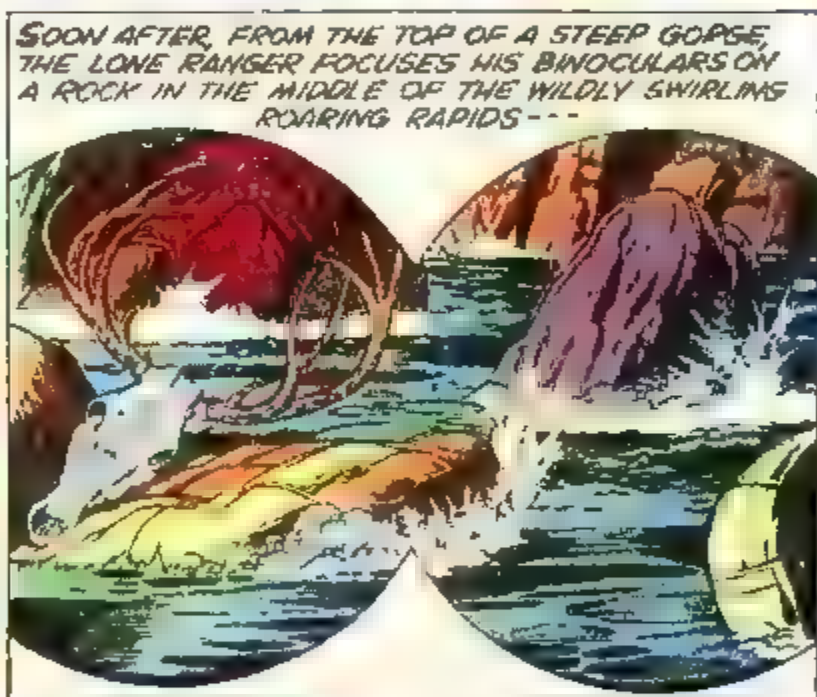
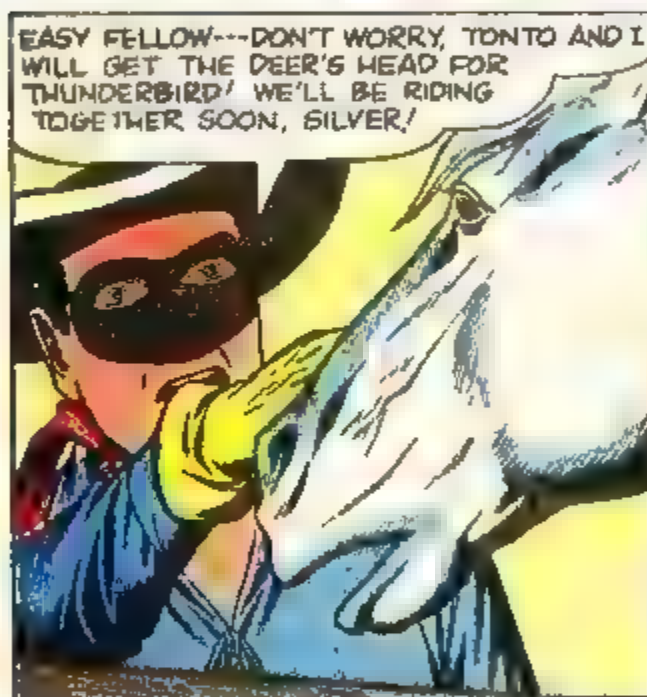
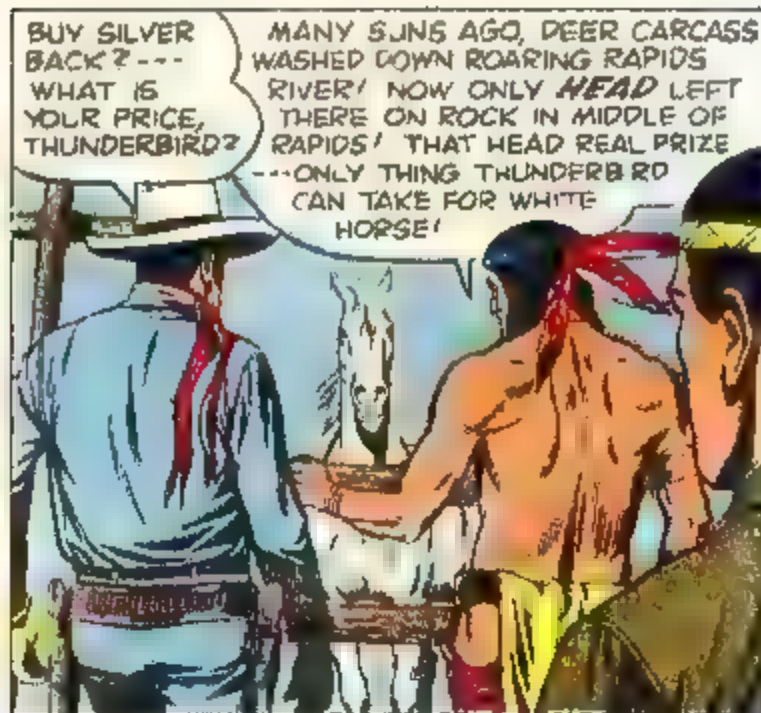
OUR AGREEMENT WAS TO LET YOU RIDE HIM UNTIL WE RETURNED FROM RUNNING DEER'S CAMP! I HAVE COME BACK TO **CLAIM MY HORSE!**



THUNDERBIRD KNOW HIM **YOUR** HORSE, BUT ALL BRAVES THINK YOU **GIVE-UM** TO THUNDERBIRD AS **GIFT!** IF THUNDERBIRD RETURN-UM, BRAVES THINK THUNDERBIRD **HEAP FOOL!** IT BETTER THUNDERBIRD **KEEP-UM!**

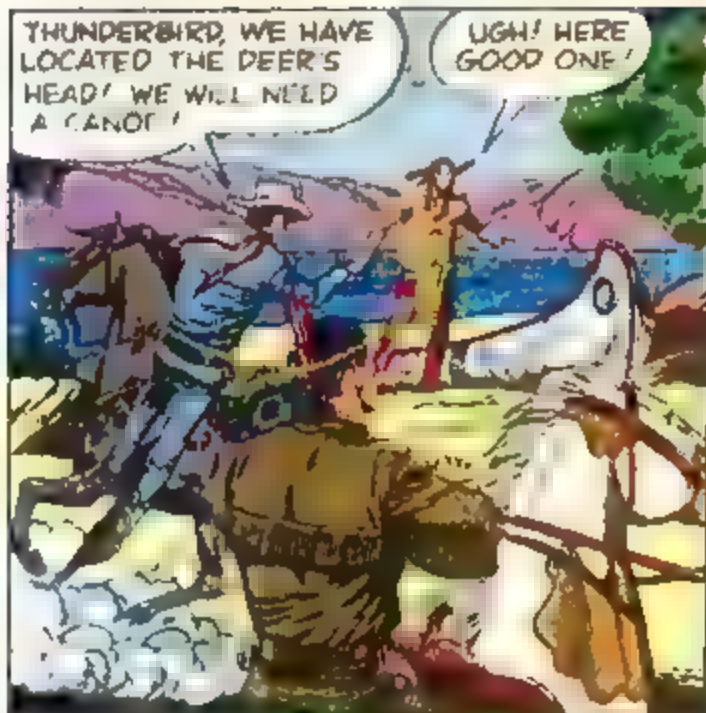
AND IF I TRY TO TAKE SILVER BY FORCE I'LL **NOT** GET FAR WITH THOSE BRAVES GUARDING HIM!





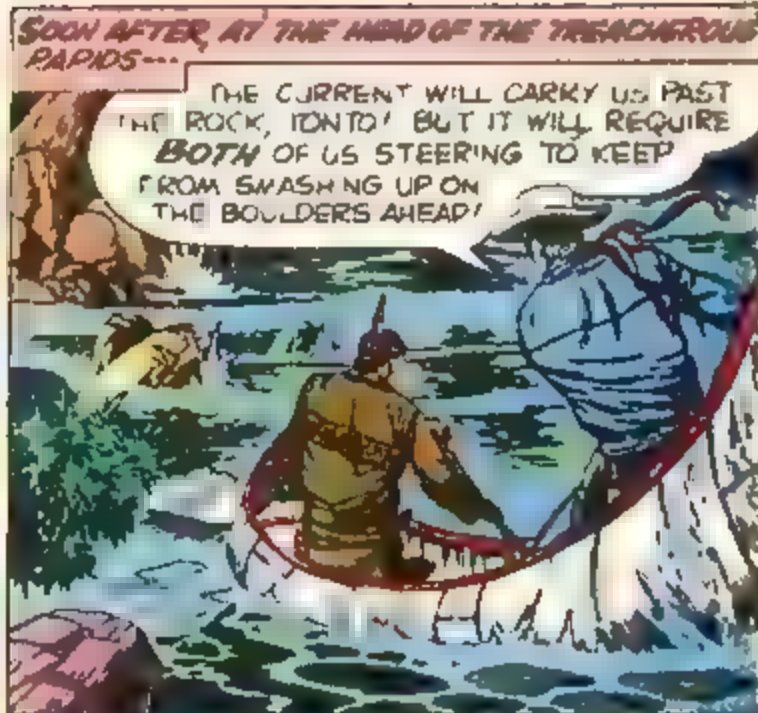
THUNDERBIRD, WE HAVE
LOCATED THE DEER'S
HEAD! WE WILL NEED
A CANOE!

UGH! HERE
GOOD ONE!



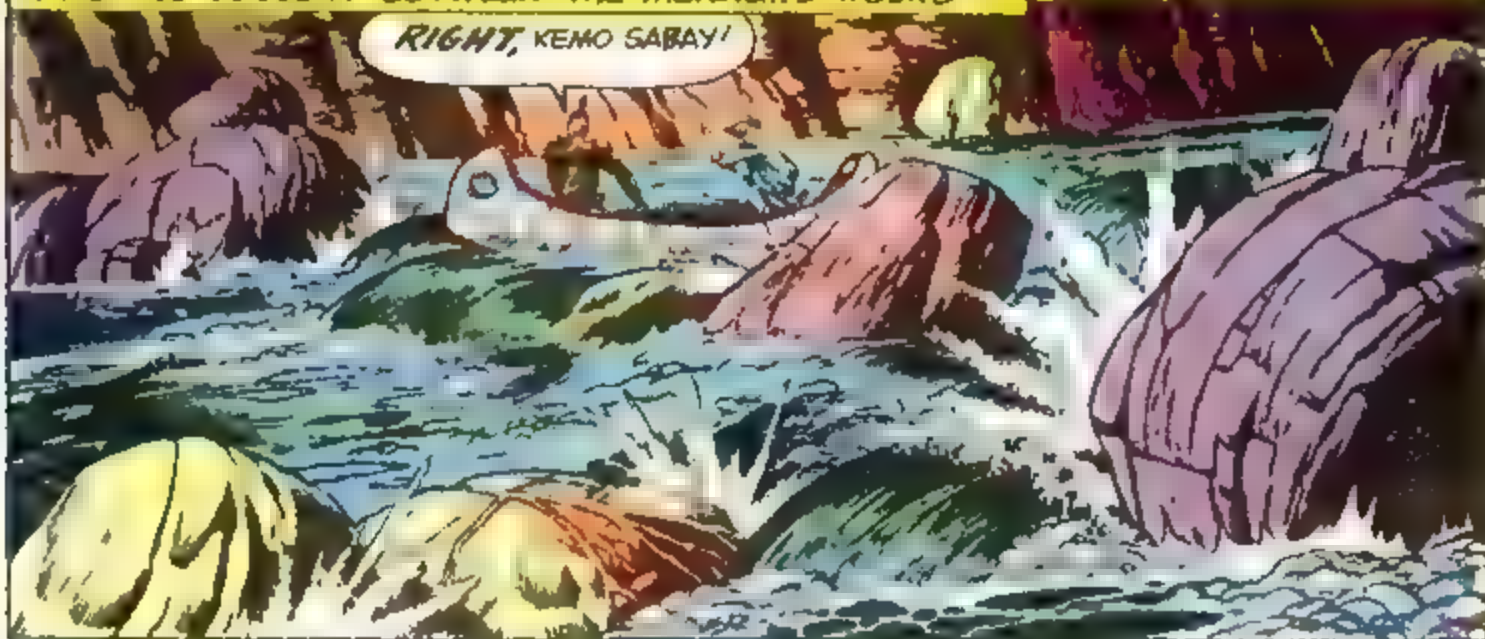
SOON AFTER, AT THE HEAD OF THE TREACHEROUS
RAPIDS---

THE CURRENT WILL CARRY US PAST
THE ROCK, TONTO! BUT IT WILL REQUIRE
BOTH OF US STEERING TO KEEP
FROM SMASHING UP ON
THE BOULDERS AHEAD!



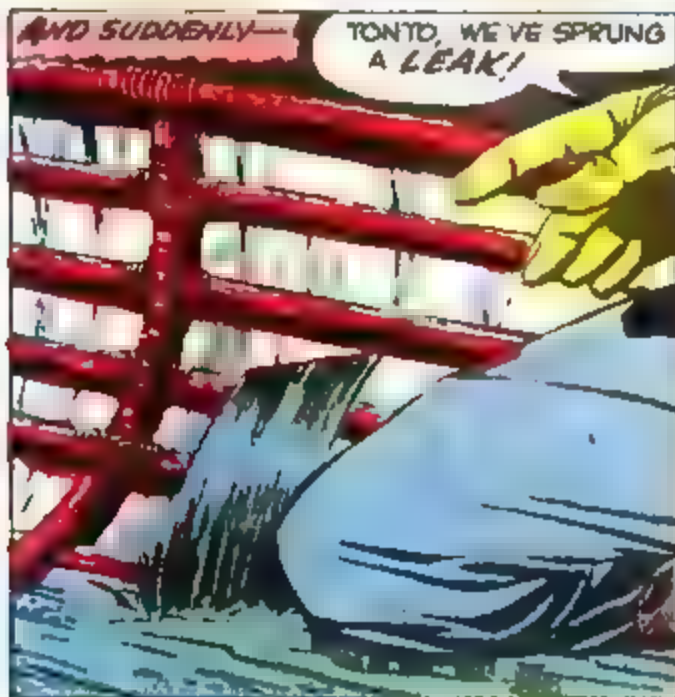
LOUDER AND LOUDER THE WHITE FOAMING WATER ROARS AS THE CANOE GATHERS SPEED
IN ITS WILD DESCENT BETWEEN THE MENACING ROCKS---

RIGHT, KENO SABAY!



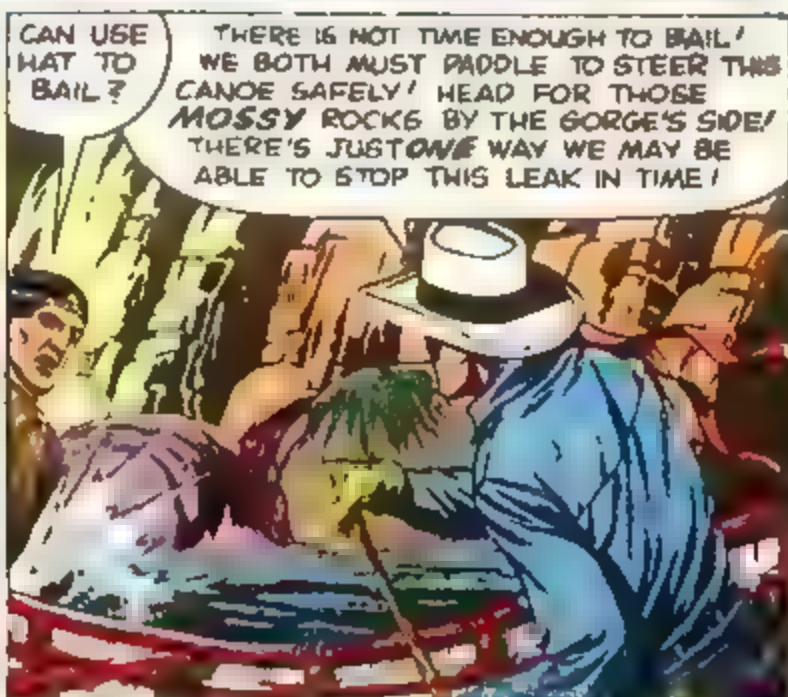
AND SUDDENLY---

TONTO, WE'VE SPRUNG
A LEAK!

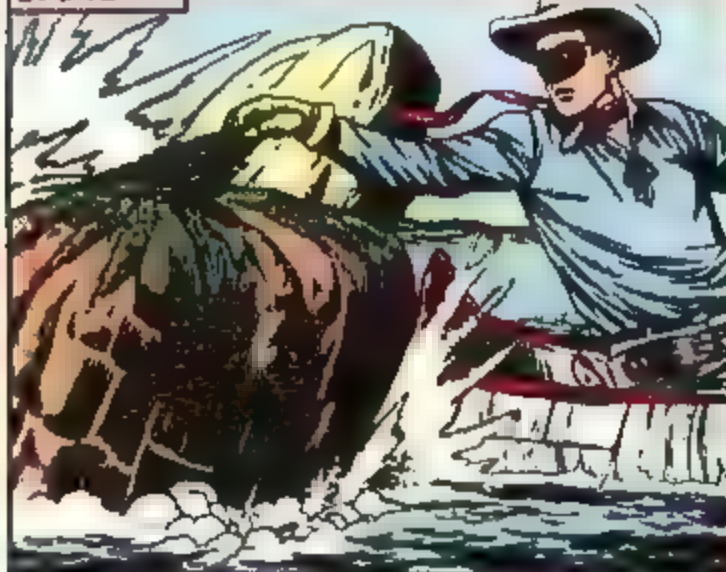


CAN USE
HAT TO
BAIL?

THERE IS NOT TIME ENOUGH TO BAIL!
WE BOTH MUST PADDLE TO STEER THIS
CANOE SAFELY! HEAD FOR THOSE
MOSSY ROCKS BY THE GORGE'S SIDE!
THERE'S JUST ONE WAY WE MAY BE
ABLE TO STOP THIS LEAK IN TIME!

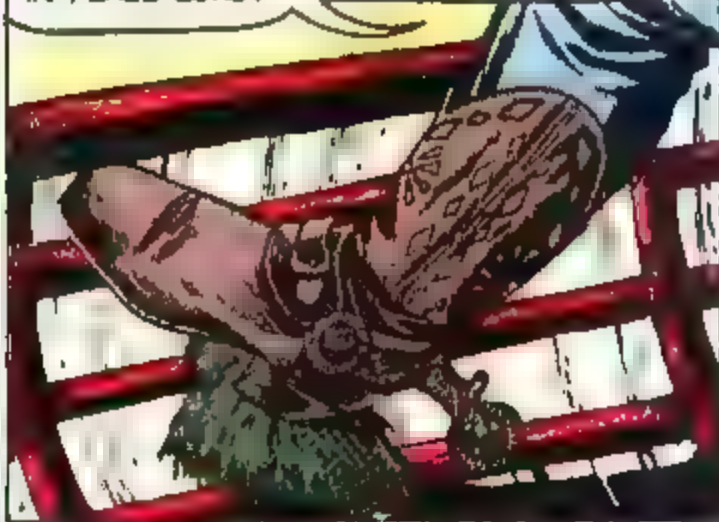


AND AS THE CANOE RACES BY THE MOSS-COVERED ROCK WALL, THE LONE RANGER RIPS THE SOFT, POROUS MOSS FROM THE STONE---



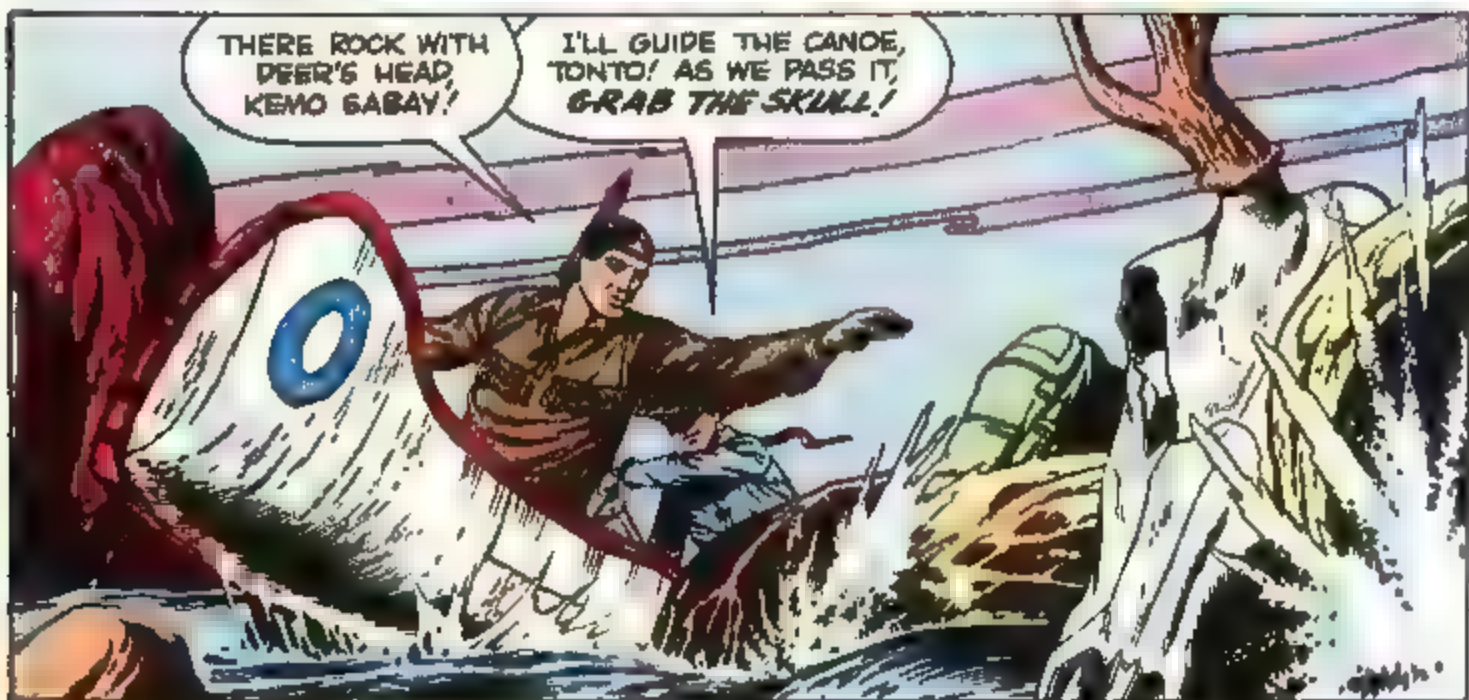
THEN WITH HIS BOOT HEEL, HE POUNDS THE PLIABLE MOSS INTO THE HOLE---

THERE! THE MOSS WILL KEEP MOST OF THE WATER OUT! BUT THAT PLUG WILL NOT STAY IN PLACE LONG!



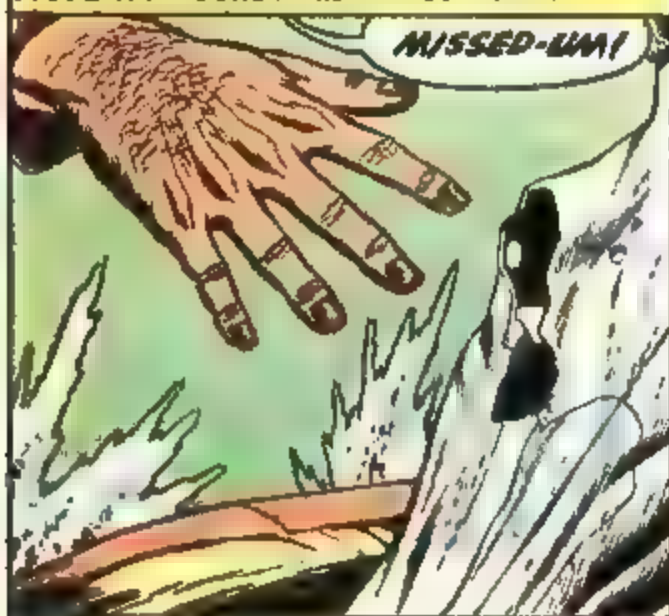
THERE ROCK WITH DEER'S HEAD, KEMO SABAY!

I'LL GUIDE THE CANOE, TONTO! AS WE PASS IT, GRAB THE SKULL!

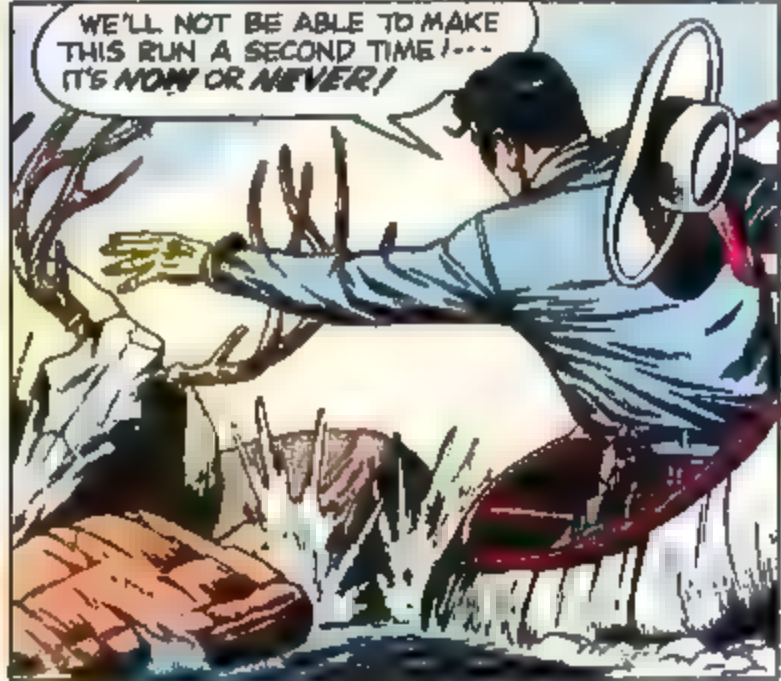


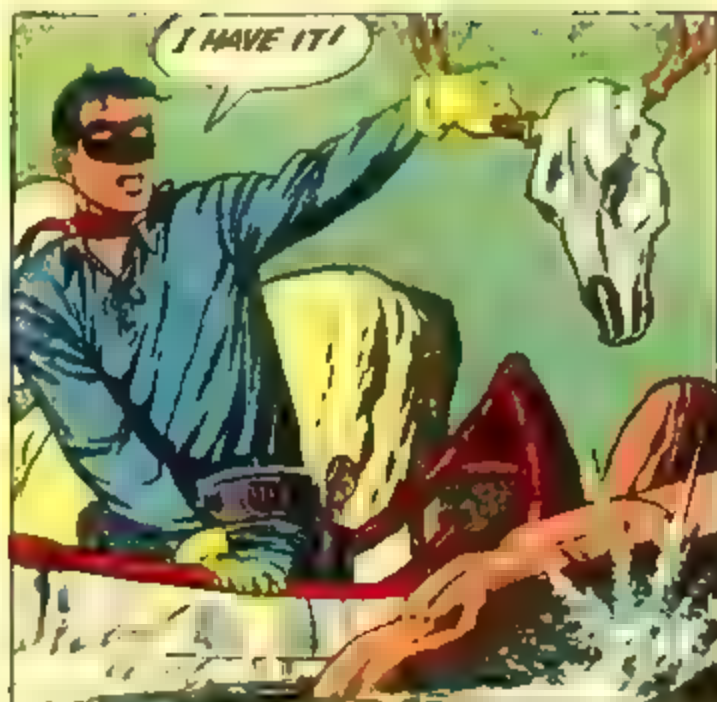
BUT THE POWERFUL, TRICKY CURRENT SUDDENLY PUSHES THE CANOE AWAY---

MISSED-UM!



WE'LL NOT BE ABLE TO MAKE THIS RUN A SECOND TIME!--- IT'S NOW OR NEVER!



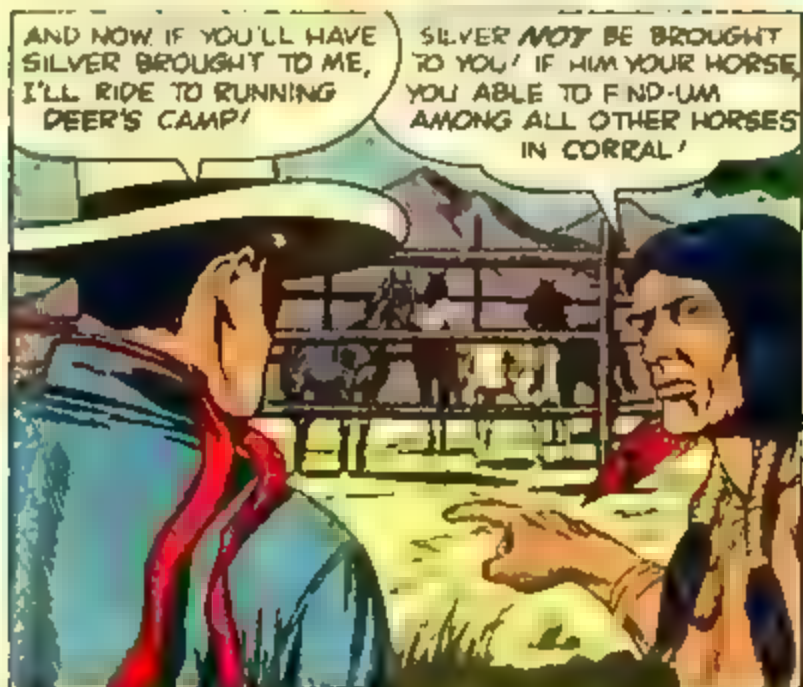


I HAVE IT!



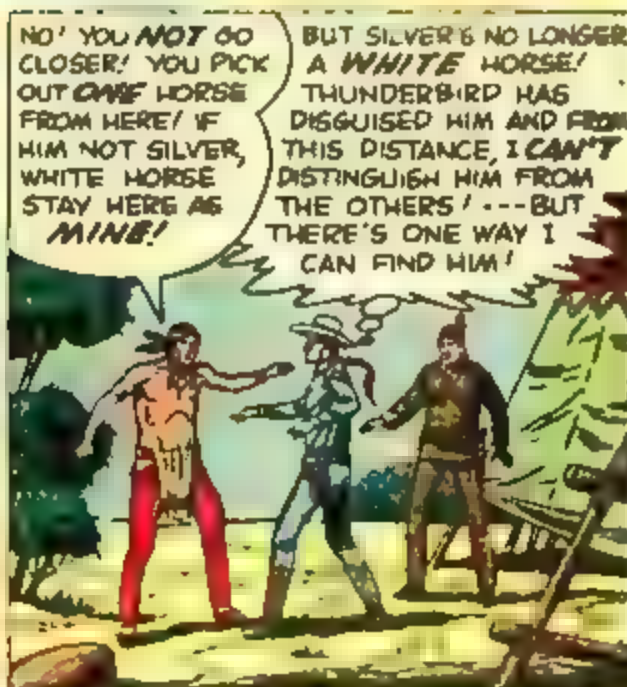
LATER... HERE IS THE BUCK'S HEAD, THUNDERBIRD!

AND HERE WHITE WAMPUM THAT SAY THUNDERBIRD MEET RUNNING DEER IN PEACE POWWOW!



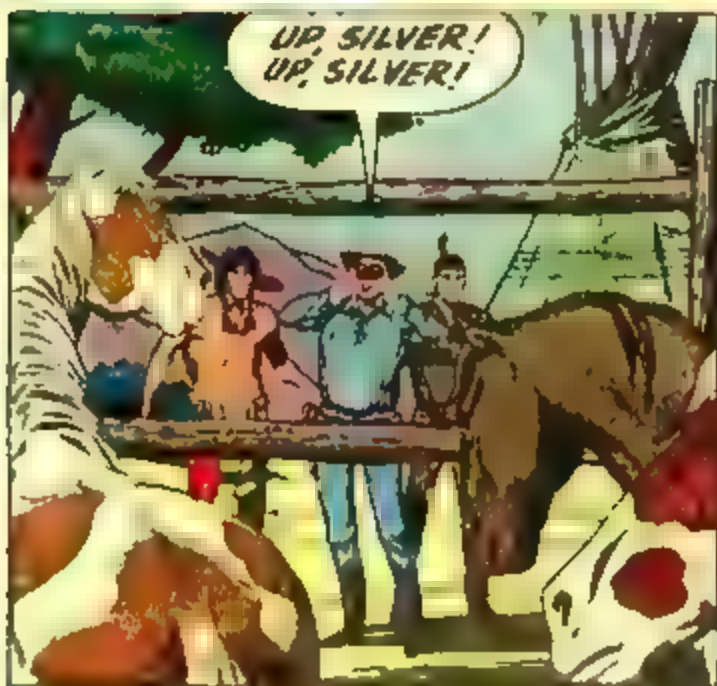
AND NOW IF YOU'LL HAVE SILVER BROUGHT TO ME, I'LL RIDE TO RUNNING DEER'S CAMP!

SILVER *NOT* BE BROUGHT TO YOU! IF HIM YOUR HORSE, YOU ABLE TO FIND-UM AMONG ALL OTHER HORSES IN CORRAL!

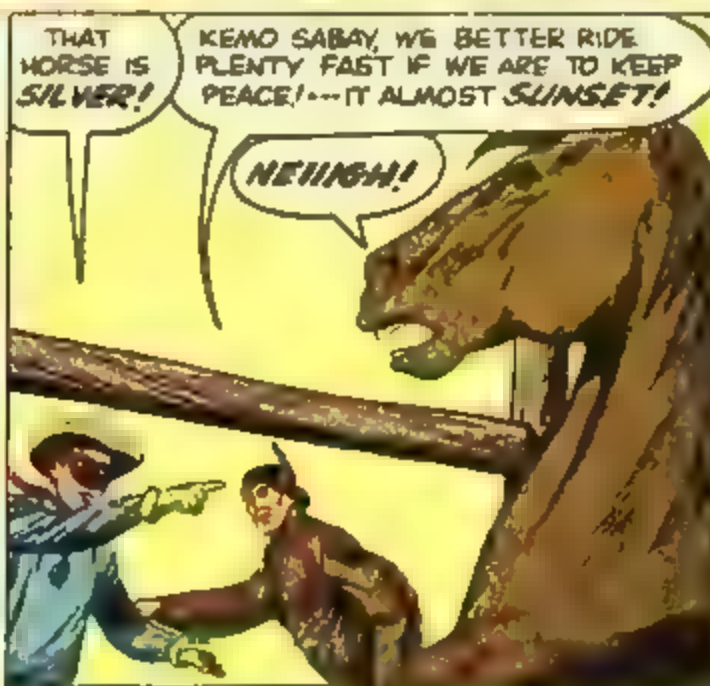


NO! YOU *NOT* GO CLOSER! YOU PICK OUT *ONE* HORSE FROM HERE! IF HIM NOT SILVER, WHITE HORSE STAY HERE AS *MINE*!

BUT SILVER'S NO LONGER A *WHITE* HORSE! THUNDERBIRD HAS DISGUISED HIM AND FROM THIS DISTANCE, I *CAN'T* DISTINGUISH HIM FROM THE OTHERS! ...BUT THERE'S ONE WAY I CAN FIND HIM!



UP, SILVER! UP, SILVER!



THAT HORSE IS SILVER!

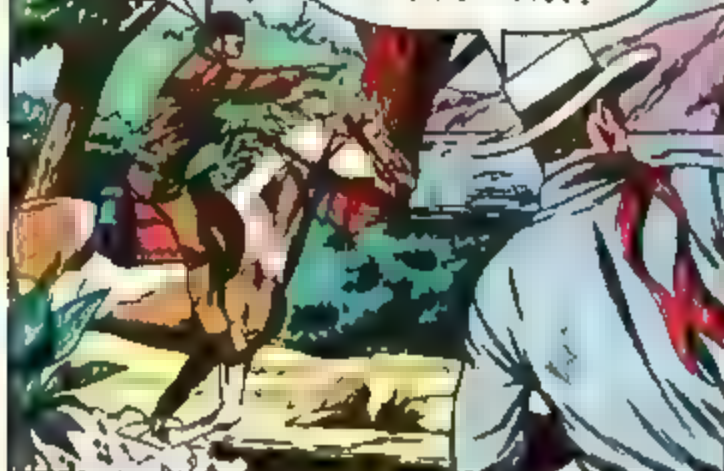
KEMO SABAY, WE BETTER RIDE PLENTY FAST IF WE ARE TO KEEP PEACE!...IT ALMOST SUNSET!

NEIGH!

QUICKLY THE LONE RANGER SADDLES THE STILL
HIND-COVERED SILVER AND THEY RACE FOR
RUNNING DEER'S CAMP---

THERE RIVER, BUT
SUN ALREADY
DOWN!

RUNNING DEER'S BRAVES
ARE STARTING TO COME
OVER---AND THEY ARE
IN WAR PAINT!



RUNNING DEER, HIM-
OF-THE-BLACK-
MASK COMES!

YES, BUT **NOT** ON HIS
WHITE HORSE! THAT
MEANS THUNDERBIRD DOES
NOT WANT PEACE! WE
SHALL **ATTACK!**



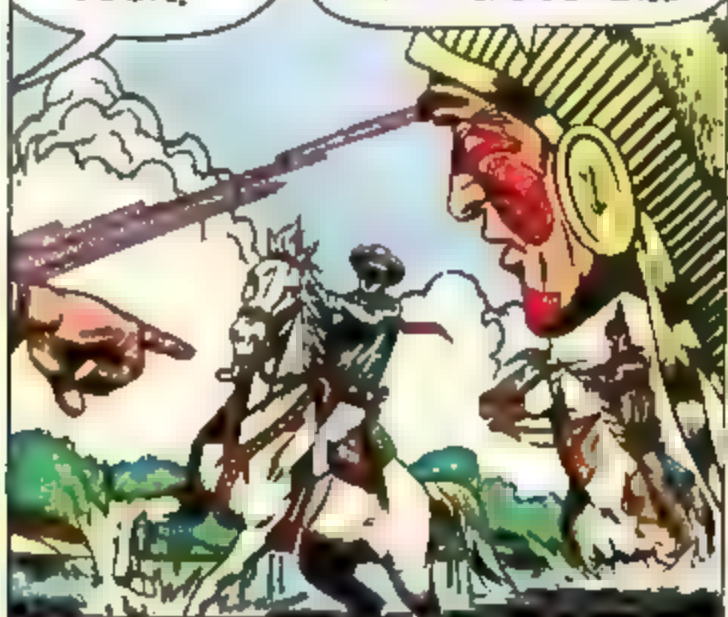
WAIT, RUNNING DEER! PUT UP
YOUR WEAPONS! I BRING A PEACE
WAMPUM FROM THUNDERBIRD!

MEBBE WAMPUM SAY PEACE, BUT RUNNING
DEER NOT BELIEVE THUNDERBIRD SINCE HIM **NOT**
RETURN YOUR WHITE HORSE TO YOU!



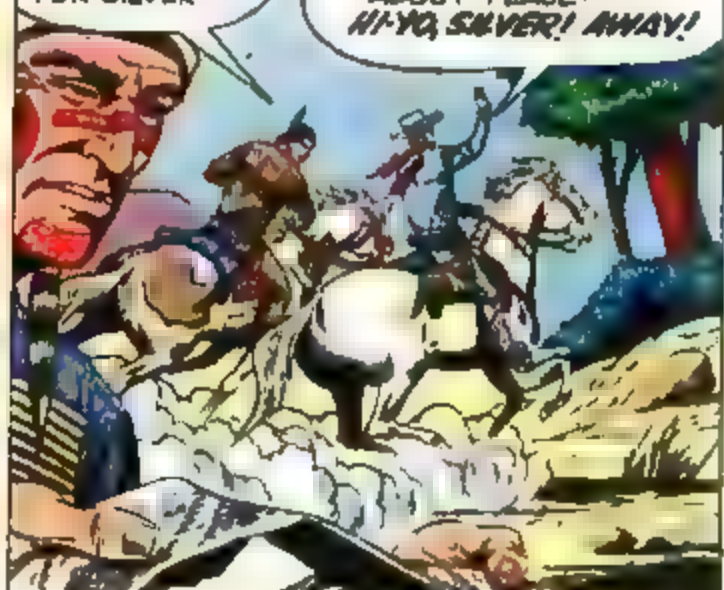
RUNNING DEER,
LOOK!

HORSE IS **WHITE!**---
THEN THERE BE PEACE!

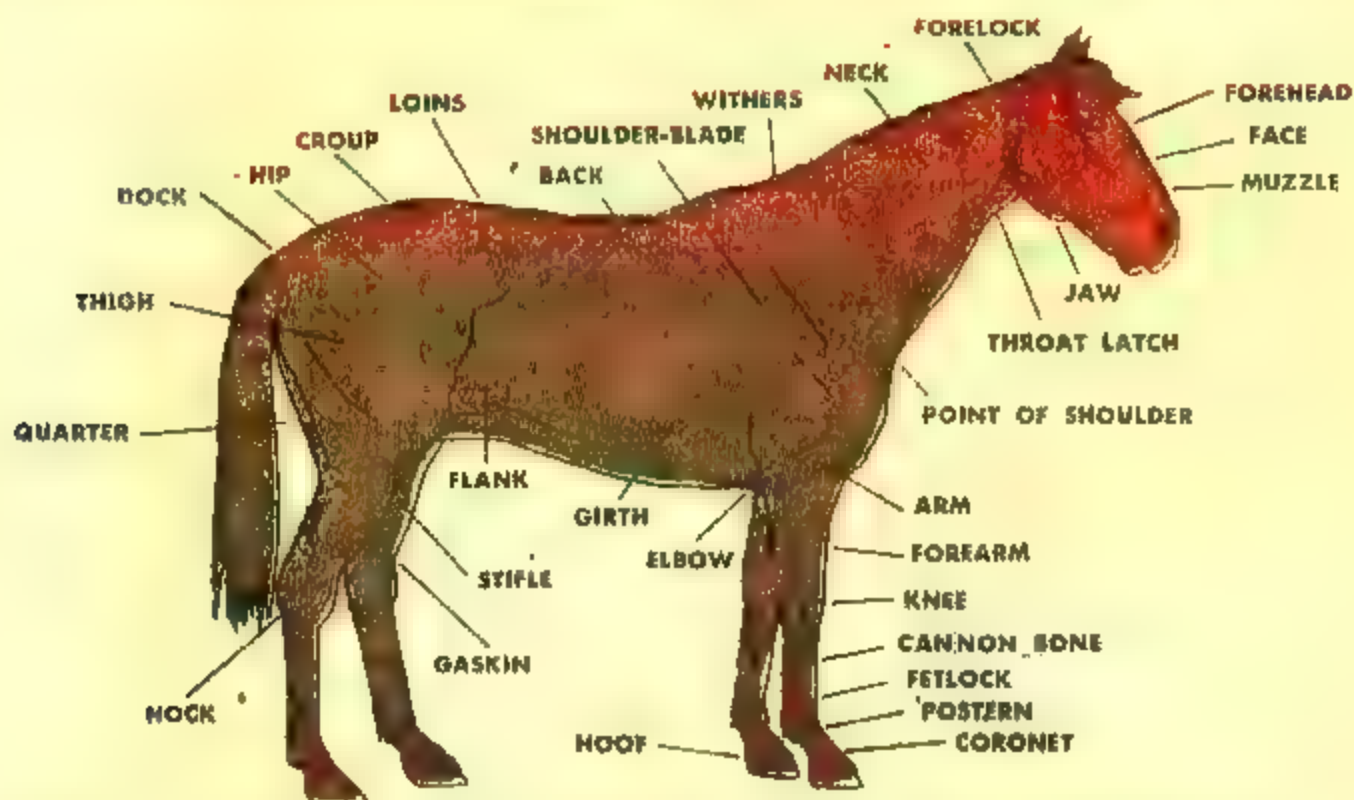


IT DIFFICULT
RANDOM YOU PAY
FOR SILVER!

YES, TONTO, BUT IT WAS
WORTH IT TO BRING
ABOUT PEACE!---
HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!



The anatomy of the horse



THE BACK of a horse was never intended by nature to bear a man's weight. A weak spinal column may often bend downward under the load and, at times, become so severely crippled that the horse is called swayback. One way to avoid this condition is to ride up on the shoulders, or back on the haunches if the horse seems to have a weak back.



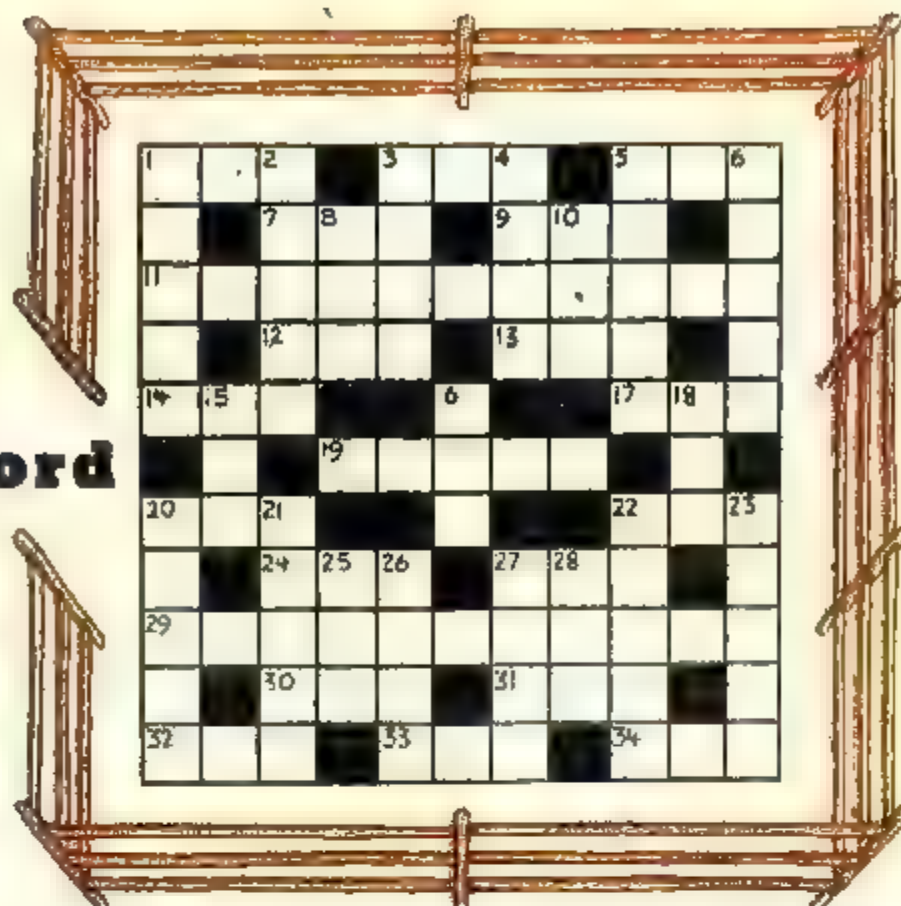
THE HOOF of a horse is made up of horny parts separated by layers of soft, nourishing tissue. He walks on the horny parts, but with hard work over rough ground, they soon wear down. To prevent this, a metal shoe is nailed to the horny edge of his hoof—a process which is completely painless.



THE MOUTH of a horse is one of the most sensitive parts of his body. For this reason, a bit and bridle, gently handled by an experienced rider will guide a trained horse according to the wishes of its master. The bridle must be handled with care, however, so as not to cut or otherwise injure the horse's mouth.

Crossword

corral



ACROSS

1. Outlaw business.
3. Polite-like "mister."
5. Saddle Tooling is an ———.
7. Desert rodent.
9. Over [poetical].
11. Nickname for .44's.
12. Opposite of old
13. Many brave ——— and women settled the old west.
14. Grassy earth.
17. Had a meal.
19. To groom a horse.
20. Bandanna color.
22. To scatter seed.
24. We hear with this.
27. Sheep talk.
29. Driver of a stagecoach.
30. 2,000 lbs.
31. Fuss and noise.
32. Same as yes.
33. No rain.
34. A wagon track.

DOWN

1. A cowboy ——— a steer.
2. All cattlemen put this on cattle.
3. Chuckwagon dish.
4. To wander.
5. Rodeo ring.
6. A quality of food.
8. Gambler's card
10. To just manage to make a living.
15. A single thing.
16. To make a mistake.
18. The number it takes to make a quarrel.
20. Busting a bronc is often ———
21. ——— Valley.
22. Cowboy food has this quality.
23. Most unfavourable.
25. Years ——— (time long past).
26. To tear.
27. Sound a donkey makes.
28. Help.

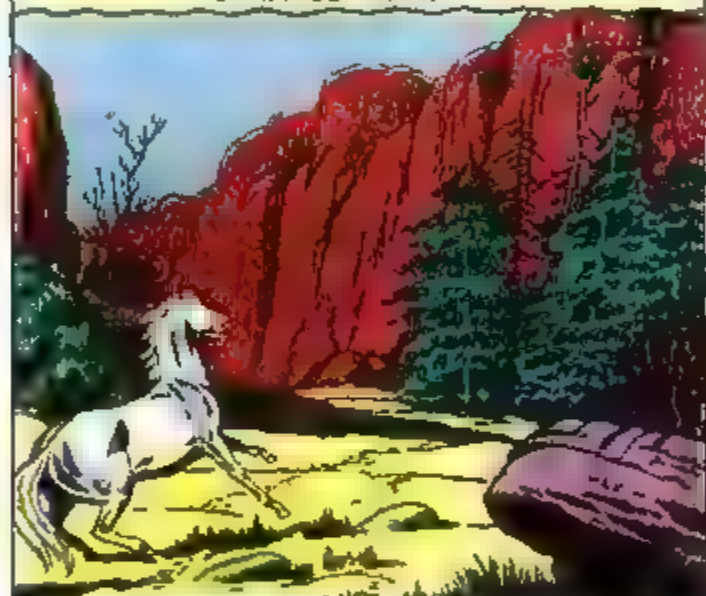
SEE ANSWER ON "HOW TO BUILD A LEAN-TO" PAGE

SILVER

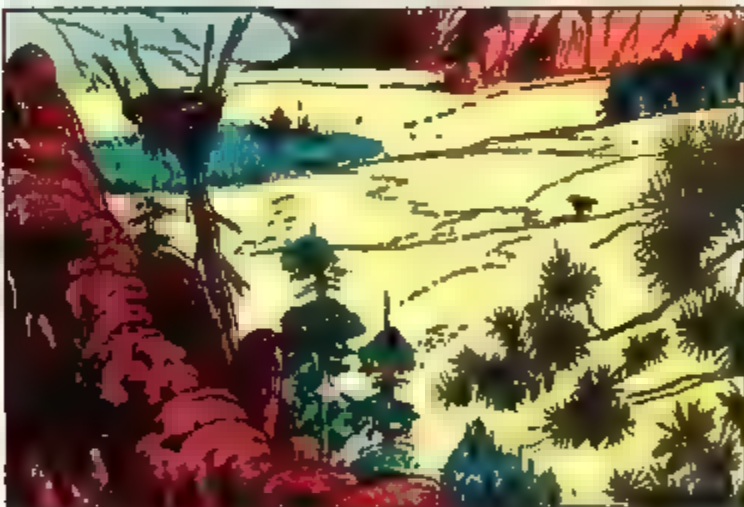
THE EAGLE'S NEST

AS A COLT, SILVER EXPLORES WILD HORSE VALLEY SEEKING OUT ITS REMOTE CORNERS, SPLASHING ACROSS ITS WINDING RIVER AND RUNNING BELOW ITS TOWERING CLIFFS---

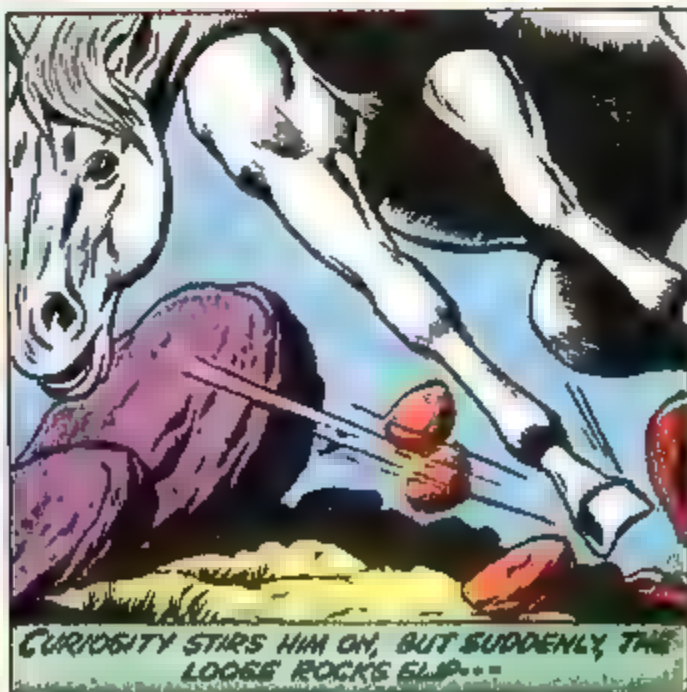
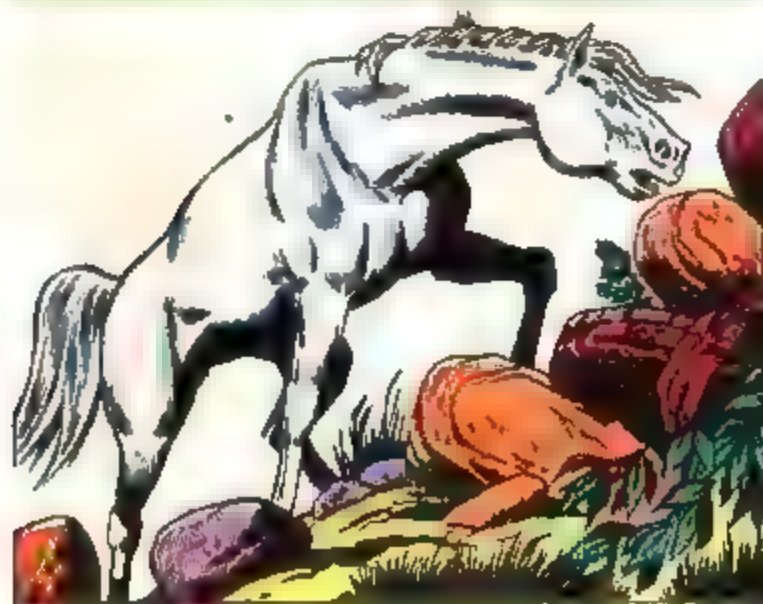
AND SUDDENLY, SILVER STOPS, FOR THERE HIGH UP IN A TALL, DEAD TREE, HE SEES A STRANGE THING---



NO MATTER HOW HARD HE STARES AT IT, SILVER CAN'T MAKE OUT THE OBJECT HE HAS SEEN BIRD'S NESTS, BUT THIS IS MUCH LARGER THAN ANY HE HAS SEEN! IF HE COULD REACH THE CLIFF TOP ABOVE THE TREE, THEN HE COULD TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE MYSTERIOUS THING---



CAREFULLY, SILVER PICKS HIS WAY UP THE STEEP, PATHLESS CLIFFSIDE---

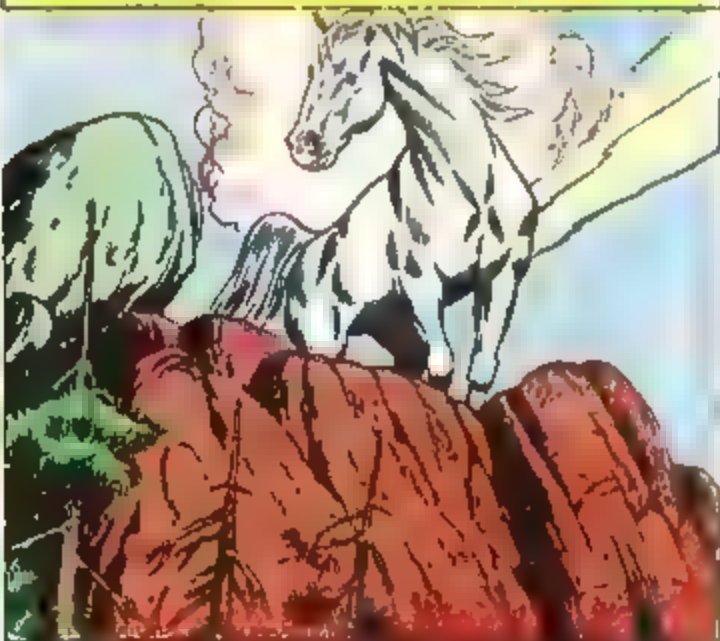


CURIOSITY STIRS HIM ON, BUT SUDDENLY, THE LOOSE ROCKS SLIP---

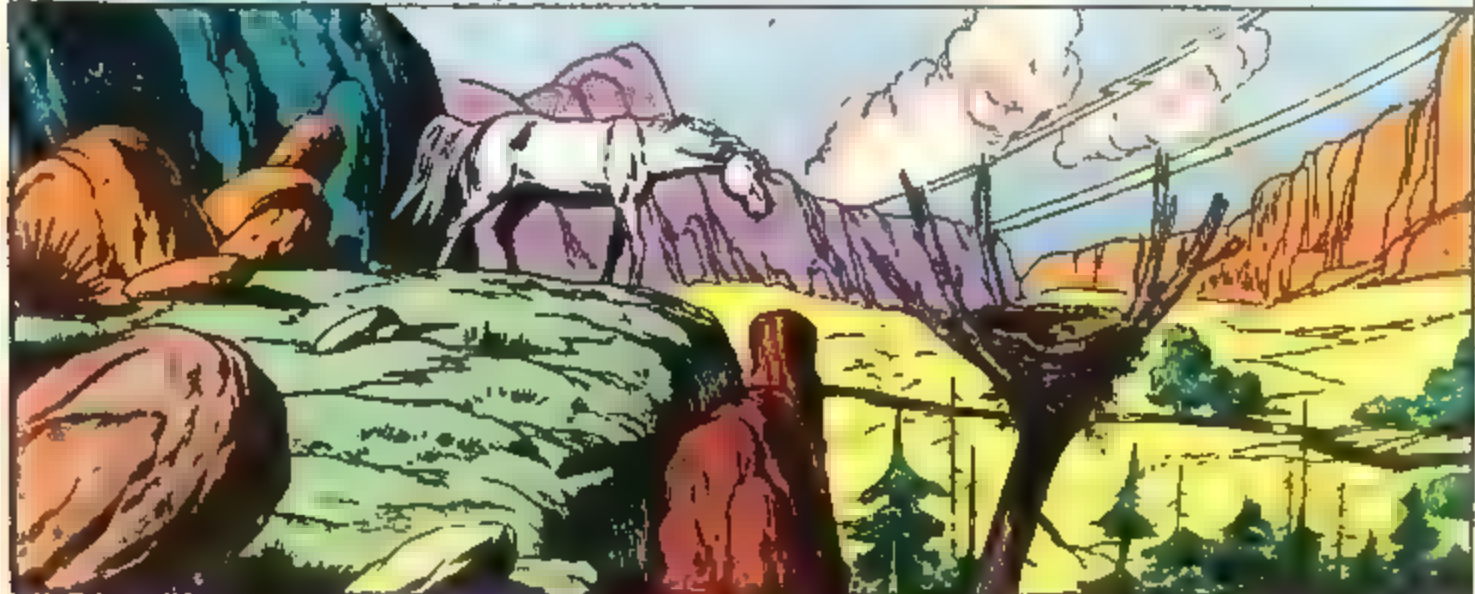
QUICKLY SILVER SIDESTEPS, AS THE FALLING ROCKS PLUMMET FAR BELOW---



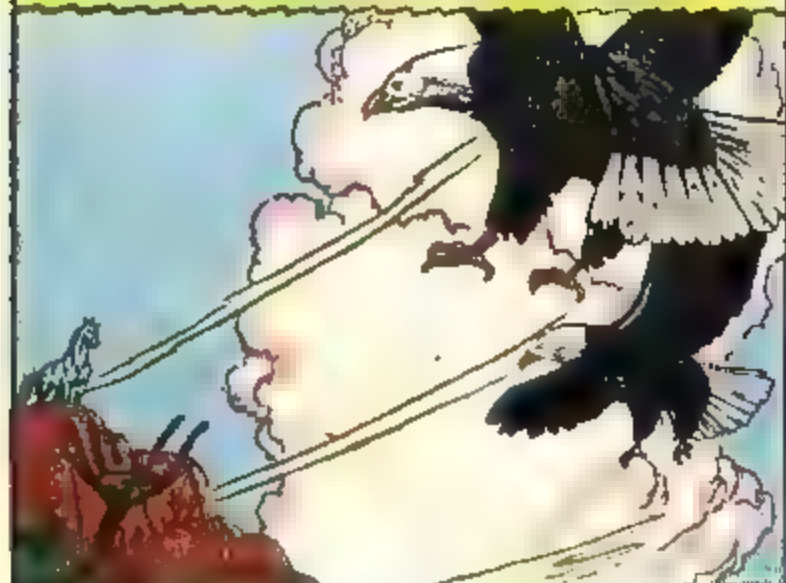
THEN, HUGGING THE NARROW CLIFFSIDE, HE WORKS HIS WAY UP TO THE TOP---



FROM THERE, SILVER LOOKS DOWN ON THE VALLEY SPREAD OUT BENEATH HIM! AND THEN HIS EYES FOCUS ON THE DEAD TREE! IN ITS UPPERMOST BRANCH IS A STRANGE CIRCLE OF BIG TWIGS--- A BIRD'S NEST! BUT WHAT BIRD, HE WONDERS, COULD USE SUCH A LARGE NEST---

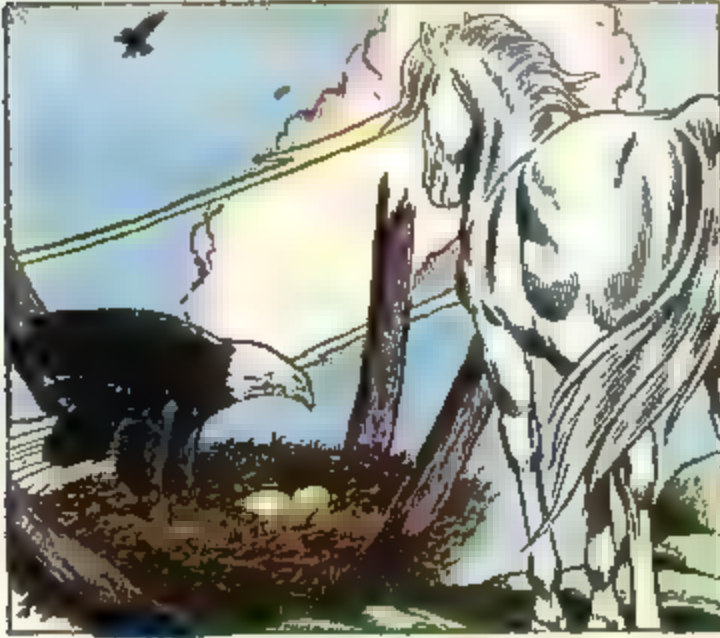


SUDDENLY ON EFFORTLESS WINGS, TWO GREAT BIRDS GLIDE TOWARD THE NEST! THE MONARCHS OF ALL BIRDS-- THE AMERICAN BALD EAGLES --



THE NEXT TIME SILVER CLIMBS TO THE CLIFF TOP TO WATCH THE POWERFUL WINGED BIRDS, HE SEES SOMETHING NEW IN THE NEST --- TWO IVORY WHITE EGGS---

FOR A MONTH, SILVER MOUNTS THE CLIFF DAILY,
LOOKING DOWN AT THE EGGS---



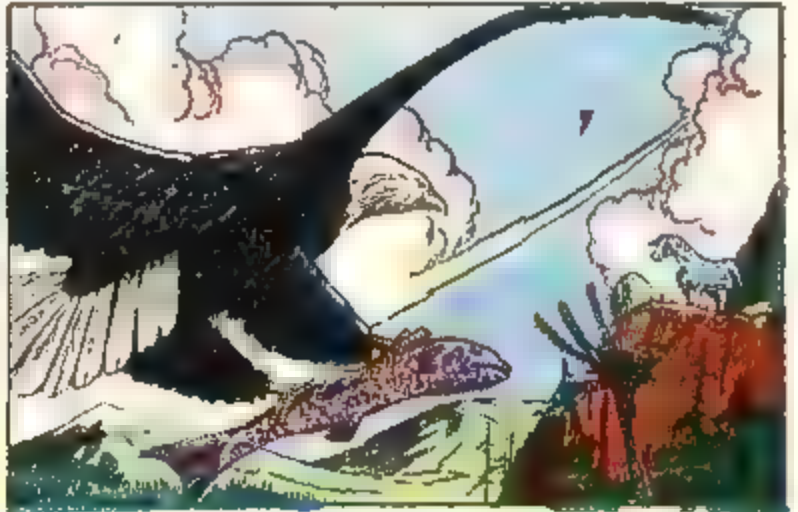
AND ON THE THIRTIETH MORNING, SILVER SEES
ONE EGG IN THE NEST IS BROKEN AND A
DOWNY EAGLET IS BY IT---



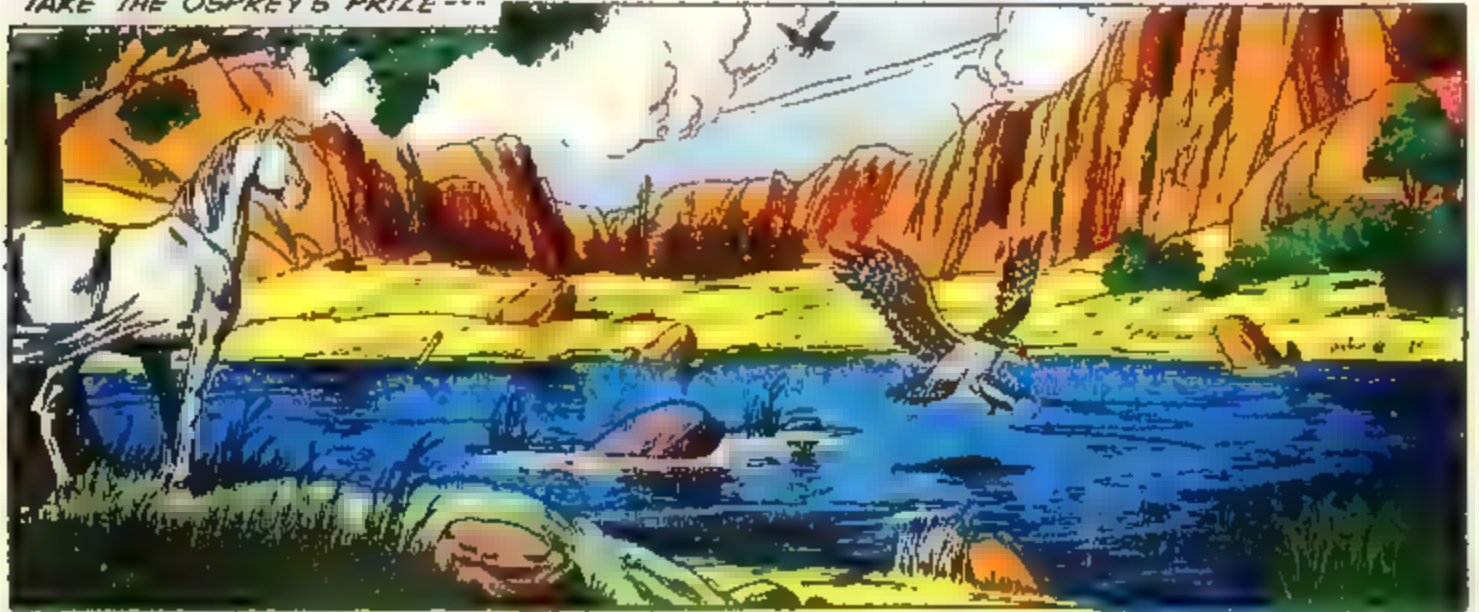
OF ALL THE BIRDS, THE EAGLE TAKES CARE OF ITS
YOUNG ALMOST THE LONGEST---FOR SIX MONTHS!
AND EACH DAY, SILVER WATCHES THE EAGLES
SEARCH FOR FISH! BUT THE EAGLES ARE NOT
GOOD FISHERMEN AND THEY TAKE THE DEAD FISH
FROM THE RIVER'S SURFACE OR SHORES---



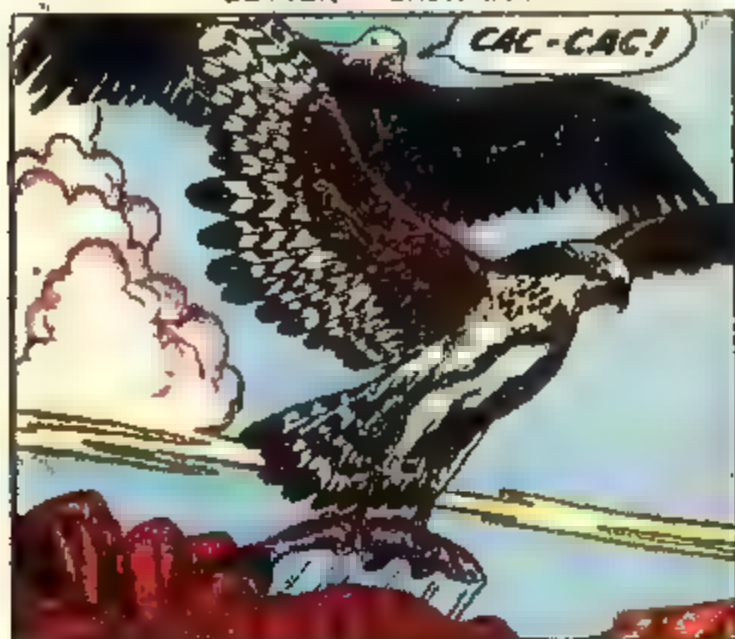
THEN SUDDENLY, A TINY BEAK PUSHES THROUGH
THE SECOND EGG'S SHELL AND ANOTHER BABY
EAGLE STARTS TO BREAK OUT---



BUT SOMETIMES WHEN AN OSPREY MAKES A DIVING PLUNGE WITH ITS TALONS INTO THE WATER FOR
A FISH, SILVER SEES THE MALE EAGLE WATCHING FAR ABOVE, WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO
TAKE THE OSPREY'S PRIZE---



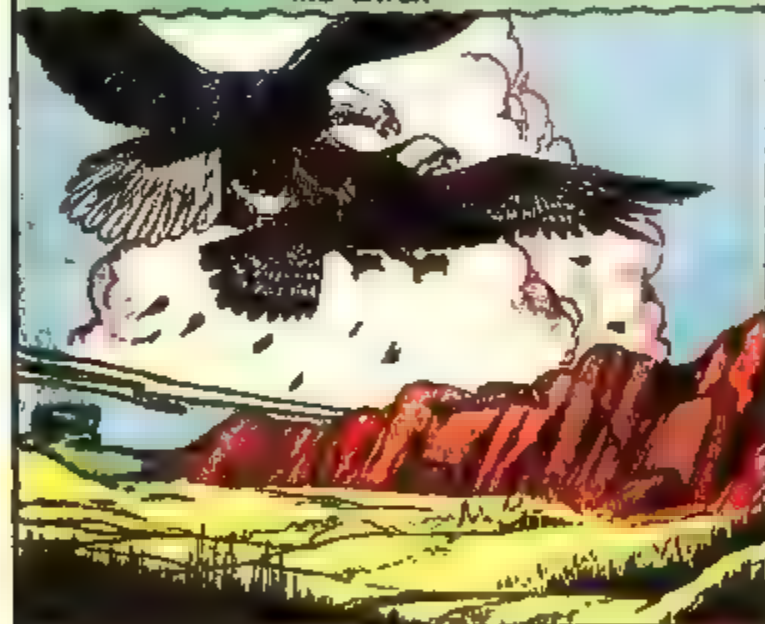
AND WITH A LOUD CRY THE EAGLE CHASES THE BETTER FISHERMAN---



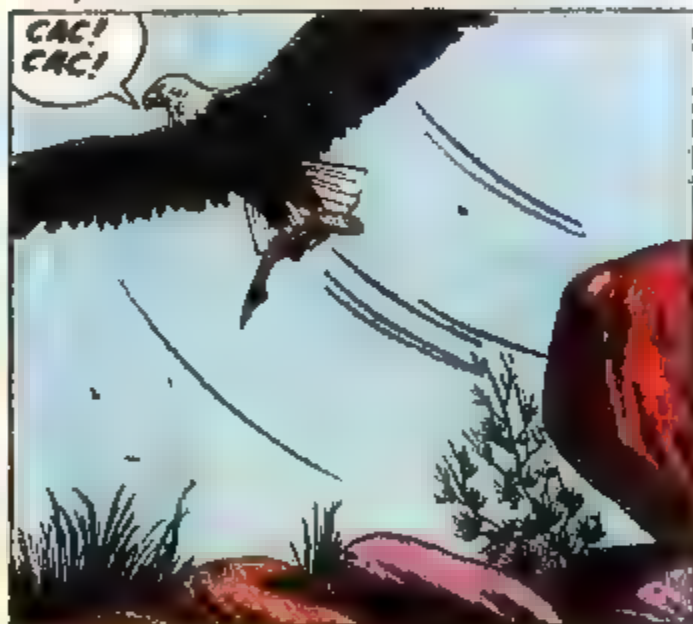
DOWN, DOWN THE EAGLE FORCES THE OSPREY---



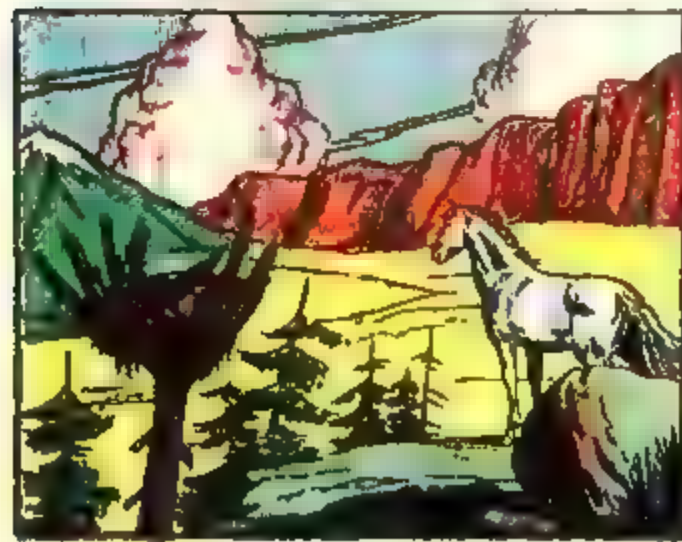
UNTIL TO ESCAPE THE FRIGHTENED OSPREY DROPS HIS CATCH---



AND WITH A MIGHTY SWOOP AND A TRIUMPHANT CRY, THE EAGLE RECOVERS THE FALLING FISH---



AS TIME PASSES THE YOUNG EAGLETS BECOME COVERED WITH RICH BROWN FEATHERS, BUT STILL THEY CANNOT FLY! ALL THEY CAN DO IS STAND AT THE EDGE OF THE NEST AND FLAP THEIR GREAT WINGS---



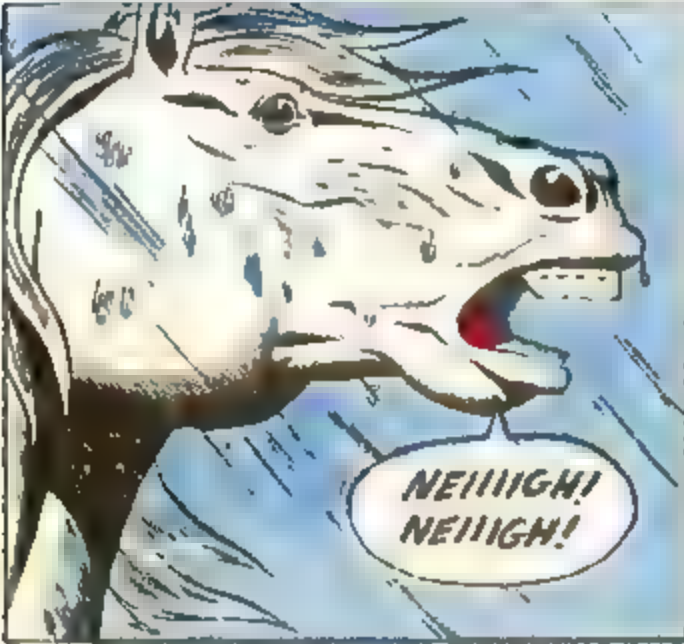
BUT ONE DAY, AS THE PARENT BIRDS ARE OUT HUNTING FOR FISH IN A DRIVING RAIN, SILVER SEES THE GIANT DEAD TREE TREMBLE! THE GROUND AROUND IT IS LOOSENED BY WATER AND THE OLD DEAD ROOTS CAN NO LONGER SUPPORT THE TREE---



YEAR AFTER YEAR, EAGLES NEST IN THE SAME TREE, BUT NOW THE RAIN AND TIME-WEAKENED TREE BEGINS TO FALL, THREATENING TO DROP THE TWO HELPLESS EAGLETS -



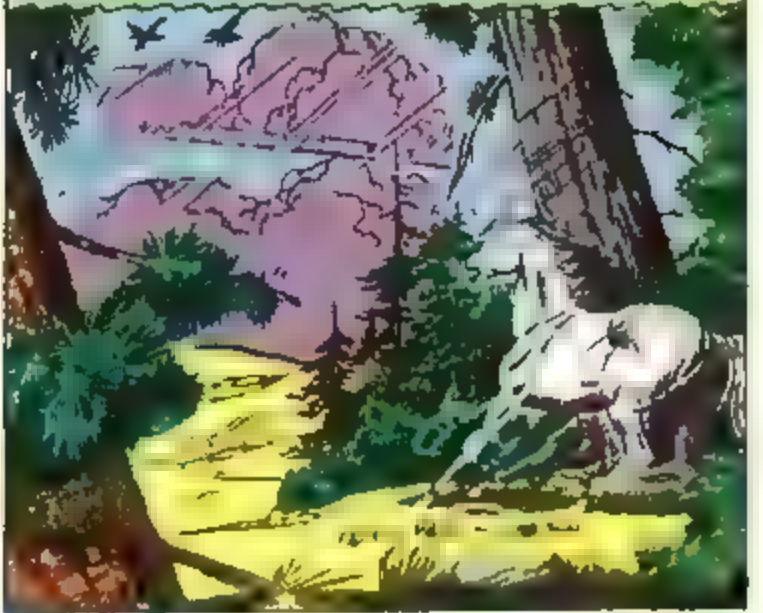
AS HE SEES THE TREE SLIP MORE AND MORE IN THE MUDDY GROUND, SILVER RACES UP, BRACING THE SLOWLY FALLING TREE WITH HIS BODY---



NEIGH!
NEIGH!

AGAIN AND AGAIN HE WHINNIES FOR HELP---

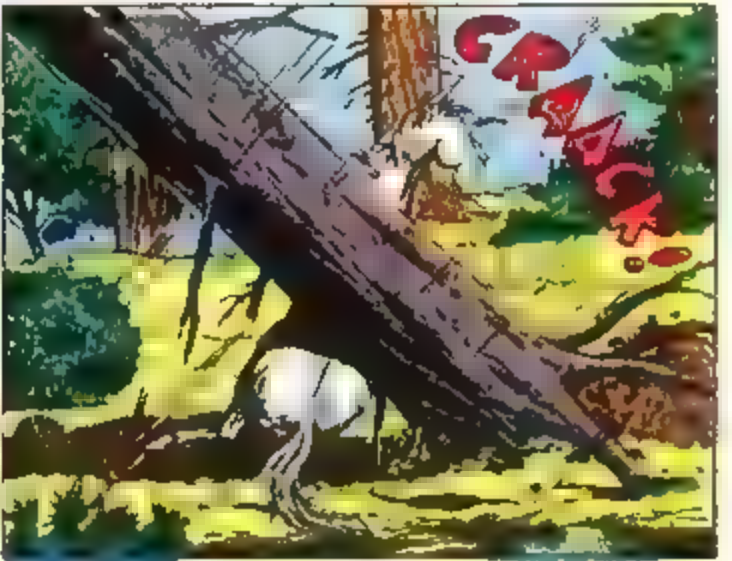
SUDDENLY THROUGH THE DRIVING RAIN, SILVER SEES THE TWO EAGLES SPEEDING BACK---



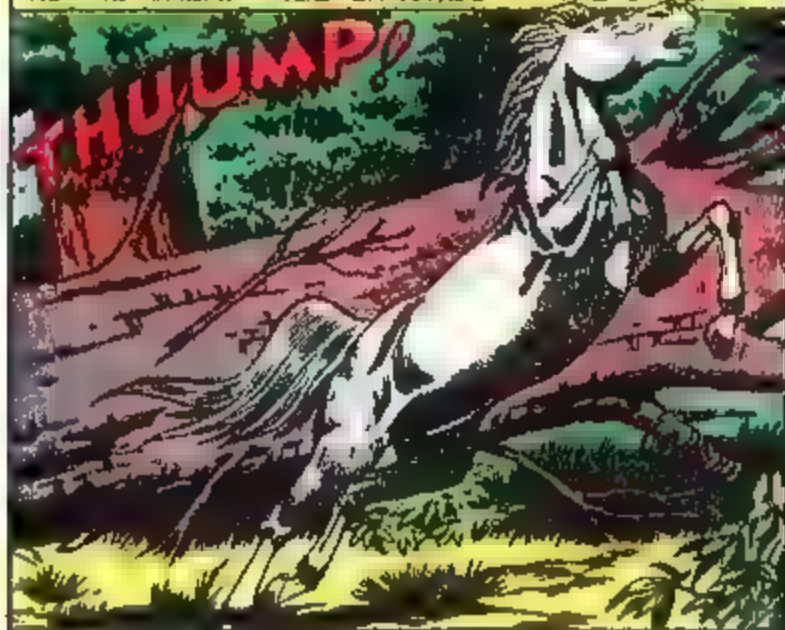
WITH A SWIFT SWOOP, THEY SNATCH THEIR YOUNG FROM THE FALLING TREE --



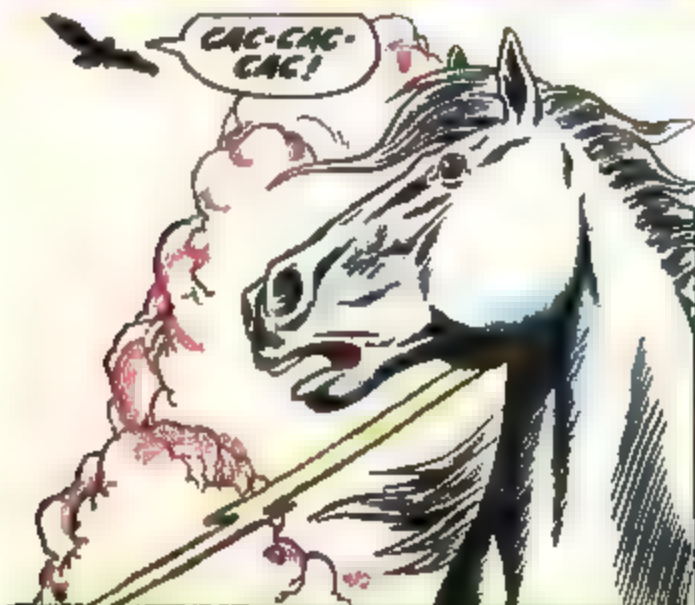
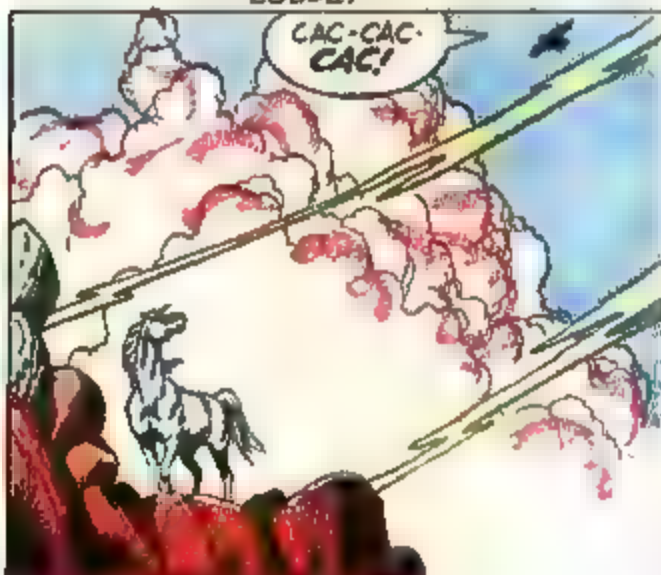
BUT JUST AS THE YOUNG ARE CARRIED SAFELY OFF, THE TREE'S ROOTS SNAP AND IT FALLS FASTER, PINNING SILVER BENEATH ITS CRUSHING WEIGHT---



WITH A DESPERATE JUMP, SILVER SPRINGS FORWARD, AS THE GREAT TREE CRASHES TO THE GROUND---



THE NEXT DAY, AS SILVER MOUNTS THE CLIFF TO FIND HIS EAGLE FRIENDS' NEW NEST, THE FATHER EAGLE, HOVERING HIGH ABOVE CALLS LOUDLY---

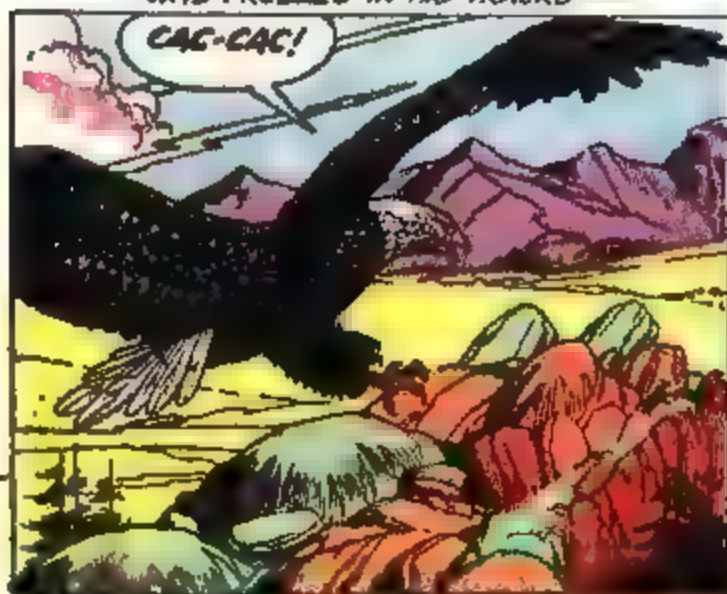


THERE, ON A ROCK JUST IN FRONT OF HIM, A RATTLENAKE COILS TO ATTACK---

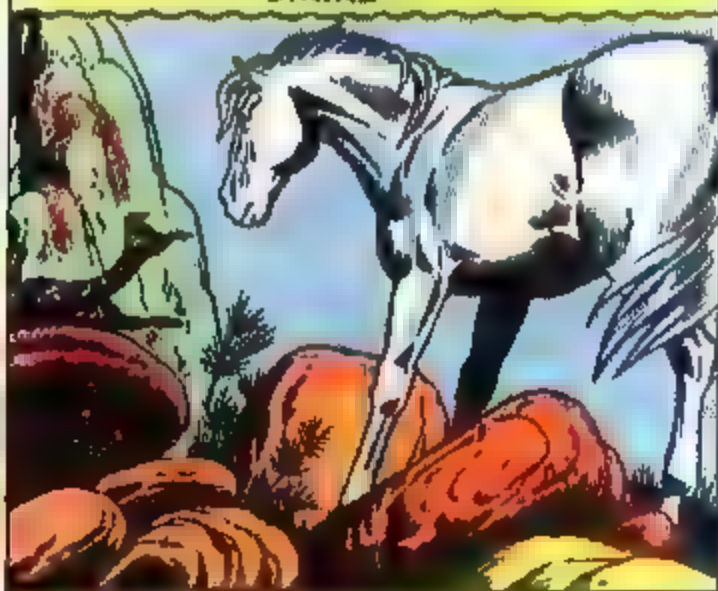


SILVER SENSES A WARNING IN THE BIRD'S RAPID AND REPEATED CRY! HE STOPS IN HIS PLACE AND LOOKS AROUND---

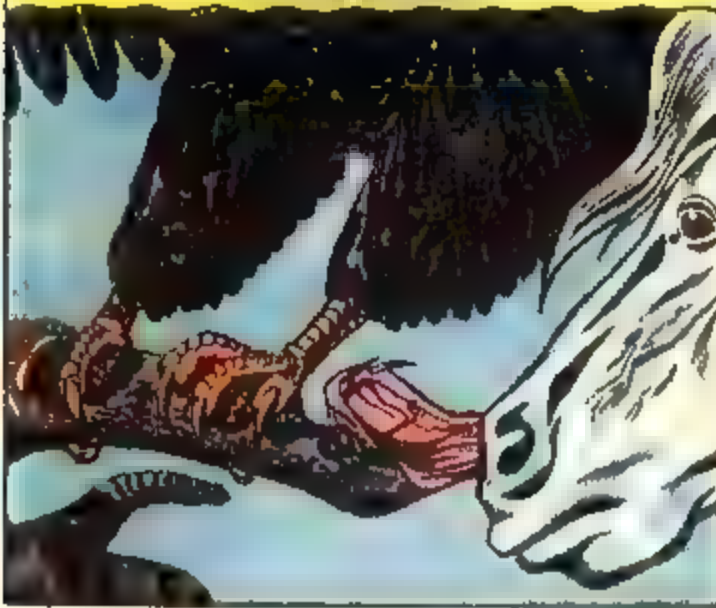
EVEN FROM A MILE ABOVE, THE KEEN-EYED EAGLE SEES THE DANGER AND WARNS SILVER, WHO FREEZES IN HIS TRACKS---



AS THE EAGLE FOLDS HIS WING AND BEGINS A HURTLING DIVE, THE RATTLER STARTS TO STRIKE---

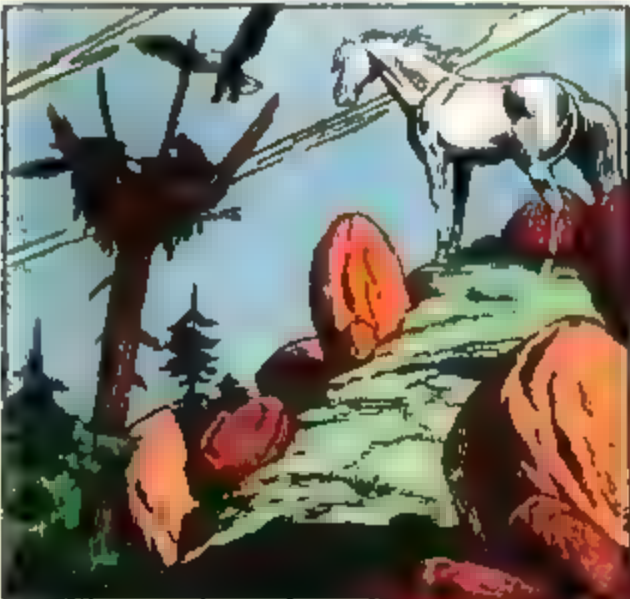


**BUT BEFORE THE VENOMOUS FANGS REACH THE
MOTIONLESS SILVER, THE EAGLE'S TALONS CLOSE
ON THE SNAKE**

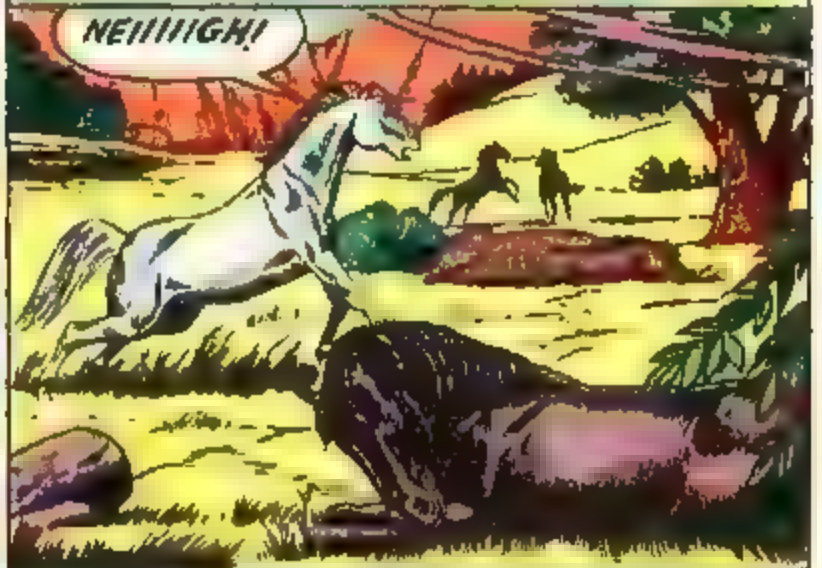


**SEVERAL QUICK FLAPS OF HIS GREAT WINGS CARRY
THE EAGLE HIGH UP AND THEN, HE DROPS THE SNAKE
TO ITS ROCKY FATE BELOW...**

**THEN SILVER CONTINUES UP TO THE CLIFF TOP
AND SEES WHERE THE EAGLES ARE MAKING
THEIR NEW NEST---**

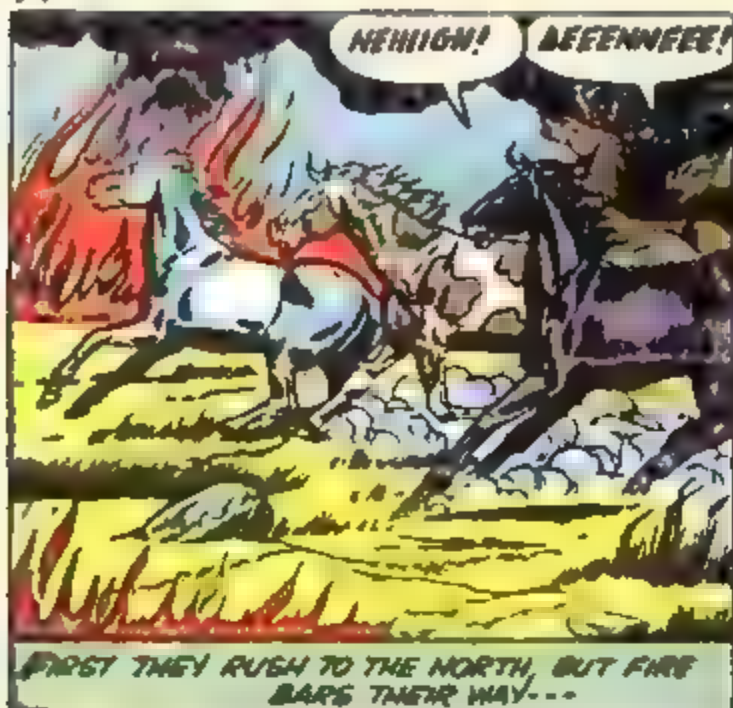


**THE NEXT MORNING, AS SILVER SLEEPS WITH THE OTHER
UNTAMED HORSES IN WILD HORSE VALLEY, HE RISES
TENSELY, SNIFFING THE AIR! AN ACRID SMELL FILLS
HIS NOSTRILS—SMOKE---**

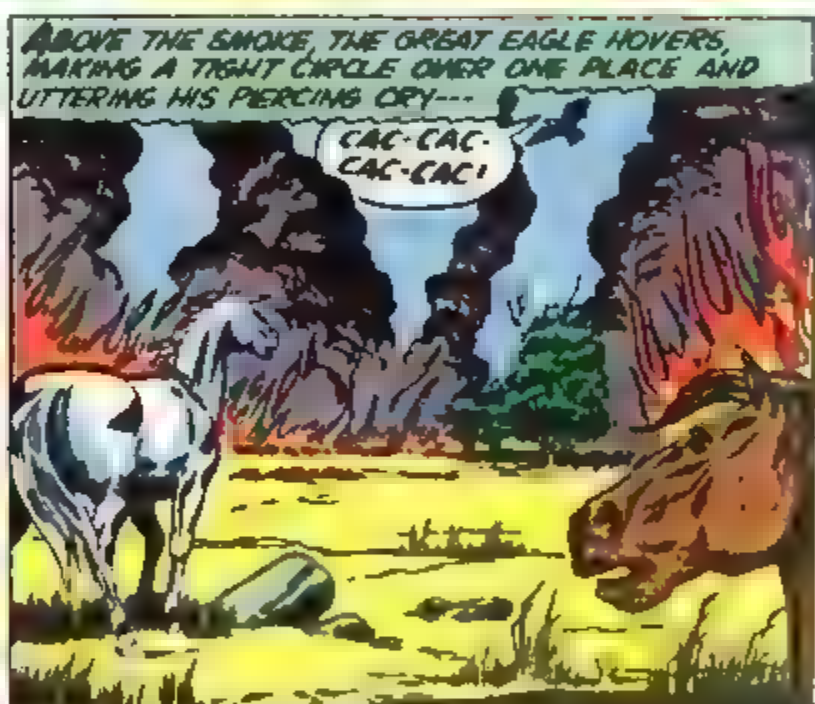


**SILVER'S WHINNIES ROUSE THE OTHER HORSES AND AS THEY GET TO THEIR FEET, THEY SEE THEY ARE
SURROUNDED BY FLAMES---**

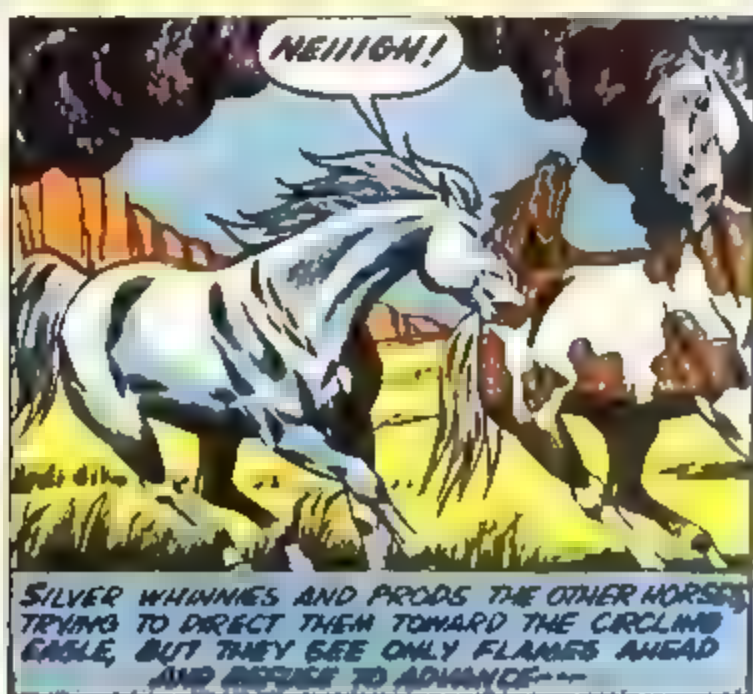
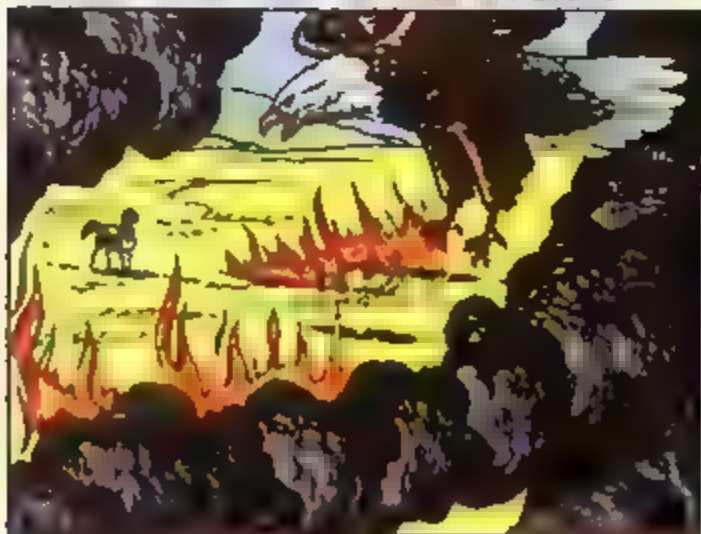




THEN THE FRIGHTENED HORSES WHEEL ABOUT AND RACE SOUTH! BUT AGAIN LEAPING FLAMES CUT THEIR ESCAPE---



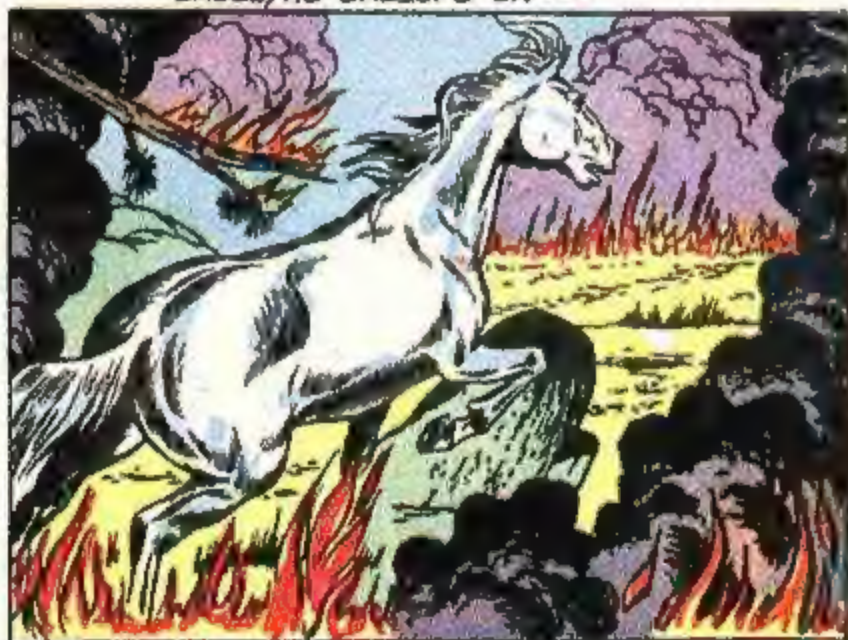
AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE BALD EAGLE CIRCLES THAT ONE PLACE ABOVE THE RISING SMOKE! ONCE BEFORE, SILVER RECALLS, THE EAGLE'S KEEN EIGHT SAVED HIM. PERHAPS, FROM UP THERE, HE SEES A WAY OUT OF THE INFERNO---



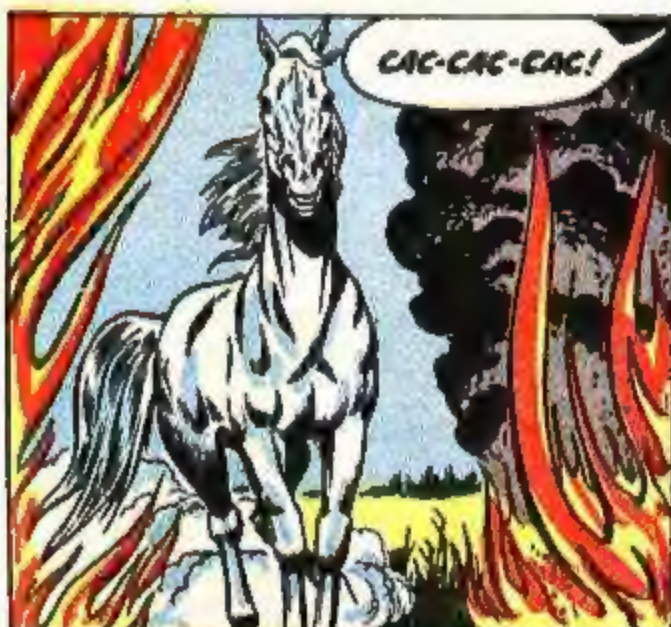
SILVER RUNS TOWARD THE EAGLE, LOOKING BACK AT THE OTHER HORSES, WHINNYING AND TRYING TO MAKE THEM FOLLOW, BUT STILL THEY STAND, AS THE FIRE CLOSES IN---



AHEAD, SILVER SEES ONLY FLAME, BUT TRUSTING THE EAGLE, HE GALLOPS ON---



THEN SILVER LOOKS UP THE EAGLE CIRCLES AND CALLS---



LOUDER AND LOUDER THE EAGLES CRY SOUNDS, AS SILVER HEARS HIM---

IN FRONT OF HIM, SILVER SEES FLAMES, BUT THE FIRE BURNS LOW! IF HE CAN MAKE A GOOD JUMP, SILVER KNOWS HE CAN CLEAR THE FIRE! HE GATHERS SPEED AND LEAPS---



HIS FORELESS TOUCH HARD, ROCKY GROUND---
HE IS SAFE! NO FIRE CAN BURN HERE! THE
EAGLE DID SHOW HIM THE WAY OUT---



SILVER WHIRLS ABOUT, LEAPS AGAIN ACROSS
THE FLAMES AND HEADS FOR THE OTHER
TRAPPED HORSES---

THEY HAVE SEEN SILVER CROSS AND RE-CROSS THE LOW FIRE IN FRONT OF THE ROCKS!
NOW, AS THE FLAMES CLOSE IN, THEY FOLLOW SILVER ON A LEAP TO SAFETY---



CAC-CAC-
CAC!



SOON, THE FIRE BURNS ITSELF OUT! ALL THE
HORSES ARE SAFE! THE WIND BLOWS THE
SMOKE FROM WILD HORSE VALLEY! THEN,
SUDDENLY SILVER HEARS THE EAGLES CALLING!
HE LOOKS UP, BUT NOW FOUR EAGLES FLY ABOVE---

TODAY THE FLEDGLINGS HAVE LEFT THE NEST! ON
UNSTEADY WINGS THEY PROUDLY FLAP BY AND
SILVER KNOWS HE NOW HAS FOUR MIGHTY-
WINGED FRIENDS IN THE VALLEY-- THE BALD
EAGLES!

NEIGHN!



Cowboy fun

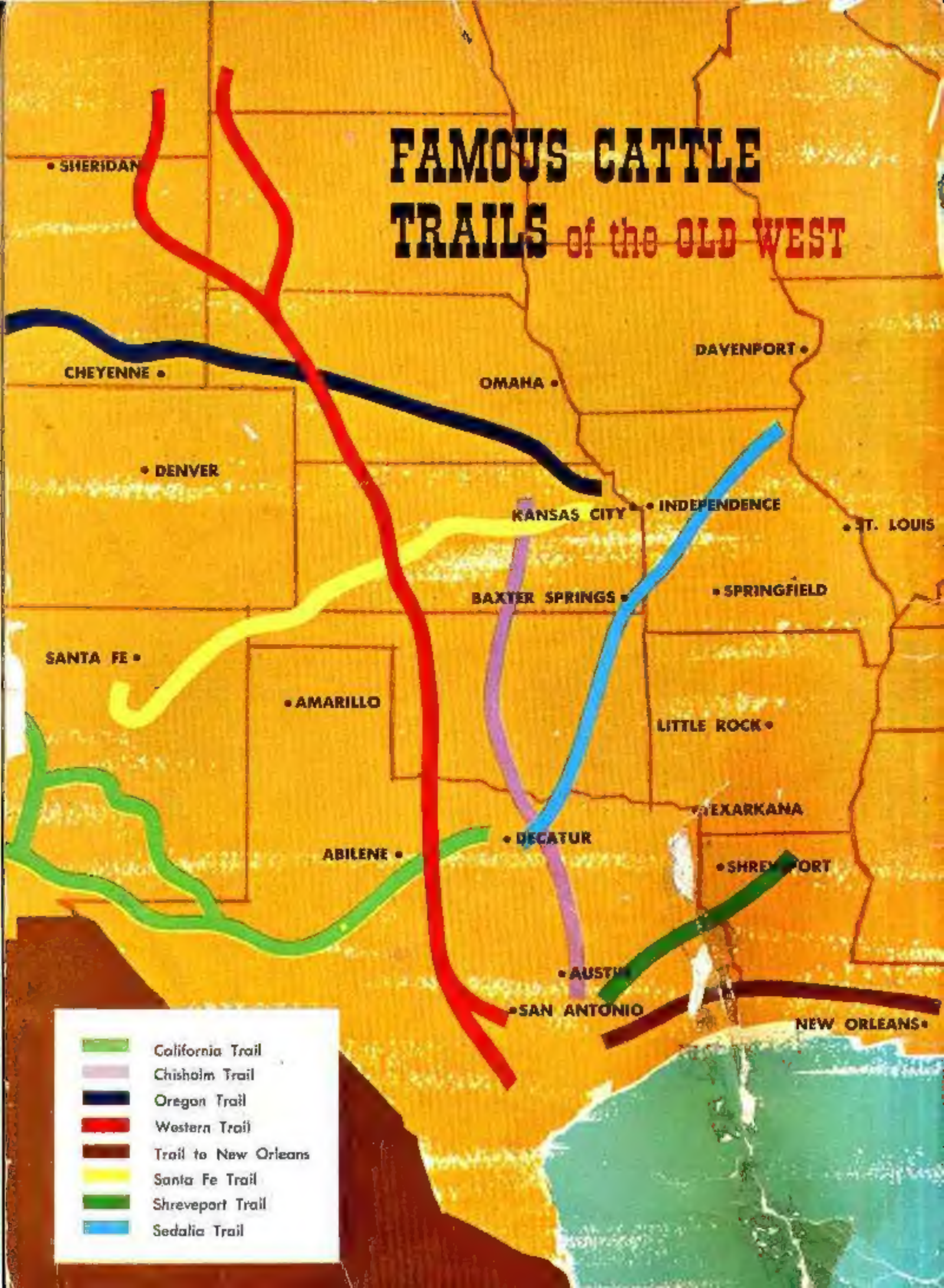
A cowboy's life, while hard and often dangerous, still has its fun. At night, the hands often gather round the campfire, singing one of the many old ballads, while one of them strums a guitar. Song is as much part of the cowboy's life as roping a steer, for often, in the lonely dark, while riding round the herd, he sings music that is soothing to the cattle.



From his desire for companionship and with natural pride in his work, came the practice of holding contests. These were originally held for both Mexican vaqueros and American cowboys. At first, only cowboys came to watch others and their skills at riding broncs, wild horses, and steers. But soon, others came and it became the custom to bet on these rodeos, as they were called. Rodeo is a Spanish word for roundup and the term was adopted by our cowboys.

In the early days, these rodeos were held on the Fourth of July. Independence Day was a holiday which appealed to the cowboy with his independent viewpoint and, then too, it was just after the spring roundup and most cowboys were anxious for a celebration. Since the 1880's when they were first held, rodeos have travelled all over the U. S. and even to Europe, bringing fun and excitement to all who see them.

FAMOUS CATTLE TRAILS of the OLD WEST



- California Trail
- Chisholm Trail
- Oregon Trail
- Western Trail
- Trail to New Orleans
- Santa Fe Trail
- Shreveport Trail
- Sedalia Trail